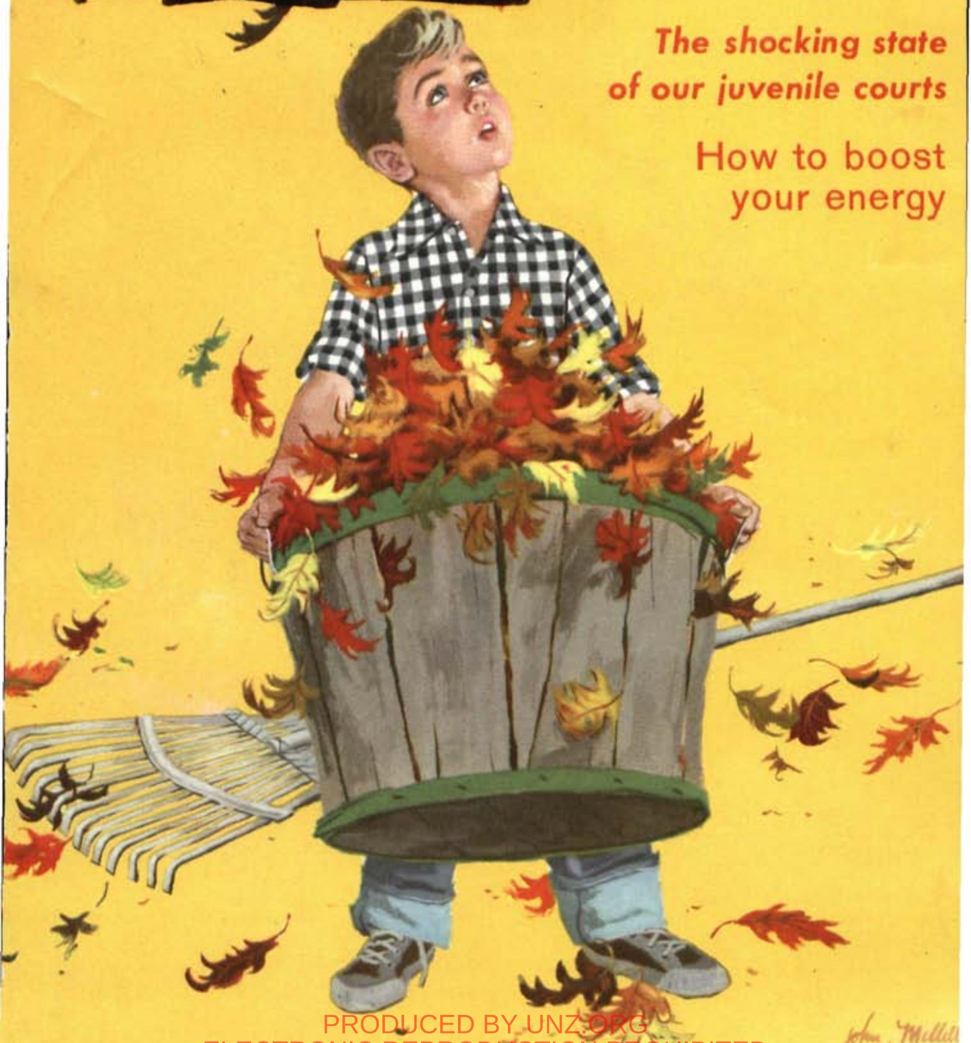
CORONET

OCTOBER 35c

[redacted]

The shocking state of our juvenile courts

How to boost your energy



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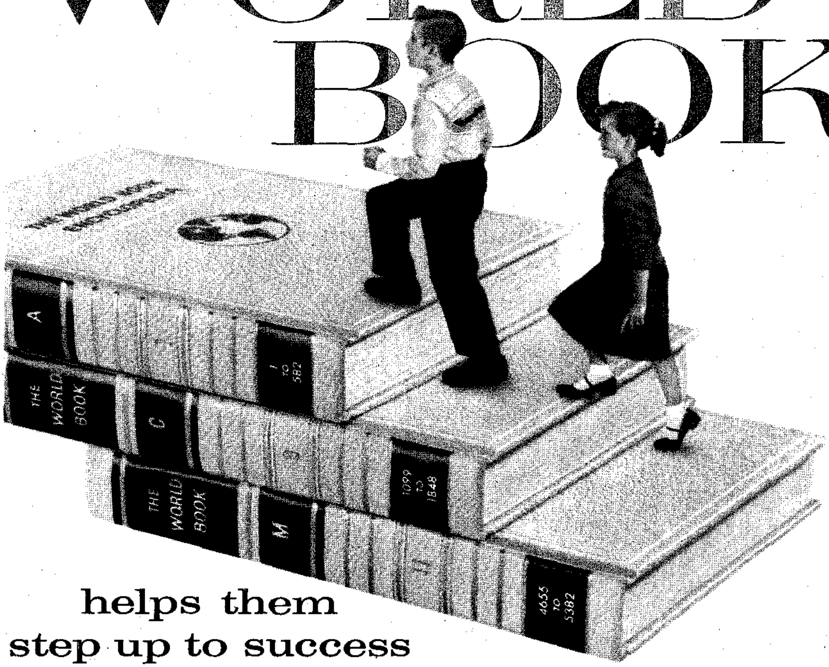
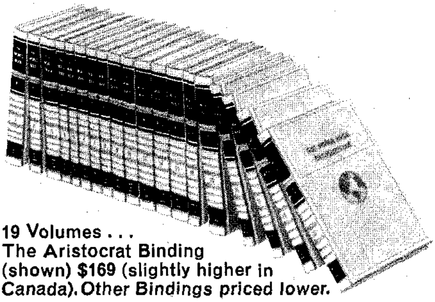


helps them step up to success



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"We'd saved a little when times were good in the twenties. We put it into a little business. But we had little experience and we lost everything we put in. It was then I began to realize that there was no quick and easy way for us to make money.

"And more than that, I was 40. I couldn't take chances. I wanted to retire young enough to enjoy life.

"Probably I'd seen those Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan ads often. I meant to write in sometime. But then one day another Phoenix ad caught my eye . . . It showed how a man my age—40—could retire in fifteen years—with his income guaranteed for life.

"Well, I don't have to pay to find out about it, I said. So I clipped the coupon and mailed it. Soon I had a booklet that described Phoenix Mutual Plans fully. I saw I could get $300 guaranteed every month starting at 55. All during the fifteen years, Ruth and the children would be protected with life insurance.

"Soon, I applied and qualified for my own Phoenix Mutual Plan. Fifteen years flew by. Last January we got our first check and retired. It's just as we planned it. We're taking life easy, with time for trips, for friends, for really living. And we're financially independent for life!"

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This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $10 a month to $3,600 a year or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't delay. Send for your copy now.

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...Relax-A-cizor The New Way to Reduce at Home...

BY LOIS CRISTY

Now there is a way to reduce without diet or weight loss. It's Relax-A-cizor...a new method of trimming away inches from hips, waist, abdomen...while you rest at home.

It often reduces hips an inch or two the first week or so. It can be used on most parts of the body. And...it is used without effort, while you rest...at home.

Relax-A-cizor is the method you read about in Coronet under the title of "It Buzzes Away the Bulges." Other magazines like Vogue, Mademoiselle, Harper's Bazaar, and Glamour have recommended it to their readers.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

This small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercise" without making the user tired. No effort is required; she simply places small circular pads or "Beauty Belts" over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen...and other parts of her body, turns a dial...and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests *...at home.*

When used during a diet regimen, the tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused by weight loss.

New kind of "Facial"

A "Facial" attachment gives tightening, lifting exercise to the muscles under the eyes and chin. Chest *muscles* beneath the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing, massage-like exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

Relax-A-cizor looks much like a small make-up case. Measures 11″ x 9″ x 6″; weighs about 9 pounds.

This new method requires only 30 minutes daily use...even less after the first month. It is used while the user rests, reads, watches T.V....or even during sleep.

It is completely safe. Because there is no effort the user gets the full benefit of active exercise—but without any feeling of tiredness. The results are as beneficial as the usually prescribed "reducing exercises."

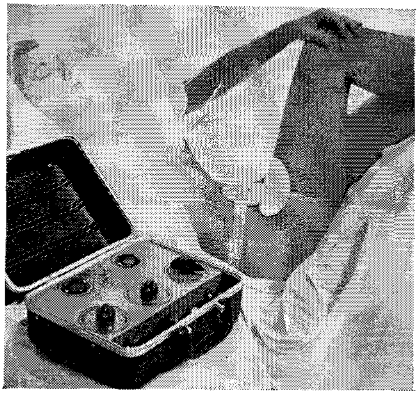
Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment, in the home. Expertly trained consultants are available for both men and women.

(ADVERTISEMENT)



Relax-A-cizor gives no-effort beautifying exercise to trim away excess inches from hips, waist, thighs...while the user rests at home.

COSMOPOLITAN

Users Report Results

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

The machine is used for only 30 minutes per day. However, as a "test case" Mrs. E. D. Serdahl used the machine for 8 hours a day for 9 days. She did not become tired...and reports the following reductions: Waist 2″, Hips 3″, Upper Abdomen 1″, Upper Thigh 2″, Knee 1½″, Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue...In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine...whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" says: "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" praised it in a double-page editorial story.

"IT BUZZES AWAY THE BULGES"

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in CORONET

Has Many Uses

Relax-A-cizor has uses for the entire family. Husbands use it to trim down their bulging waistlines...and, also to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a day of bending over a desk. High school sons use it to exercise sore throwing arms. Big sister finds it helpful for exercise of chest muscles. Grandfather uses it for soothing, massage-like exercise of back, feet and leg muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you mail the coupon or telephone one of the numbers listed below. There isn't any cost or obligation, of course.

TELEPHONE: New York MU 8-4690; Newark MA 3-5313; Philadelphia LO 4-2566; Boston KE 6-3030; Detroit WO 3-3311; Chicago ST 2-5680; Cleveland PR 1-2292; San Francisco SU 1-2682; Los Angeles OL 5-8000; Honolulu 9-5276; Mexico City 14-68-16; La Cresta, Panama 3-1899.

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Please send in PLAIN envelope FREE information about reducing size of waist, hips, thighs, abdomen.

No cost. No salesmen will call.

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ADDRESS..............................

CITY..............ZONE....STATE.......

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Use margin for more writing space CT-20

This Is Your Wife

How the telephone helps her to be five busy people

This is the very pretty girl you married.

She's the family chef. And the nurse. And the chauffeur and maid.

And when she's all dressed up for an evening out—doesn't she look just wonderful!

How does she do it?

Of course she's smart and it keeps her busy, but she never could manage it without the telephone.

When the "chef" needs groceries, she telephones. Supplies from the drugstore? The "nurse" phones her order.

A train to be met? The telephone tells the "chauffeur" which one. A beauty shop appointment? A call from the "glamour girl" makes it easily and quickly.

Handy, ever-ready telephones—in living room, bedroom, kitchen and hobby room—mean more comfort, convenience and security for everybody.

Working together to bring people together... **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

Dear Reader:

Author Peter Farb is a man who is bugs about bugs—and almost anything else that crawls, swims, walks, flies or grows. A frustrated biologist who got off the track and majored in English at Vanderbilt University, he has gone back to nature in his magazine writing. His articles for CORONET have included such subjects as spiders, giraffes, multiflora roses; and, on page 158 of this issue, a fascinating account of the private life of the hummingbird. Unlike most naturalists, Farb does not prowl the countryside. Instead, he pounds the cement trails of New York City, and finds them teeming with a different kind of "wild" life than that for which they are generally noted. He has seen falcons snatch up fat street pigeons, eagles float down the Hudson on cakes of ice, and huge flocks of wild geese hurtle over Central Park. Living in an 18th-floor apartment overlooking the Hudson, Farb finds the elevation an advantage for the naturalist. "Since there is nothing between us and Venezuela but air," he says, "every big storm from the South strands dozens of tuckered-out insects on our balcony—many of them rare specimens." He keeps ant colonies and spiders caged in his study, and he and Oriole (his wife—*not* a bird) once played hosts to a group of flying mantises on the balcony. Convinced after a while that he had tamed them, Farb, to test their affection, marked one of the insects and freed him on the street. "In no time at all," says Farb proudly, "he was back, waiting for his share of the chopped beef we had been feeding them." Farb started his nature studies with about $25 worth of equipment, including a toy microscope which he often uses, to the astonishment of neighbors who see him crawling on his hands and knees to study ants, caterpillars and other creatures meandering along the sidewalks. But all you need, he says, is alertness and a sharp pair of eyes—attributes he uses to good advantage in searching out the flora and fauna of the asphalt jungle.

Farb & friend: A different kind of wildlife.

The Editors

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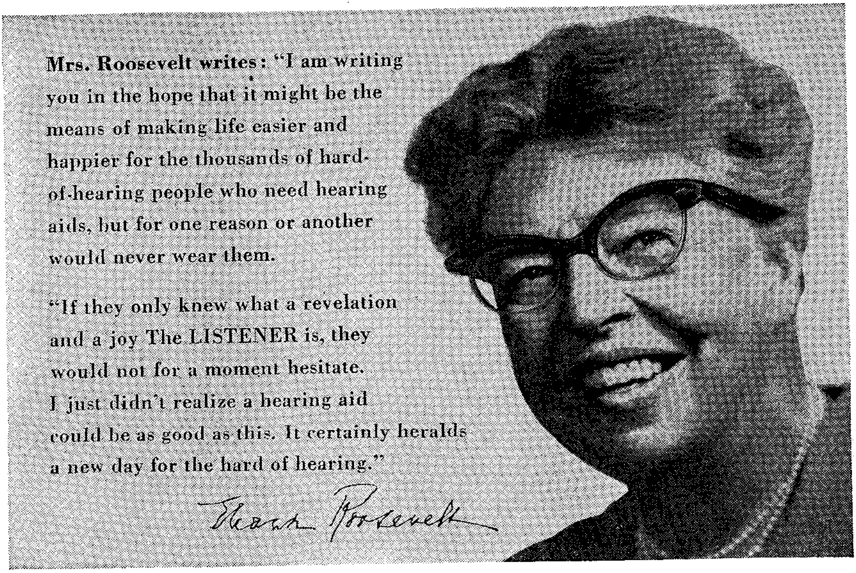
“Heralds a new day for the HARD OF HEARING!”

says MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, voted world’s “most admired” woman



Mrs. Roosevelt writes: “I am writing you in the hope that it might be the means of making life easier and happier for the thousands of hard-of-hearing people who need hearing aids, but for one reason or another would never wear them.

“If they only knew what a revelation and a joy The LISTENER is, they would not for a moment hesitate. I just didn’t realize a hearing aid could be as good as this. It certainly heralds a new day for the hard of hearing.”

Eleanor Roosevelt

...the amazing hearing invention that defies detection ...the Otarion Listener®!

Mrs. Roosevelt could have chosen far more expensive hearing aids. But she, together with thousands of others in all walks of life, prefers The Listener. It will make you, too, say: “I just didn’t realize a hearing aid could be as good as this.” Here at last, is full-fidelity hearing, at ear level, from all directions, and no clothing noise.

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It’s a brand new way to hear that nobody, not even your closest friend, realizes you’re wearing. It has no cords, no ear buttons, no ear molds. A tiny colorless tube leads to the ear. There’s nothing at all behind your ear, in your hair, or your clothing.

This amazing hearing invention is now made possible by transistors developed by Bell Telephone Labs. Defies detection from front, back and sides, on men and women. Restores the joy of natural hearing beyond your fondest expectations. Get the full story. Just send the coupon!

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MOVIES

Willowy and Willful

COMELY EVA MARIE SAINT's fragile frame (5′5½″, 115 pounds), dewy blue eyes and soft voice give the illusion of a romantic, she-walks-on-air femininity. Actually, she has both feet very much on the ground.

She regards acting as a secondary career. First and foremost is her role as wife of director Jeffrey Hayden and mother of their 18-month-old son Darrell. "Acting's become a luxury now," she says, "and consequently, it's more exciting for me, too."

Her marriage formula is simple: she shares her husband's interests in everything from learning to ski to building a photographic darkroom for their picture taking.

Television was Eva Marie Saint's latchkey to success. Cast in a TV play, *A Trip to Bountiful,* she portrayed her small part with such warmth that she was asked to repeat it on Broadway. Elia Kazan then signed her as the wistful heroine of *On the Waterfront.* She won an Oscar for her acting, and today, three pictures later, she reputedly commands $150,000 a movie.

She chose a Bob Hope comedy, *That Certain Feeling,* and another drama, *A Hatful of Rain,* for her next pictures. This month Eva Marie Saint co-stars with Montgomery Clift and Elizabeth Taylor in a Civil War story, *Raintree County.*

Born on July 4, 1924, in Newark, New Jersey, Eva Marie Saint switched from teaching to drama classes at Bowling Green State University in Bowling Green, Ohio, and after graduation worked steadily in television.

Now living in a rented home in California, she misses the camaraderie of New York's struggling theater folk. "In Hollywood," she says, "most of the people I know are successful. And there's nothing much to do except go visiting. It gets pretty monotonous, all those visits."

(*Continued on page 10*)

Can *you* answer these questions about taxes?

Q: Do you pay taxes in your electric bill?

A: Yes. About 23¢ out of every dollar on the average family electric bill goes for taxes.

Q: Does everyone pay this much tax in his electric bill?

A: No. Several million American families and businesses pay a far smaller tax—only a fraction of the tax you pay.

Q: Who are these "privileged" people?

A: People who get electricity from federal government electric systems.

Q: Why don't they pay the same taxes you pay?

A: A strange twist in federal law exempts them from paying most of the taxes in electric bills that you pay *because they get their electricity from federal electric systems.*

Q: Isn't that unfair? Shouldn't every American pay his fair share of taxes?

A: Yes. American standards of fair play call for each citizen to pay his fair share of taxes.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

THE THREE FACES OF EVE This unusual film, based on an authentic case history of schizophrenia, tells the story of three personalities in one woman's body, each fighting for dominance. The conflict breaks out when a drab, spiritless Georgia housewife seeks psychiatric aid for the severe headaches and blackouts continually tormenting her.

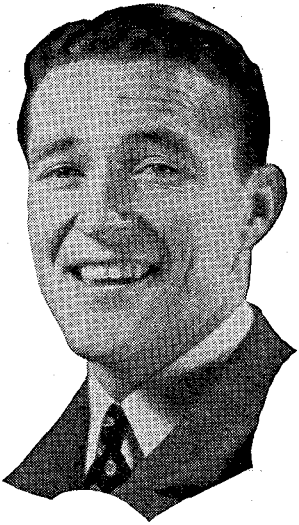
Under treatment, a second personality emerges—an irresponsible hoyden—and finally, under hypnosis, a third: a sensible, balanced woman. This battle of the id makes compelling drama. In the title role, Joanne Woodward, like Eva Marie a television graduate, skillfully etches three distinctly different portraits (*above*), coloring them with pathos. This talented newcomer gets strong support from Lee J. Cobb as the psychiatrist and David Wayne as her stubbornly uncomprehending husband.

TIME LIMIT What is the breaking point of men under stress? This taut film gropes for the answers, delving deeply into the make-up of courage.

An Army major (Richard Basehart) is held for court martial, charged with being a traitor and Communist collaborator while a Korean War prisoner (*right*). An investigating lawyer-colonel (Richard Widmark) uncovers murder and a strange bargain.

Making his debut as a producer, Widmark gave Karl Malden, an Academy-Award-winning actor, his first directing job. Malden draws sensitive performances from his cast. MARK NICHOLS

Do You Laugh Your Greatest Powers Away?



THOSE STRANGE INNER URGES

You have heard the phrase, "Laugh, clown, laugh." Well, that fits me perfectly. I'd fret, worry and try to reason my way out of difficulties—all to no avail; then I'd have a hunch, a something within that would tell me to do a certain thing. I'd laugh it off with a shrug. I knew too much, I thought, to heed these impressions. Well, it's different now—I've learned to use this inner power and I no longer make the mistakes I did, because I do the right thing at the right time.

This FREE BOOK Will Prove What Your Mind Can Do!

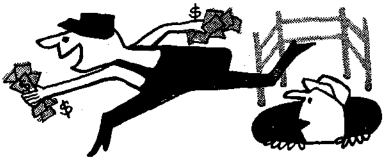
Here is how I got started right. I had heard about hypnosis revealing past lives. I began to think there must be some inner intelligence with which we were born. In fact, I often heard it said there was; but how could I use it, how could I make it work for me daily? That was my problem. I wanted to learn to direct this inner voice, master it if I could. Finally, I wrote to the Rosicrucians, a world-wide fraternity of progressive men and women, who offered to send me, without obligation, a free book entitled *The Mastery of Life.*

That book opened a new world to me. I advise *you* to write today and ask for your copy. *It will prove to you* what your mind can demonstrate. Don't go through life laughing your mental powers away. Simply write: Scribe E. L. A.

The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC) (Not a Religious Organization)
San Jose, California, U.S.A.

ALL ABOUT YOU

The truth about large families; who gets headaches; hazards of a quiet office



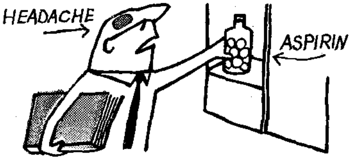
PIPE DREAM

Suppose you suddenly inherited enough money to live comfortably the rest of your life. Would you quit your job?

Most men wouldn't. More than two-thirds of the nation's farmers, and more than three-fifths of those in managerial, professional, sales-personnel occupations, etc., would probably continue working, according to a study by the University of Michigan. For the so-called middle class, having a job means more than just making a living—it also embraces companionship, accomplishment, prestige. However, those in the so-called working class—handling tools, operating machines, lifting and carrying—were readier to say they'd quit or go into business for themselves. And for unskilled labor—nearly half of those who were questioned declared they would chuck their jobs immediately.

CHECK THAT COLOR!

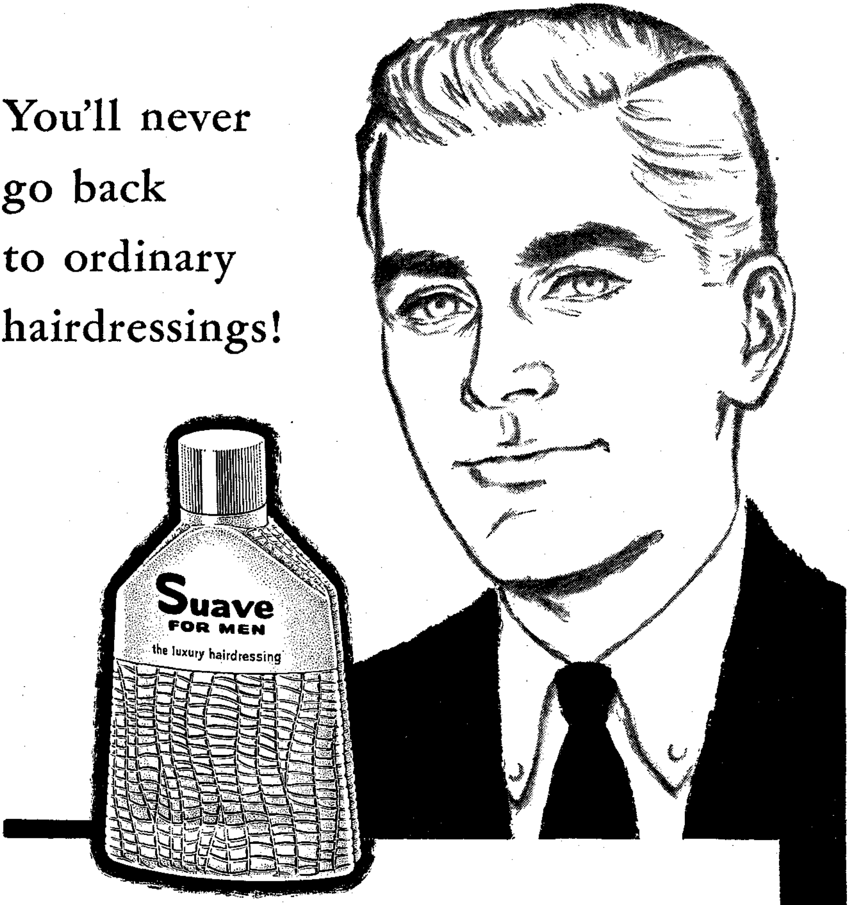
You can't always be sure that when it looks red, it is red. Because what you know about an object—or what you expect you'll see—may have a good deal to do with the color you actually see. So reports Dr. Robert W. Burnham, Eastman Kodak color scientist. In one study a piece of green felt cut in the shape of a leaf was judged by observers to be a much deeper shade of green than the same-sized piece of felt cut in the shape of an animal.



EDUCATION—HEADACHES?

Draw your own conclusions from this survey on headaches by Dr. Henry D. Ogden, of the Louisiana State University School of Medicine. Of 4,000 persons studied, 80 per cent of students reported headaches; 77 per cent of executives and, in descending order, professional people, housewives, clerical workers, salesmen, laborers and farmers. Women had more headaches than men; young people more than older. The most headache-prone of the group turned out to be unmarried men and women; the least were widows and widowers.

(*Continued on page 14*)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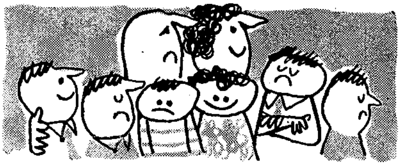
ALL ABOUT YOU

So you think you work for money . . .

(*Continued from page 12*)

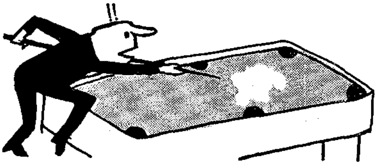


SMALL VS. BIG FAMILIES

If you grew up in a small family, perhaps you think how much happier or well-adjusted you'd be if you'd come from the hurly-burly atmosphere of a large clan. Well, don't fret. From a pioneering study of 100 families, each six children or more, sociologist James H. S. Bossard draws the following conclusions: daughters of large families may be less likely to marry; children of large families don't necessarily learn to get along better with the world; also, they accept discipline from older brothers and sisters quicker than from parents. And the final clincher: when children of large families marry, they eschew large families of their own!

UNLEARNING, NOT LEARNING

Most of us are under the impression that when you grow older you find it harder to learn new things. Not necessarily. Dr. Jack Botwinick, of the National Institute of Health, points out that the problem for older people is *un*learning—that is, eliminating patterns of behavior once considered appropriate. For example, grandpa, who's accustomed to driving a shift car, would have some difficulty learning to operate an automatic transmission, even though it's easier, because he would have to *unlearn* what he had already learned all too well through the years. Dr. Botwinick's conclusion: most older people are better at jobs that require accuracy and repetition; and they are less adept at jobs that require speed and new behavior patterns.



MAKE IT NOISIER, BOSS!

Don't be surprised if one of these days you walk into your office and find soft music, and even a deliberately noisy radiator. For B. G. Watters and W. R. Farrell, acoustical engineers of Cambridge, Mass., report that too much quiet can jangle worker's nerves as much as too much noise. Many of us, it seems, are accustomed to typewriter clatter, the background babble of voices, the hum of traffic outside. When we're moved to acoustically perfect offices, with all noise filtered out, we're vaguely unhappy and ill at ease.

The answer, in such instances: the use of "synthetic noise," suggest Messrs. Watters and Farrell—a kind of shhh noise that, with filters, can give interesting variations.

ZENITH PRESENTS

The world's most attractive Hearing Aid

SCENE: PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR EAST HOTEL, CHICAGO

Eyeglass hearing aids shown above: Zenith Executive for men, Zenith Vogue for women.

First in Styling, Quality, Practical Performance!

Zenith announces its new Eyeglass Hearing Aid—to give you improved hearing and enhance your personal appearance.

Lightweight, full-powered—without dangling cords or trace of "clothing noise"—this new Zenith allows you to use the telephone right at ear level—gives you a full choice of eyeglass frame styles*—provides a tiny compartment for a spare battery.

The new Zenith 4-transistor circuit is built entirely into one of the smoothly contoured temple bars. Or you can wear one at each ear for the greater realism of "binaural" or both-ear hearing.

Your Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer will be glad to demonstrate all nine new 4- and 5-transistor models. Priced from $50 to $175, with 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee, 1-Year Warranty and 5-Year After-Purchase Protection Plan. Visit your nearby dealer listed in the Yellow Pages or phone for home demonstration.

FREE! One-year subscription to "Better Hearing"—the magazine about hearing problems.

Better Hearing

Zenith Radio Corporation
Hearing Aid Division, Dept. 56X
5801 Dickens Ave., Chicago 39, Ill.

Please mail facts on new Zenith Eyeglass Hearing Aids, also dealer list and free subscription to "Better Hearing."

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

ZENITH®

The Royalty of Hearing Aids

*Lenses, frame fronts, and related professional services in connection with the Zenith Eyeglass Hearing Aid are available only through your ophthalmologist, optometrist or optician.

America Sings

THE CURRENT interest in folk songs revives a tradition that goes back to our nation's earliest days. Indigenous symphonic and operatic music are of comparatively recent vintage. But every phase of American history is filled with the songs of its people.

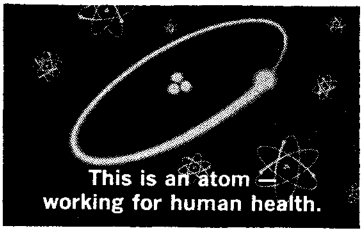
In 1638, the first printing press in this country was brought to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the first book produced two years later. It was a book of psalms, and though it contained no musical notes its purpose was to encourage and help the early settlers sing King David's songs. And sing them they did—with deep devotion—in their churches on Sundays and for hours at home during the long winter nights. Only a few copies of the Bay Psalm Book, as it was known, survive today, indicating how they were worn out by incessant handling.

While the churches and homes of New England resounded with "sacred harmony," ships from Africa arrived in Virginia and other ports with their holds crammed with slaves, and the rhythms of the jungle began to be heard on the plantations of the South. The American Negro became a Christian crying out his plaints and his longings ("Lord, I want two wings to veil my face, I want two wings to fly away") in strangely pulsating song tinged with sadness and religious hope.

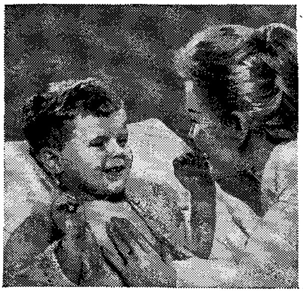
Independence added patriotic tunes to the repertoire of singing America. The oldest is probably "Yankee Doodle." The song was sung by the British troops to deride the rebellious Colonists and ridicule them as simpletons (that's what doodle means). The British soldiers sang it in the streets while the Colonists recited psalm hymns at their sings; and they sang it when they marched out of Boston toward Lexington. But at Concord the victorious rebels sang it back at them. The British song of mockery had become an American patriotic tune. Lord Cornwallis' troops were greeted with it when they surrendered at Yorktown.

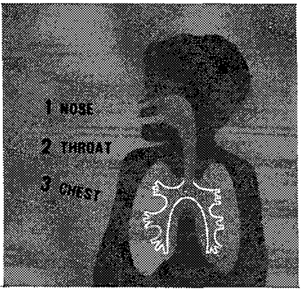
"Hail Columbia" was born in Philadelphia in the summer of 1798. Congress was in heated session to decide whether the United States should take sides in the hostilities

(*Continued on page 18*)


This is an atom —
working for human health.

Atom Tracer Tests Prove
VICKS VAPORUB
ACTS FASTER, LONGER THAN ASPIRIN OR ANY COLD TABLET
—without internal dosing





When your child has a cold, rub VapoRub over the area of lungs and heart, throat, back and neck. Acts fast!

No other type of treatment relieves all 3 cold areas... nose, throat, chest...all at once; no internal dosing.

VapoRub's medicated vapors relieve throat, head, cough, bronchial congestion. Your child feels good again fast.

While aspirin and cold tablets are still in your stomach—Vicks VapoRub is already treating nose, throat, bronchial area—and keeps bringing relief for hours after tablets have stopped working.

Now—from the laboratories of atom medicine comes *new proof* of a more effective way you can get relief from miseries of colds.

For scientists have used atom tracer tests in animal laboratory experiments to check the action of cold medications—and found that Vicks VapoRub acts faster, longer than aspirin or any cold tablet.

No other type of cold medication treats all 3 cold areas—nose, throat, chest—all at once—for hours—without internal dosing.

So it's no wonder that more mothers throughout the world depend on Vicks VapoRub than any other cold medication.

World's most widely used colds medication
VICKS
VAPORUB

"Vicks" and "VapoRub" are registered trademarks of the Vick Chemical Co., Greensboro, N. C.

between England and France. Emphasizing unity at an hour when the country's representatives were divided over whether to support England or France, the song immediately caught on. For most of the 19th century it remained a national anthem in competition with "The Star-Spangled Banner" of 1814. That song's history is well-known. But most people forget that it was not until 1931 that Congress and President Hoover officially made it our national anthem.

The settling of the West and Southwest added new songs to America's musical lore. Alone on the vast ranges, the cowboy sang for himself and to his herds of cattle. He sang to get them going and he sang to calm them down when they threatened to stampede. The frontiersman, the lumberjack, the railroad gangs, the mountaineer, the California gold diggers, all of them living in the wilderness, broke their loneliness and banished their fears with songs. And each group of immigrants put new ingredients into the melting pot of American music.

It took a great musician to recognize the musical riches that were scattered, isolated and half-forgotten all over the country. Antonín Dvořák, the Czech composer who had lived in America for a few years, embodied American folk tunes in his "New World" symphony and other works. This distinction he thus gave them aroused a new interest in America's melodies which since has grown by leaps and bounds.

Coronet's Choice From Recent Recordings

My Songs, Aframerican folk songs: Roland Hayes; Vanguard VRS-494
The Weavers at Carnegie Hall; Vanguard VRS-9010
Dyer-Bennet (sings); Dyer-Bennet 1001/2
Prokofieff, Symphonies No. 7 and 1 (Classical): Philharmonia, Malko; RCA Victor LM-2092
Rossini-Respighi, La Boutique Fantasque; Piston, The Incredible Flutist; Ibert, Divertissement: Boston Pops, Fiedler; RCA Victor LM-2084
Sibelius, Finlandia, Swan of Tuonela; Grieg, Peer Gynt Suite No. 1; Alfven, Swedish Rhapsody: Philadelphia, Ormandy; Columbia ML 5181
Stravinsky, Firebird Suite; Tchaikovsky, Romeo and Juliet: New York Philharmonic, Bernstein; Columbia ML 5182
Wagner, Highlights from The Ring: Cleveland, Szell; Epic LC 3321
Gold and Silver Great Old World Waltzes: Vienna State, Paulik; Vanguard VRS-1002
Haydn, Concerto in D Major; Bach, Concerto in D Minor: Concert Arts, Marlowe (harpsichord); Capitol P-8375
Schumann, Piano Concerto in A Minor; Strauss, Burlesque: Serkin, Philadelphia, Ormandy; Columbia ML 5168
Schubert, Octet in F major; David Oistrakh, etc.; Angel 35362
Bartok, Prokofieff, etc., Piano Sonatas: Pennario; Capitol P-8376
Byron Janis Plays Chopin; RCA Victor LM-2091
Schumann, Waldscenen; Kinderscenen: Haskil; Epic LC 3358
Mozart, The Abduction From The Seraglio: Beecham; Angel 3555 B/L
Gluck, Orpheus and Eurydice: Fricsay; Decca DXH 143

—Fred Berger

RCA CAMDEN presents its exciting Fall release . . .

BIG-NAME RECORDINGS AT ½ THE BIG-NAME PRICE!

12" Long Play **ONLY $1.98** *each*

45 EP **ONLY 79¢** *each*

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Hugo Winterhalter Orchestra

CAL-379 (LONG PLAY)
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WE DANCED ALL NIGHT
Ray Noble Orchestra

CAL-380 (LONG PLAY)
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CAMDEN
Toscanini
Haydn
Wagner

CAL-375 (LONG PLAY)

Let's Have a Dance Party!
Buddy Morrow
CAMDEN

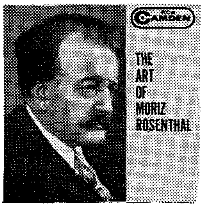
CAL-381 (LONG PLAY)
CAE-423 (45 EP)

Tchaikovsky
Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, Op. 64
Toronto Symphony Orch.
Sir Ernest MacMillan, Cond.
CAMDEN

CAL-374 (LONG PLAY)

AL GOODMAN
ROMBERG
the STUDENT PRINCE
CAMDEN

CAL-382 (LONG PLAY)


CAMDEN
THE ART OF MORIZ ROSENTHAL

CAL-377 (LONG PLAY)

CAMDEN
Lotte Lehmann sings Lieder
Vol. 1

CAL-378 (LONG PLAY)

CAMDEN
MODERN JAZZ PIANO: FOUR VIEWS
MARY LOU WILLIAMS · ART TATUM
ERROLL GARNER · LENNIE TRISTANO

CAL-384 (LONG PLAY)
CAE-418, CAE-419,
CAE-420 (45 EP)

CAMDEN
THE ART OF ROSA PONSELLE

CBL-100 (LONG PLAY—
2 RECORDS)

LET'S POLKA!
CAMDEN

CAE-421 (45 EP)

GREAT JAZZ BRASS
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A GALAXY OF BRASS STARS: ARMSTRONG, WINGY MANONE, BIX, MUGSY SPANIER, JACK TEAGARDEN, HARRY JAMES, AND SEVEN OTHER JAZZ GREATS.

CAL-383 (LONG PLAY)
CAE-424 (45 EP)

NOW FOR A LIMITED TIME...EXTRA SAVINGS FOR YOU!

For each of the above L.P. albums purchased at the low price of only $1.98, you can get one of the following 12" L.P. albums ...for only 99¢!

"THE HEART OF THE SYMPHONY"
"THE HEART OF THE PIANO CONCERTO"
"FAVORITE ARIAS FROM FAVORITE OPERAS"

These magnificent recordings are available now at your record dealer's.

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NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICES

BUSINESS WISE

THIS SIGN is used by a large midwestern motel to keep its employees on the job:

YOU ARX IMPORTANT

Whxn you arx txmptxd to takx a day off without notifying your managxr, and you think that thx absxncx of onx pxrson won't makx too much diffxrxncx, you placx your managxr in thx samx position as a fxllow trying to typx with onx kxy missing. Hx can makx substitutions just as wx havx donx, but thx rxsult is nxvxr thx samx as whxn hx's working with thx right pxoplx on thx right jobs.

—*Executives' Digest*

SEEKING ADMISSION to the Illinois bar, young John Hay, who was to make his mark as a statesman later in life, was called before a committee of prominent lawyers for examination. In an effort to confuse the applicant, one of the members posed a hypothetical case which was hopelessly involved.

"If a client came to you with this case, what would you do? What would you tell him?" he was asked.

Thoroughly confused by the maze of data, Hay nevertheless had the presence of mind to make what amounted to an inspired reply.

"First I would ask for a $50 retainer and then I would ask him to call me again in the morning."

"Mr. Hay," said the questioner, with a twinkle in his eye, "you are admitted."

—JOSEF S. CHEVALIER

AN EMBRYONIC TYCOON rushed in from the back yard and asked his mother how to spell "guaranteed." Later, when she came outside, she found painted on the garage door:

"Kites for Sale
Guaranteed if flyed rite."

—EMILY I. ROBINSON

ONE OF THE delightful things about our British friends is their whimsical sense of humor. Where, except in the London *Times,* might one encounter this classified ad:

"Ship-in-bottle makers: Free service! Young man accepts full bottles of Sherry, will return them ready for insertion of ship. Prompt, conscientious work guaranteed. Address box A C."

—*Woolery Digest*

IN AN exclusive photography studio a society matron was looking at the new picture she'd had taken. "Why, that picture's an outrage!" she stormed. "Now I ask you, does it look like me?"

The photographer, flustered only for a moment, quickly regained his composure. "Madam," he said, bowing slightly, "the answer is in the negative."

—*The International Teamster*

DON McNEILL reports on an amazing new electronic discovery that does the "impossible" for the hard of hearing

Nothing-in-Either-Ear ...New Invisible Way to Hear Again!

by Don McNeill Famed Host of the popular Breakfast Club heard every weekday over ABC

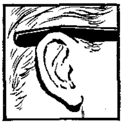
EVERYBODY said it was impossible. "What a wonderful idea!", they agreed. "To hear again with nothing in either ear would be like a prayer answered! But of course it can't be done."

Now it *has* been done. The world's finest truly practical and completely INVISIBLE hearing aid has just been released by the great Beltone Laboratories. The dream has become a reality. At last, you may hear again with absolutely *nothing* in either ear. Gone is the tell-tale receiver button. Still more remarkable, there's no connecting tube to the ear—not even an ear mold. And there is nothing behind the ear.

I've seen this miracle Beltone invention with my own eyes. It's unbelievable. No cords . . . no wires anywhere. Nothing to hide in the hair or clothes.

When you use this marvelous new Beltone Invisible hearing aid, nothing shows because everything is completely hidden inside glasses. These glasses are wonderfully becoming to both men and women of all ages. They're so attractive, so light, so comfortable. Nobody—not even closest friends—would ever guess you use a hearing aid.

This new Beltone Invisible hearing aid is a boon to folks who want to hear again without fear of being stared at. It is ideal for moderate losses and especially wonderful for conduction loss. It can be a Godsend to you, if hearing loss makes you lose out on the pleasures of normal, easy conversation.

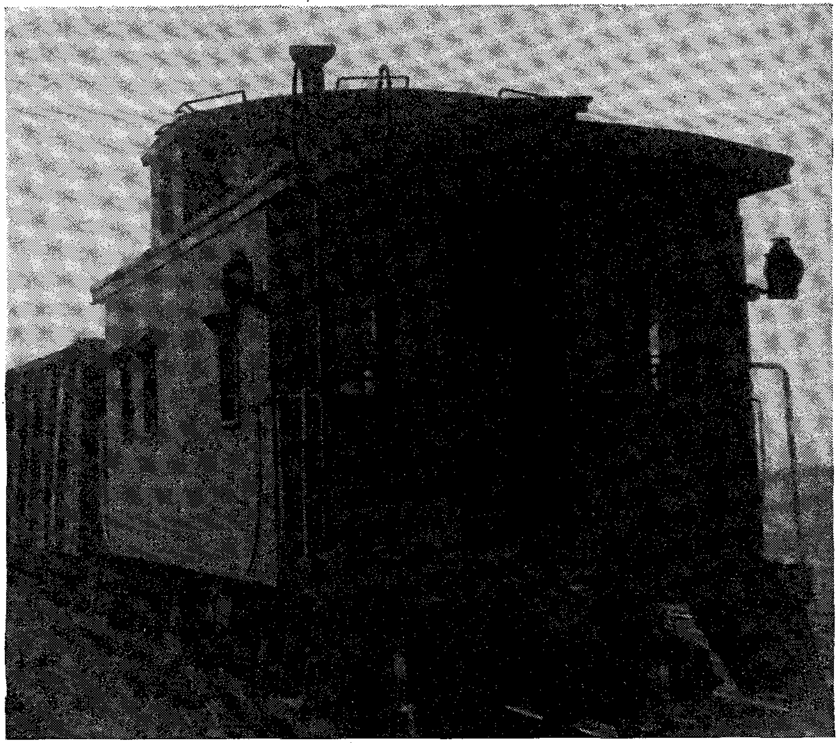


If your hearing has begun to fail, you need not give up recreations or active family, social or business life. You need no longer put up with the burden on your nerves of straining to hear, of guesswork and frustration.

Now, with this amazing Beltone electronic discovery, you may keep in the swim of things by hearing at natural ear-level. It can free you from self-consciousness and embarrassment. You can enjoy new peace of mind. The future can become brighter and more rewarding than the past. You can feel as if you have been reborn.

FREE book on request. *Write today for remarkable descriptive book. Unretouched photographs prove you may hear with nothing in either ear. Book will be sent in plain wrapper, no obligation. Write: Dept. 4-419, Beltone Hearing Aid Co., 2900 W. 36th St., Chicago 32.*

This advertisement is published as a public service by Beltone Hearing Aid Co.



Command post is in the caboose from which the conductor runs the long train.

The Little Red Caboose

It is dawn in the Erie Railroad yards at Port Jervis, N. Y. Through the rising mists a caboose—the traditional little shanty on wheels—rattles and squeals along at the tail end of a 20-car freight bound for Susquehanna, Pa. It usually has no springs. It is often hot in summer and cold in winter. But the two glowing beacons of the caboose—its squat stovepipe and its attic-like superstructure—lend the little red car a solid air of domesticity. For nearly 100 years, it has served as headquarters and second home for train crews.

(*Continued on page 24*)

"I have been happier and more content since buying my Thomas than I have been for years"

says Mrs. Edward McIntosh of Dayton, Ohio

. . . and this fine home organ is only $695!

Seldom has a musical instrument had such a significant effect on its owners—whether doctors, salesmen, or homemakers—families or people who live alone. The Thomas Organ for the *first* time, has brought all the world of music—from Bach to Bebop—within reach of almost every home. The Thomas has brightened sad moments, consoled lonely times—made many a family life *whole* again. Neighbors and friends are drawn closer together by the universal pleasures of music.

Many play tunes the first evening—without previous training. Because the Thomas is amazingly *simple* to play. No need to fear the Thomas' single keyboard, nor is there a maze of buttons and pulls to confuse you. Just flick the exclusive Thomas Dial-A-Tone controls—sound like a string ensemble, a melodious flute, or get thousands of other effects *plus* the organ's own rich voice, which we all love.

The Exclusive *Solo Control* gives the effect of two keyboards with one keyboard simplicity. A twist of the *Variable Vibrato* gives your music the exact "singing" quality you desire. And *Thomas Tone* is famous for clear, sweet highs, deep full bass.

You'll be proud of the Thomas in your home. A variety of attractive furniture styles and finishes for contemporary or traditional homes.

How can we build and sell the Thomas for only $695? Because of our own patented invention and long electronics experience, almost every family can now enjoy a fine Thomas Organ.

See how easy the Thomas is to play—how easy it is to own. FOR YOUR NEAREST THOMAS DEALER CALL WESTERN UNION BY NUMBER AND ASK FOR OPERATOR 25. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

Thomas

ELECTRONIC ORGANS

FREE...Demonstration Record!

In Canada— **EATON'S OF CANADA**

Send coupon Today!

THOMAS ORGAN COMPANY
A Division of Pacific Mercury Corp.
8327 Hayvenhurst Ave., Sepulveda, California

I'd like your Free Record of organ music.

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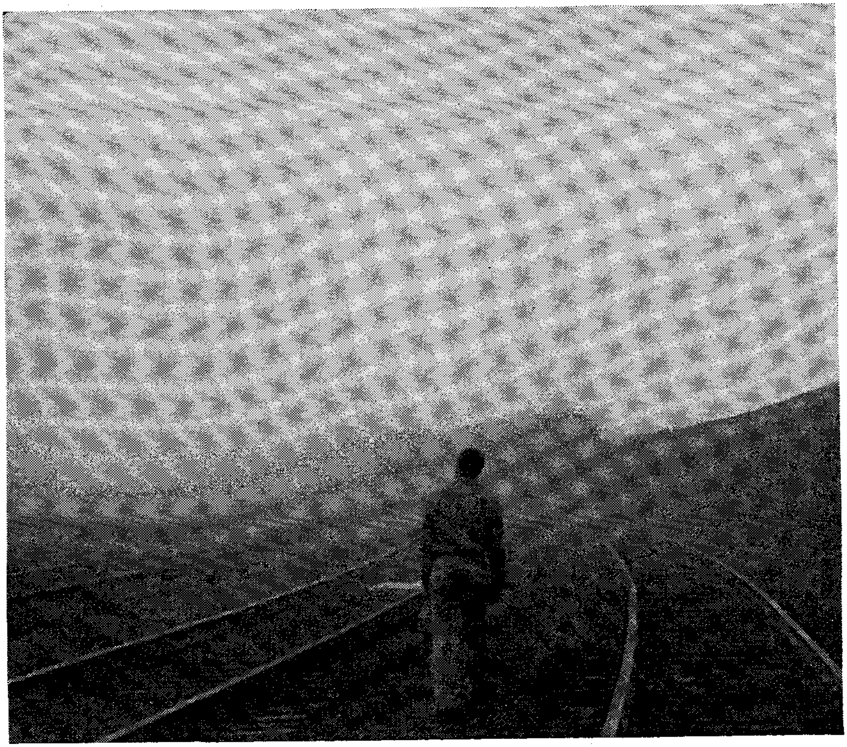
STATE__________

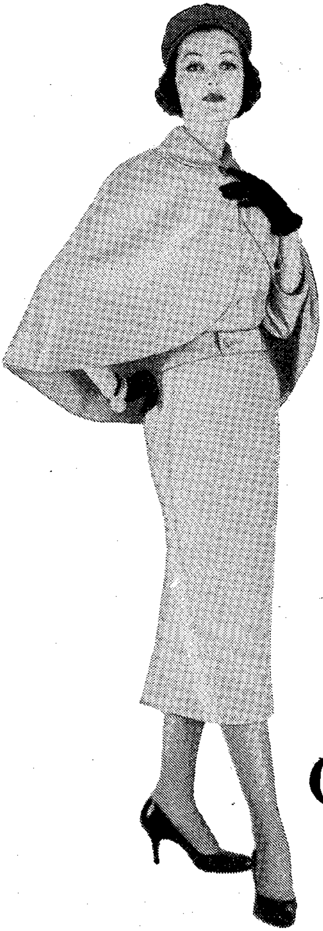


A way freight, which makes all the whistle stops, pushes slowly into morning fog.

Brakeman signals engine to couple.

Poking about for possible "hot box."

(*Continued on page 26*)



yours . . .
that
look of
CONFIDENCE

From the top of your Paris-inspired hat to the tip of your Italian-toed shoes—you're calm, poised, *sure* of yourself. Anybody looking at you would *know*—you're a woman of *convictions*—not just about the clothes you wear, but the things you *do*, the things you *believe* in doing.

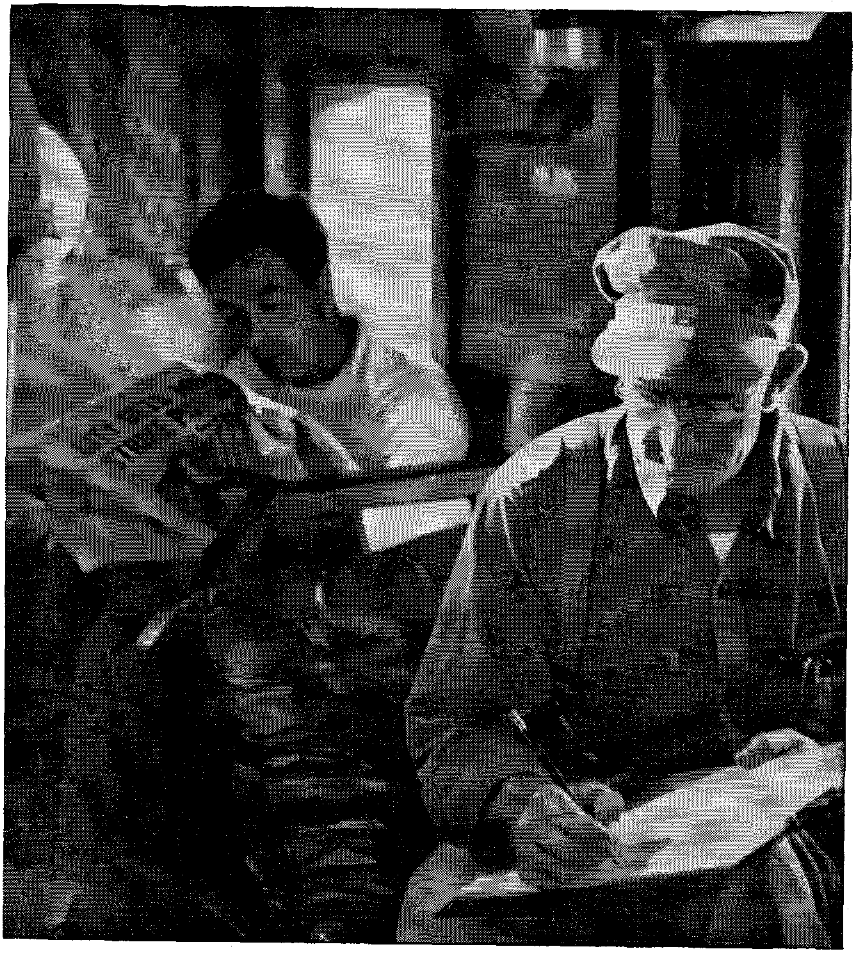
No wonder you were the *first* among your friends to use Tampax. No wonder you won them over to Tampax! Simply and confidently you told them how Tampax® internal sanitary protection brings you such freedom and confidence on "those" days. For Tampax is invisible and unfelt when in place. It can't show or cause odor. Can't chafe or bind. Tampax frees you of messy disposal problems, carrying problems, too.

On sale wherever drug products are sold, in Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

"Sometimes she feels as if she had square wheels..."

THERE'S not much "old-time" left in freighting. Steam engines are vanishing. Walkie-talkies are replacing hand signals. But the caboose lingers on in the old tradition. Fitted with desks, chairs, bunks, refrigerators and stoves, it is the "brain-box" which holds the train together and directs every move. From here the crewmen scan the tracks for signs of danger, write their "wheel reports" and gossip about the run.

In the caboose, the conductor works on his ladings list as a brakeman relaxes.



PETER PAN

Brand new Packet that tells this favorite story in color, 3-dimension!

the Littlest Angel

Tazewell's enchanting story. Select now, put away for Christmas giving.

Johnny Moccasin

Exciting adventure with this brand new TV hero!

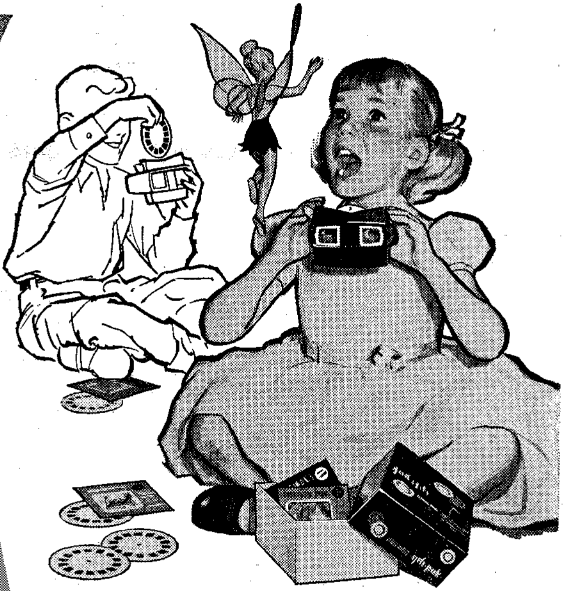
©W. D. P.

GOOFY

A new addition to the long list of Walt Disney favorites in View-Master pictures.

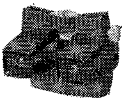
RIDERS of the DESERT

Real-life Indian lore ... showing American Indians of the Pueblo area in the southwest.

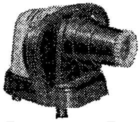


Give your child the thrill of "Come-to-Life" color pictures

View-Master pictures open a child's eyes to a new world of wonder and delight where everything "comes to life" in magic three dimension! Peter Pan and other favorite stories, exciting adventures, far-away places . . . hours of fascinating fun! And each View-Master Packet, with 21 pictures, is just **$1.25.**



View-Master Viewer . . . Stereoscopic viewer shows View-Master pictures in three dimension. $2.50



Junior Projector . . . For two dimension View-Master "shows". Safe, sturdy, easy to operate. $9.95

Ask to see Sawyer's

VIEW-MASTER®

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Three dimension color pictures

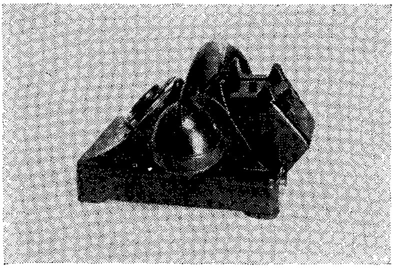
at photo, gift, drug & dept. stores everywhere

® Sawyer's Inc., Portland 7, Oregon.

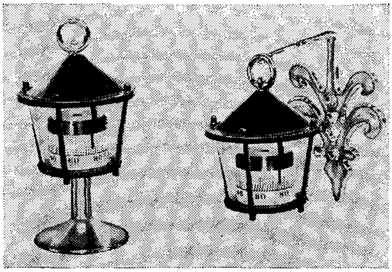
Prices slightly higher in Canada.

Products on Parade

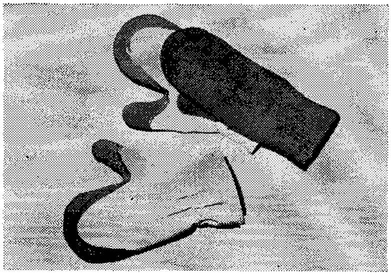
Edited by Florence Semon



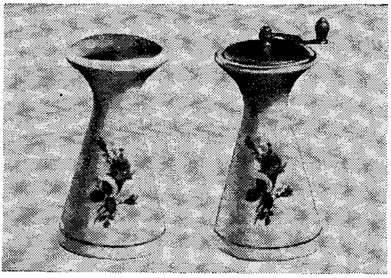
MUSI-CALL snaps on the back of telephone and plays music to party holding the line when receiver is put on it. Blue Danube, La Vie En Rose, or Anniversary Song. State model number under receiver when ordering. Black only. $3.98 pp. Nancy Sales Co., Dept. C, 507 5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



NOVEL LAMPLITE THERMOMETER stands on separate base or can be hung on gold wall bracket. Guaranteed accurate temperature gauge is enclosed in black plastic lamp. Base and bracket are gold-plated and tarnish proof. 5″ high. $1.25 pp. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 717 Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.



SNOWBALL TIME is mitten time. Two separate mittens in one—100% wool inside, waterproof plastic outside. Use together or separately depending on weather. Red, navy or brown stripes on white. Child's small, medium or large sizes. $1.98 pp. Benrich Inc., CO., 852 Monroe, Brooklyn 21, N. Y.



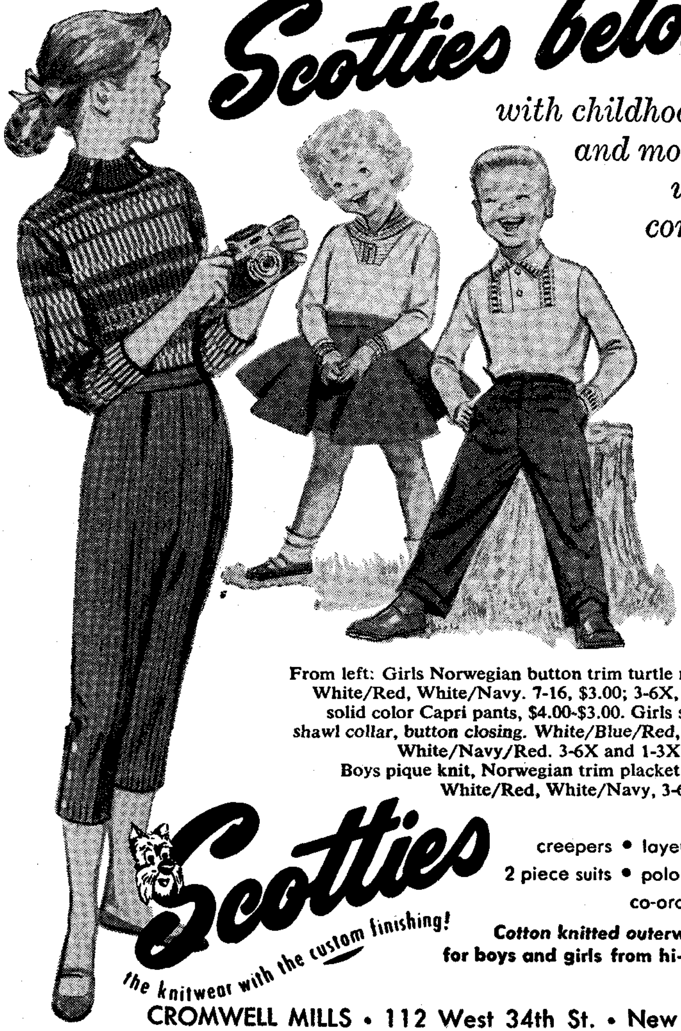
MOSS ROSE pattern salt shaker and pepper mill set is both useful and decorative. Base of white imported china. Metal top and handle of mill in gold-plated brass finish. Each 5½″ tall. Packet of peppercorns included. The set, $2.30 pp. Lee Wynne, Dept. C., 5446 Diamond St., Phila. 31, Pa.

(Continued on page 30)

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

Scotties belong...

with childhood laughter
and mother's
work-free
comfort



From left: Girls Norwegian button trim turtle neck. White/Black, White/Red, White/Navy. 7-16, $3.00; 3-6X, $2.50. Coordinated solid color Capri pants, $4.00-$3.00. Girls striped fashion welt shawl collar, button closing. White/Blue/Red, White/Red/Navy, White/Navy/Red. 3-6X and 1-3X, $2.00; 7-16, $2.50. Boys pique knit, Norwegian trim placket, sleeves and collar. White/Red, White/Navy, 3-6X and 1-3X, $2.00.

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Cotton knitted outerwear and pajamas for boys and girls from hi-chair to hi-school

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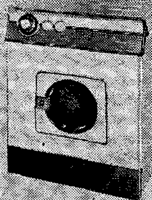
SCOTTIES *wash wonderfully*

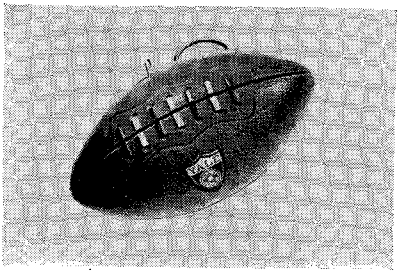
in the new RCA **Whirlpool**

WASHER-DRYER COMBINATION

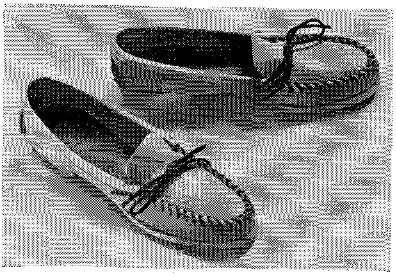
that washes . . . rinses then dries . . . all by itself



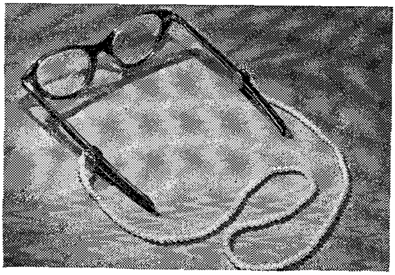
Products on Parade



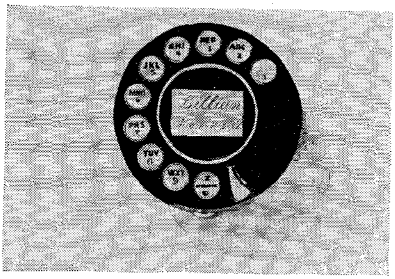
MUSICAL FOOTBALL will score a touchdown with college students and alumni. Pigskin-colored plastic ball plays your college song. Laces are painted in school colors with crest on side. 4″ long. 80 college and university songs available. $3.50 pp. Bradley's, 746-C N. Highland Ave., N.E., Atlanta 6, Ga.



FLEXIBLE, hand-laced moccasins will make milady feel she's walking on air. Made of top-grain leather with light foam crepe rubber soles. Choice of smoke, white, taffytan or red colors. Women's sizes, 3 to 13, AAAAA to EEE. $6.45 pp. Moccasin-Craft, 65-JX Mulberry St., Lynn, Mass.



GLAMOROUS WAY TO keep your glasses from straying. Silver-tone clips on gleaming pearl necklace attach to temple-bars of any size frames, holding glasses securely. Also a good-looking costume accessory for any occasion. $1.95 pp. Artisan Galleries, Dept. C, 2100 N. Haskell Ave., Dallas 4, Tex.



METAL COMPACT personalized with your first name and phone number is a clever reproduction of an actual telephone dial. In black, gold and sparkling white. Has powder sifter, velour puff and full mirror. 3½″ in diameter. $2.00 pp. Welcome House, Dept. CT, 1133 Broadway, N. Y. 10, N. Y.

(Continued on page 32)

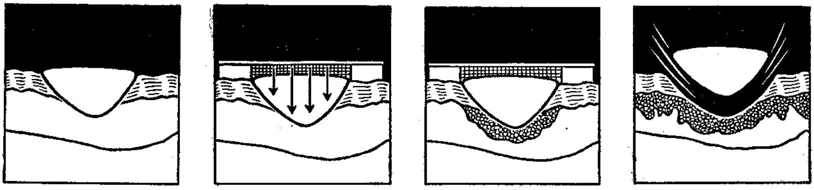
For additional mail order products and services see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 164.

Now-Remove Corns in 3 days

—RESULTS GUARANTEED BY BLUE-JAY

BLUE-JAY Plastic Corn Plasters with wonder drug PHENYLIUM®
Guaranteed to relieve pain . . . and get rid of ordinary corns in three days

How Phenylium medication gets rid of corns from *underneath*



NEW CORN develops when skin grows tough and horny under constant pressure.

FIRST DAY—Blue-Jay relieves pressure, while Phenylium penetrates to base of corn.

SECOND DAY—Phenylium starts growth of new cell tissue underneath. This loosens corn, pushes it up.

THIRD DAY—Corn now lifts out easily. Stubborn, long-established corns may require second application.

Medical science has found a fast and effective way to relieve the pain of a corn, and get rid of it at the same time.

This treatment works by getting to the base of the problem. It actually gets rid of your corn by pushing it up from *underneath*.

The secret is a wonder drug from the Blue-Jay laboratories which took nine years to perfect. That wonder drug is called Phenylium (phenoxyethanoic acid).

How BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters relieve pain, remove corn

The Blue-Jay plaster consists of a felt ring surrounding a pad with Phenylium. The felt relieves the pain of the corn by removing the pressure and friction which causes it.

Simultaneously, the Phenylium goes to work to remove the *source* of the pain—the corn itself. It penetrates through the tough, horny skin of the corn to its *base*, where it stimulates the growth of new cell tissue.

In most corns, by the end of the third day this new tissue has grown to the point where it pushes the corn loose so that it can be lifted out.

BLUE-JAY Guarantee. Follow directions, get relief from pain . . . get rid of ordinary corns in 3 days . . . or your money back from Blue-Jay, 309 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6.

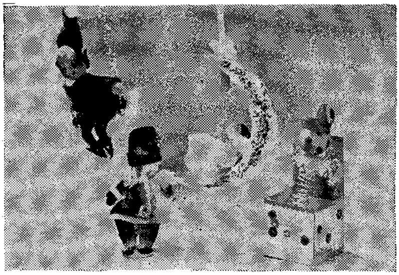
Regular or ladies size. Callus plasters, too. Look for the new BLUE-JAY package.

BLUE-JAY®

THE **KENDALL** COMPANY
Blue-Jay Sales Division

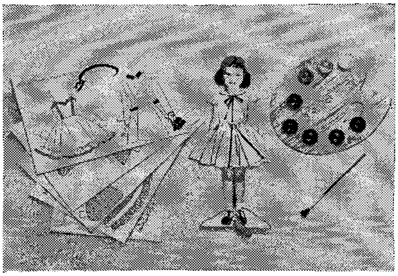
Preview of Christmas

Products on Parade

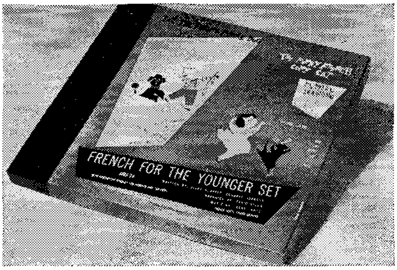


DECORATE your house in true Christmas style with these whimsical figures. Elf on a swing, $2.50 pp. Party Favor Santa with white feather beard, $3.25 pp. Angel swinging on a moon, $2.00 pp. Jack in a silver cardboard box, $2.95 pp. Holiday Handicrafts Inc., Dept. COR, Winsted, Connecticut.

CHRISTMAS CARDS imported from Italy have a gift quality. Reproductions of famous religious masterpieces on silk suitable for framing. 9½″ x 6½″, $1.00 pp. 6½″ x 4½″, 50¢ pp. Catalog of additional paintings included with order. Artistic Imports Inc., Station A, Box 186, Great Neck, N. Y.



CARDBOARD DOLL with the face of the lucky little girl who gets this gift. Included are 10 outfits and paint set for coloring. Doll is 9″ high. Send photo or snapshot of child and state color of hair and eyes. Photo will be returned. $2.00 pp. Edwin House, C-7, 145 West 4th St., New York 12, N. Y.



FRENCH FOR YOUNGER SET record album is educational and fun gift. Four 78-rpm unbreakable records will teach 3- to 8-year-olds French via pleasant games, songs, etc. Instruction book included. Spanish album also available. $5.95 pp. University Associated, Dept. C., 154 11th Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

PEOPLE UP TO AGE 80 can apply for life insurance now!

No Personal Medical Exam Required*

*You are not required to go to a doctor and take a medical examination, but you must be in good health at time your policy is issued.

Because the company does require that you be in good health, it reserves the right to verify the information you furnish on your Statement of Health when a claim is filed.

This should be no problem if you answer the questions completely. We DO care about your state of health, but do not require the medical examination as a matter of convenience to you.

If you are under 80, you can still apply for the Old American Golden Eagle life insurance policy—the same kind of policy you would buy from an agent. Old American believes that people in old age groups need and deserve insurance coverage just as much as anyone else.

Let us tell you how to add an extra $1000 worth of life insurance to your present program—to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family.

WE WILL EXPLAIN HOW TO PUT POLICY INTO EFFECT FOR FIRST 30 DAYS FOR ONLY $1.00

Just mail the coupon right away, giving age. Simply fill in the coupon and mail it today.

NO ONE WILL CALL ON YOU AT ANY TIME

TEAR OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

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OLD AMERICAN INSURANCE CO., Dept. L1025M
1 West 9th Street, Kansas City 5, Missouri

Gentlemen: Yes, please send me more information about your Golden Eagle life insurance policy for people up to age 80—and how I may put it in effect for the first 30 days for only $1.00. I understand that no one will call, and I am not obligated in any way.

NAME .... AGE ....

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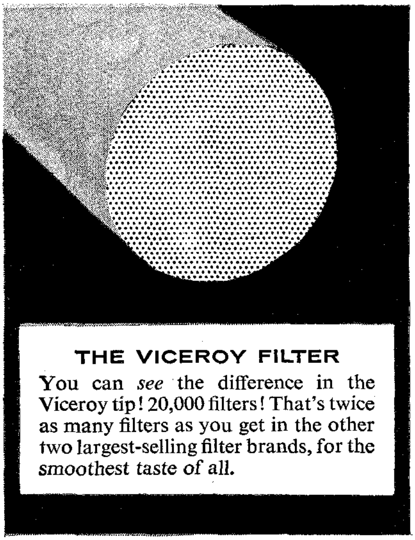
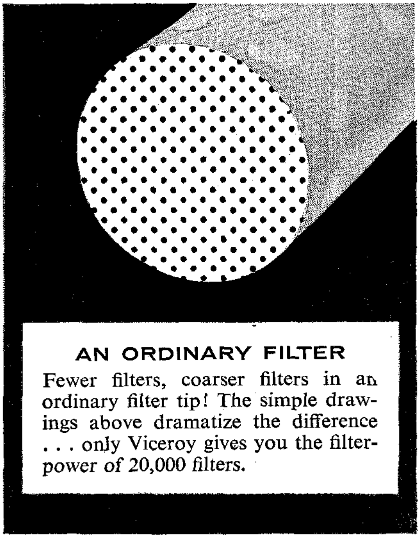
Only Viceroy Gives You FILTER-POWER OF 20,000 FILTERS



THE VICEROY FILTER
You can *see* the difference in the Viceroy tip! 20,000 filters! That's twice as many filters as you get in the other two largest-selling filter brands, for the smoothest taste of all.



AN ORDINARY FILTER
Fewer filters, coarser filters in an ordinary filter tip! The simple drawings above dramatize the difference . . . only Viceroy gives you the filter-power of 20,000 filters.

...FOR THE SMOOTHEST TASTE OF ALL!

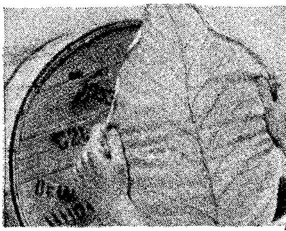
Yes, twice as many filters as the other two largest-selling filter brands!

Now get the filter-power of Viceroy's 20,000 filters.

Now get the tobacco you want in a cigarette. Get the rich, fine-quality leaf tobacco that Viceroy deep-cures for extra smoothness.

Get Viceroy for the smoothest taste of all.

©1957, Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp.



And...only golden brown tobacco, Deep-Cured for extra smoothness!

VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES
KING-SIZE

CORONET
OCTOBER 1957

Father's disreputable friends

by LOY WARWICK

Moonshiner and marksman, Tinsley Byfield stood poised to kill . . . until Father vanquished him in a "Battle of the Bible"

THE TWO THINGS I remember best about my father were that he had some of the most disreputable friends—real disreputable—and he could quote the Bible practically from cover to cover. Also, he hated moonshine whiskey.

My father took these disreputable characters seriously, and he must have loved them. For he was always getting up from the table, or out of bed in the middle of the night, to go off somewhere and help somebody when they got in trouble. Afterward, he'd go into his study and pretty soon you could hear him praying through the closed door. When he came out you could see the red marks on his forehead where his knuckles had dug in.

"You simply can't get along in this life without God's help," he used to say, "for . . . *man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord . . .*"

One of his most disreputable friends—Tinsley Byfield—belonged to my father's own church. Tinsley was 70 years old, and probably 60 of those years had been spent making moonshine whiskey on his place back in the West Virginia Blue Ridge. Connoisseurs of good corn were happy to pay as much as $3 a gallon for his illegal product, and bring their own jugs.

I'm pretty sure my father must have talked to Tinsley at one time or another about his moonshining, hoping he'd give it up. And he loved my father so much, I believe he might have. But Tinsley was a stubborn man. He couldn't stand for anybody telling him what he could or could not do—and he particularly despised Lovick Buckley, the sheriff. Everybody was sure that some day their feud would erupt into bloodshed.

ANYHOW, Tinsley always said he'd rather hear my father preach than any man he'd ever heard in a pulpit. What he liked best, he said, was the way my father would pack his sermons with quotations from the Book and make them sound like poetry.

Tinsley was a great Bible reader himself, and he liked to fill his talk with quotations. Sometimes, after church, he'd come over to the parsonage and sit with my father and they'd have a kind of match, quoting each other blue in the face. Usually, Tinsley would go away grinning and pleased as punch—because my father had "put him down." But he'd laugh and vow one day he'd top "Brother Ansley" (Ansley was my father's given name).

Tinsley was a widower and lived alone in a pre-Civil War log house set in a niche of sun and shade on the side of a crater-like valley. He could see for miles from his porch, which commanded a perfect view of the only road—not much better than a mule trail—by which you could reach his aerie-like safekeep.

Often, on nice afternoons when he finished a run of corn at the still a little early, he'd sit out front in a rocking chair, reading the Book and practicing up on quotations, which he planned to pull on my father the next time they met. Every now and then he'd pick up his battered old Winchester '94 rifle, which he'd have propped up alongside, and without getting up out of the rocker he'd take what looked like careless aim and knock a squirrel out of a tree.

That was the way Tinsley was pleasuring himself the day Sheriff Buckley and his deputies suddenly appeared down below on the road.

"I got a search warrant for your house, Byfield," the sheriff hollered up, "and I don't want no trouble with you. We're representin' the law, and you nor nobody else ain't going to stop us—"

"Buckley," Tinsley roared back, "if you set foot on my land, I'll blow the lot of you to kingdom come! Everybody in this county knows you're out to get me because I won't pay your stinking graft, the way the others around here do—"

A shot whistled up and thudded against Tinsley's house. And Tinsley, for all his 70 years, leaped lightly down from the stoop and crouched behind a hickory stump.

"I can see you, Buckley," he shouted. "Just enough of you to knock your eyes out. But the first time, I'm just going to come close. Now listen, listen with your left ear."

A slug from Tinsley's rifle zinged

by within an inch of that ear and Buckley balled up and rolled over in the brush, scared half to death.

"All right," Tinsley called again. "You asked for it."

He settled down comfortably behind the stump and whenever Buckley or a deputy reared up to shoot, Tinsley popped one at him.

I believe Tinsley could have killed Buckley any time he felt like it. He wasn't a killer at heart though, but, because he despised Buckley for what he was, and because he considered all laws against making corn whiskey unjust and, moreover, unconstitutional, he was fully prepared to kill him—or anybody else—or be killed himself, rather than sacrifice the very least of his principles.

It wasn't long before a score or more men attracted by the gunfire echoing in the valley began loping over to see what all the shooting was about—and that was when they sent for my father. Because it was a foregone conclusion that sooner or later somebody was going to get killed or bad hurt, unless the sheriff pulled out, or Tinsley gave up and submitted to the terrible indignity of having his place searched.

My father got there in a hurry. He got out of the car that brought him to the foot of the hill and he stood there, the wind blowing through his fine crest of heavy, black hair, while he looked thoughtfully up at Tinsley's house. Then he started climbing. He passed right in front of Buckley and his men, without even looking at them.

"Hey, Brother Ansley," Buckley yelled after my father. "You better get under cover. That maniac up there's got a gun, and he'd as soon kill you as anybody else."

But my father kept right on until he got to where he could carry on a talk with Tinsley without busting his lungs.

Tinsley reared up, his eyes popping practically out of his head, and he shouted at my father, "Now, Brother Ansley, this is no business for a preacher. You get right out of here and go on back home—"

"Listen to me, Tinsley Byfield," called my father, "and *Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee . . .*"

Tinsley cocked his head, like a dog on scent.

"Wait a minute, now, Ansley," said Tinsley, forgetting the "Brother." He took off his floppy old felt hat and rubbed his head with the heel of his hand. "I know—that's Genesis—yep, Genesis—chapter 13, eighth verse."

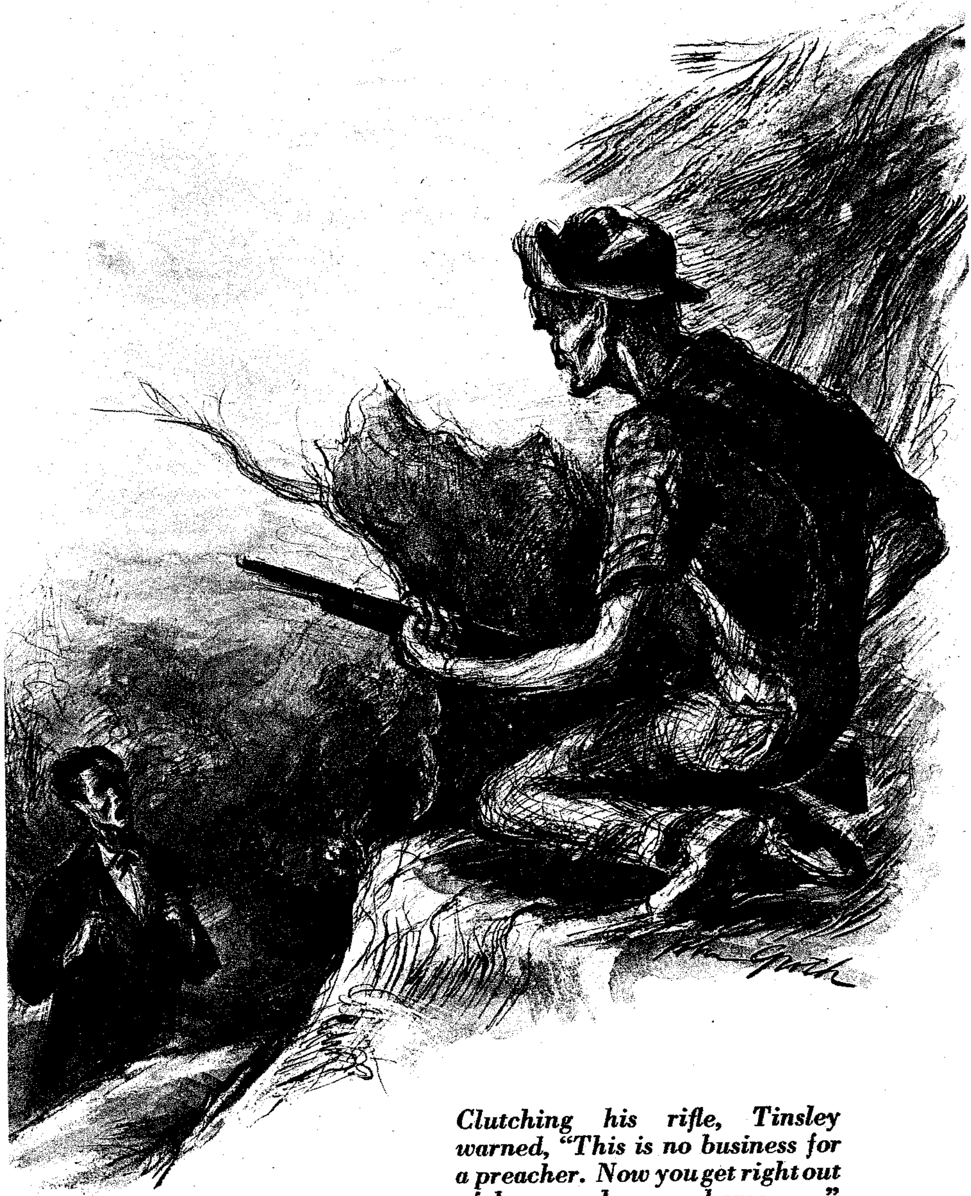
My father smiled, and asked Tinsley why he didn't put away his gun, and try to settle the matter with the sheriff peaceably. Tinsley began cussing, something I'm sure he never had done before in my father's hearing.

"That (deleted) misbegotten (deleted) says he has a search warrant for me," stormed Tinsley.

"Stop it, Tinsley," admonished my father quietly, adding: "*. . . the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.*"

"Now, look here, Brother Ansley —wait. I know that one—Exodus—20th chapter—verse—verse—"

"Seventh verse," said my father. "Why not come in with Sheriff—"



Clutching his rifle, Tinsley warned, "This is no business for a preacher. Now you get right out of here, and go on home . . ."

"That sheriff the (deleted) . . . *is a liar and the truth is not in him* —I John, second chapter, fourth verse. I know Judge Humphries—he's been one of my customers for 35 years—he wouldn't sign a warrant against me."

"Under the law he probably had to, when the sheriff demanded it," said my father. "Anyway, why don't you and I go into town? We'll talk this thing over and get it straightened out."

"Me give in to that Buckley, that miserable, low-down—"

"*. . . he that hardeneth his heart,*" my father reminded him, "*shall fall into mischief.*"

"That's Proverbs, Brother Ansley. But listen to me. *Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear.*"

"Twenty-seventh Psalm," said my father. "Third verse. Tinsley, I'm going down and tell the sheriff you're coming into town with me. He'll listen to me. And somehow we'll work this out. If you start shooting again, you're going to kill somebody."

"I'm just not going to give in to that Buckley—"

"*. . . rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft,*" said my father. "You always were a little weak on Samuel, Tinsley, but—"

"Don't be too sure about that, Brother Ansley—I Samuel, chapter 15, 23rd verse. It goes on: *and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry.*"

It went on that way with my father and Tinsley quoting back and forth at each other, until finally my father called the sheriff and got the idea over to call off the siege and let Tinsley go into town with him to talk to the judge.

There my father and Judge Humphries teamed up and pointed out to Tinsley that he didn't really need the money, and should retire anyhow for *The days of our years are three score years and ten . . .* And the judge said he'd see to it that nobody bothered him if he continued to make "just a little corn, like for medicinal purposes and his own—"

"For my own use?" asked Tinsley, grinning at the judge.

"Well, Tinsley," said the judge, coughing and scratching himself, "you know you're always welcome here, and I hope you'll be dropping in from time to time—"

As Tinsley and my father walked from the courthouse, my father said to him, "You see, Tinsley . . . *yielding pacifieth great offenses.*"

"Ecclesiastes. Ten, four," said Tinsley. "I guess I have to give you credit—you and the judge."

"It wasn't the judge, and it wasn't me," said my father. "It was God. . . . *with God, all things are possible.*"

"Mark," said Tinsley. "I can't recollect just where because I'm wondering how you're going to get around this one, if you live by the Book. It's from Proverbs."

And my father shook his head in resignation as Tinsley quoted, sure at last that he'd put my father down.

"It says," Tinsley solemnly intoned, "*he that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him: but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it. . . .*"

GRIN
and
SHARE
IT

A WELL-KNOWN STATESMAN, invited to address a prominent women's club on the Chinese situation, carefully boned up on the subject and prepared a brilliant paper. Upon meeting the chairwoman, he inquired how the club had come to require a talk on China.

"Oh," the lady explained sweetly, "we're having a chow-mein luncheon, and wanted something to preserve the spirit of the occasion."

—*The Speaker's Handbook of Humor*, MAXWELL DROKE, (Harper & Brothers)

PITCHER BOBO NEWSOM spotted a Washington sports scribe one night seated in a restaurant chatting with Lyall Smith of the *Detroit Free Press*, Red Smith, then general manager of Toledo, movie comedian Joe E. Brown, Joe E. Brown, Jr., and his wife, as well as a Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Jones.

After a friendly greeting, Smith introduced Bobo to them: "I'd like you to meet Mr. Smith, another Mr. Smith, Mr. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Jones."

Bobo glowered at them all.

"If nobody's goin' to use their right names," snapped Bobo, "I ain't neither."

—*Victorian*

A FUSSY CUSTOMER was shown some puppies in a pet shop.

"No, I must have an older dog," he said. When the proprietor trotted out older dogs for his inspection, he objected, "They're all too expensive."

"Then, sir, if I may suggest," the owner said haughtily, "perhaps you should look up a used cur dealer."

—MRS. LOIS THURSTON

THE DEVOTED HOUSEKEEPER of a small-town minister kept his house meticulously spotless. However, she complained incessantly about the nature of her work and it was hard to tell which she hated most, dirt or cleaning it up.

One day the reverend remarked

upon what a faithful servant she had been and assured her that she would get her reward in the hereafter. Then, in kindly curiosity, he asked her what she thought Heaven would be like.

"Well, I haven't much idea about that," she told him frankly, "but I just hope it's a place that doesn't get dirty." —*The Speaker's Handbook of Humor* MAXWELL DROKE, (Harper & Brothers)

"I SEE HERE," said the husband, glancing up from his newspaper, "that The Ford Foundation just gave away $10,000,000!"

"Really?" gasped his wife. "What was the question?" —*A.M.A. Journal*

TWO STRANGERS stood on a Bucharest street corner admiring an automobile, parked at the curb.

"My, that's handsome," said the first. "The Russians certainly know how to make an automobile."

"That's not Russian," the second man answered, "don't you recognize an American car when you see one?"

"Of course I do; I knew it was an American car, but I had no idea who *you* were!" —*Nassau*

A FARMER and his wife whose Uncle Luke lived close to the stockyards, the gas works and a chemical plant invited him to come for a visit and enjoy some fresh air. Uncle Luke was delighted but cut short his visit after two days with the comment: "This country air may be all right, but there's no body to it." —*Capper's Weekly*

IN THIS somewhat bewildering scientific age, it is comforting to know that there is yet a place for the homely pastoral observation. This was emphasized in a bulletin issued by the California Aeronautics Commission, on the subject of forced landings: "Cows always point their tails to the wind. Just remember to land facing the cows, and you will be into the wind." If cows are grazing in varied directions, the bulletin continues, "you may know there is little or no wind." —*Quip*

BUSTER CRABBE, New York film and television favorite who is also the swimming pro at Lake Kiamesha, New York, once wired the hotel press agent there asking if he had any publicity ideas to promote his return from England.

The quick-witted publicist wired back: "Yes. Don't fly . . . Swim!" —*Victorian*

THE DUC DE NIVERNOIS, a French diplomat who was a widower, was a devoted friend of the widowed Comtesse de Rochefort, whom he visited every evening without fail. This constancy became a joke among his intimate friends, one of whom suggested to the Duc that he'd save a lot of footsteps if he married the lady.

"Oh, yes, certainly," the Duc agreed, "but where should I then spend my evenings?"

—*Best Jokes for All Occasions*, POWERS MOULTON (Perma Books)

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

A rich, a full li

If you visit Rutherford, N
river town on the marshes
of Newark, you'll have littl
ficulty finding William Carlos
liams, poet and physician. Th
he has taken the entire wor
his province, he lives—and
lived for nearly half a cent
less than a mile from the
he was born nearly 75 years
The man ranked as one of A
ca's greatest poets has give
active practice of medicine
continues to write poetry, to
as he puts it, "the secret ga
of the self." What kind of a m
both a healer of bodies and a r
of images, who moves so easily
the relentless reality of birth
death to the expanding univer
men's dreams and imagin
Here, in words, pictures, an
poetry, is William Carlos Will

by Gerold Frank photographs by Eve

For half a century, a family doctor . . .

With Nurse Anne Oley, Dr. Williams studies premature baby at Passaic General Hospital.

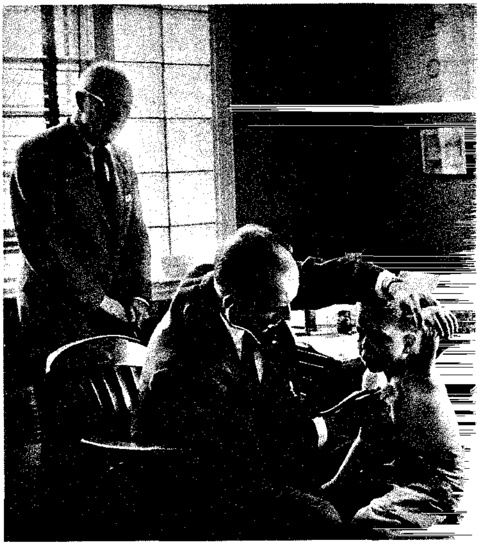
Sweep the house
under the feet of the curious
holiday seekers—
sweep under the table and the bed
the baby is dead—

The mother's eyes where she sits
by the window, unconsoled—
have purple bags under them
the father—
tall, wellspoken, *pitiful*
is the abler of these two . . .

Sweep the house clean
here is one who has gone up
(though problematically)
to heaven, blindly
by force of the facts—
a clean sweep
is one way of expressing it—

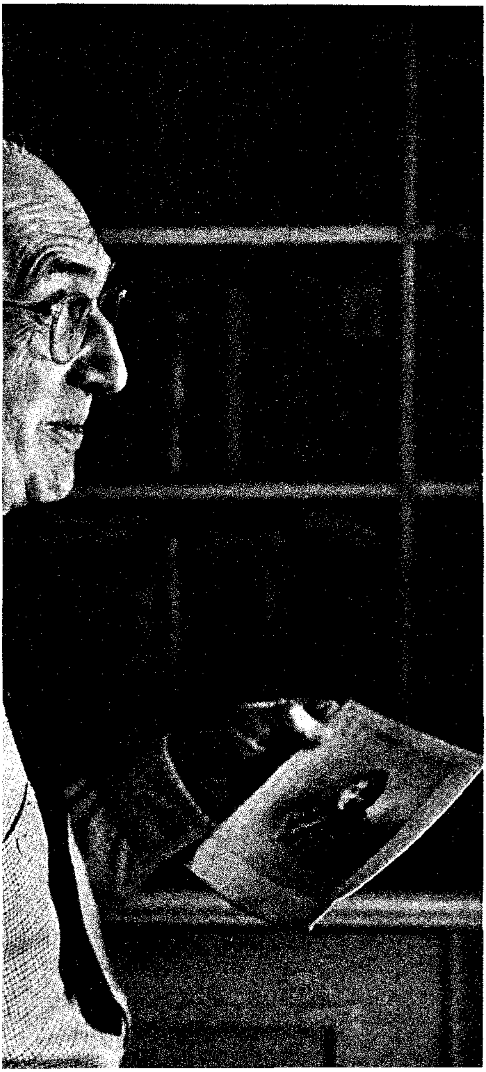
Hurry up! any minute
they will be bringing it
from the hospital—
a white model of our lives
a curiosity—
surrounded by fresh flowers

He became a doctor 50 years ago; he marvels to think he has delivered as many babies—about 3,000—as there were people in Rutherford the year he was born. Where he once played in meadows, today factories stand. But the man is still the youth grown up, awed by life's processes, quick to compassion, forever probing, questioning. For him medicine and poetry complement each other: "One gets me out among the neighbors, the other permits me to express what I've been turning over in my mind."



His large practice is now handled by son William. The elder Dr. Williams delivered the boy (shown above)—and also his mother.

His roots are deep in New Jersey's soil



Statistics? Married Florence Herman, of Rutherford, December 1912. (They still live in the yellow Victorian house to which he brought her as a bride.) Two sons: Paul and Dr. William. Treated: over 200,000 patients. Written: an autobiography, hundreds of short stories, over 2,000 poems. He used to scribble poems on prescription blanks while buggy-riding home from a case. Today they are exhibits in many a college library.

From his mother, a painter, whose photo he holds, Dr. Williams feels he inherited his artistic talent. Below, with his wife, Flossie.

A good-morning kiss for granddaughter Suzanne, 13, Paul's daughter, as a neighbor beams.

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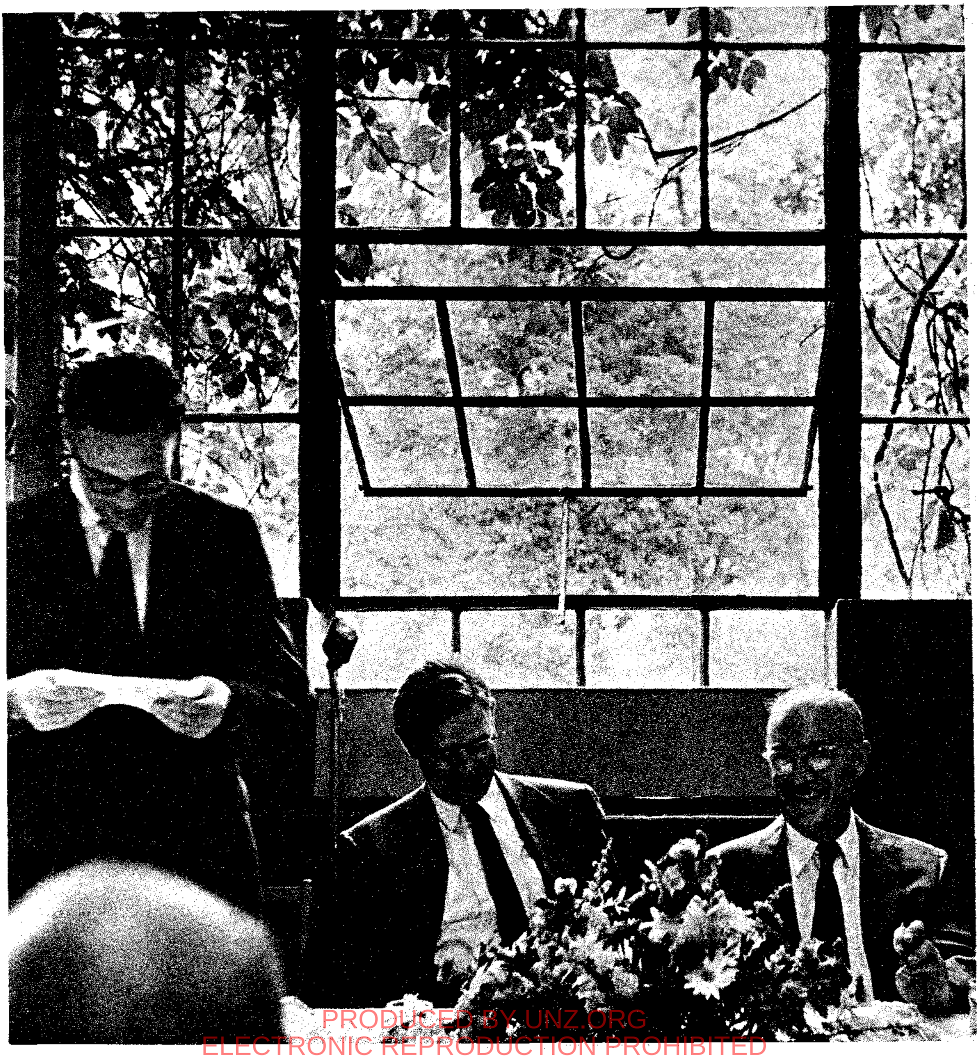
Few men are so honored by their peers

Rich in years and achievements, his work has been highly praised by fellow poets. "He has lived amid a tumultuous, hazardous humanity and made it speak, cry and sing, out of his identity with it," wrote Carl Sandburg. Dr. Williams' most recent award was given him by Brandeis University last March. Later, he was guest of honor at the poetry program of their Creative Arts festival. And still he writes—day after day.



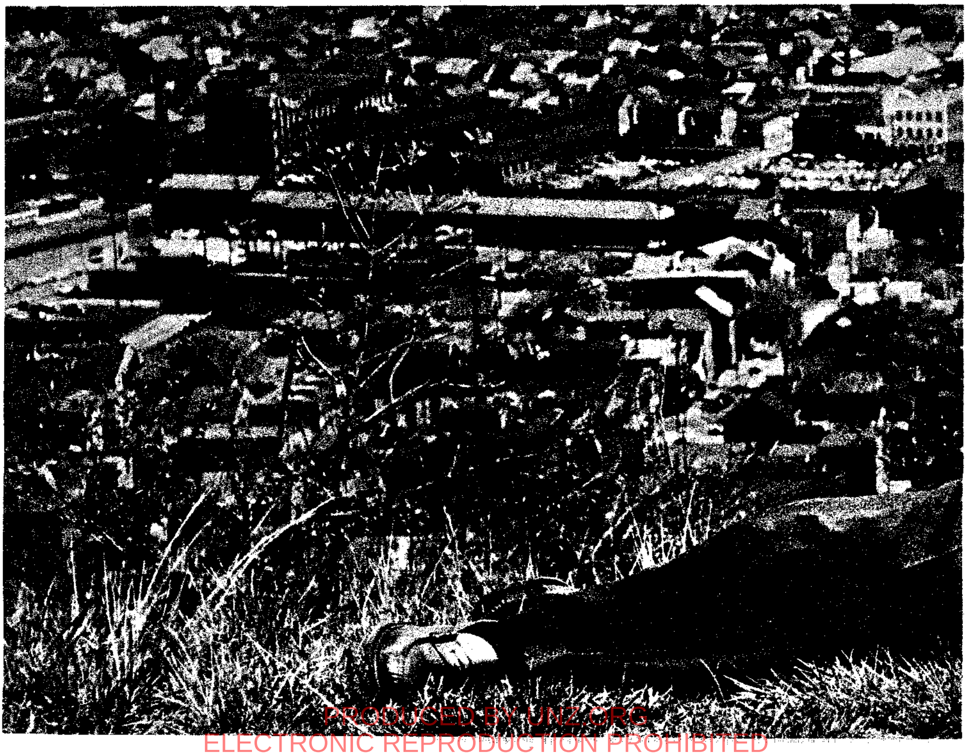
Sometimes I envy others, fear them
a little too, if they write well.
For when I cannot write I'm a sick man
and want to die. The cause is plain.

But they have no access to my sources.
Let them write then as they may and
perfect it as they can they will never
come to the secret of that form

interknit with the unfathomable ground
where we walk daily and from which
among the rest you have sprung
and opened flower-like to my hand.

Home? Home is always where the heart is

The years have tired William Carlos Williams, and his tremendous pace has been slowed down by a stroke. But he remains the same sensitive realist who has always sought to embrace, as doctor and as writer, "the whole knowable world about me." Yet, save for a few years abroad, his life has been Rutherford and its environs. He has immortalized nearby Paterson, N. J., (*below*) in an epic poem entitled simply, "Paterson." Paterson, in it, is both a man and a city, both small universes of their own. He still sees all mankind mirrored in his neighbors, is still astonished at the wonders around him and in him. Asked once why he hadn't traveled more, he demanded, "What's there to see, anyway, compared to what's on the inside of yourself? I never saw anything outside equal to what I was going through in my innards." And he says: "I did what I had to do and if I had to do it over again I'd do the same thing."



Dr. Williams "just visiting" with friend Sam Bloomfield, the druggist down the corner.

Here it is spring again
and I still a young man!
I am late at my singing.
The sparrow with the black rain on his breast
has been at his cadenzas for two weeks past:
What is it that is dragging at my heart?
The grass by the back door
is stiff with sap.
The old maples are opening their
branches of brown and yellow moth-flowers.
A moon hangs in the blue
in the early afternoons over the marshes.
I am late at my singing.

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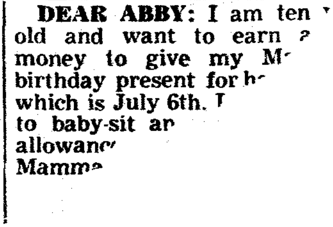

DEAR ABBY: I am ten
old and want to earn
money to give my M
birthday present for h
which is July 6th.
to baby-sit ar
allowan
Mamm

GLAMOR GIRL OF THE LONELY HEARTS

She's comely Popo Phillips, whose staccato wit and wisdom (in place of a crying towel) have helped uplift the advice-to-the-lovelorn industry

by DICK NOLAN

"DEAR ABBY," wrote the love-hungry wife. "After seven years of married life my husband is still a cold potato. I cry all the time and keep showing him articles from newspapers and magazines which say how important it is to keep wooing your wife. Nothing seems to help. Can't you help me?"

"Dear Hungry," Abby replied. "There are no cold potatoes . . . just women who don't know how to make hot tamales. Instead of crying, you should be teaching your husband to be affectionate by *being* affectionate . . . and I don't mean showing him something to read."

This exchange, crackling with sex and wit, is typical of the wordplay that has been delighting the readers of Abigail Van Buren, a jet-age sob sister who has brought a new and acid technique to the job of advising the lovelorn.

Abby, in real life, is Pauline Esther (Popo) Phillips, an effervescent California housewife of 38 with two children, Jeanne, 15, and Eddie, 12. Trouble, whether of the heart or otherwise, is strictly a secondhand commodity to this Miss Lonely Hearts. For she is pretty, happily married, rich, exuberantly healthy and now well on her way to becoming famous.

The extent of her fame, at the moment, can be measured in the startling figures piled up by her column, which appears in about 150 newspapers from New York to Honolulu. Its readership is estimated at more than 20,000,000 a day. It brings her 2,500 to 3,000 letters a week.

Abby's income from all this activity she prefers to keep as a matter between herself and the Internal Revenue Service. It is considerable; but, as she says, she doesn't need the money anyway.

The success of the Abby column—it has only been in print for a year and nine months—is credited largely to Abby's answers, which are planned for brevity and impact.

"It's a new approach," she explains. "I think people should be told what's what directly. None of this shoulder-to-cry-on stuff for me."

She is a tireless campaigner against premarital sex and a dedicated booster for the bonds of matrimony. Marriage, to happily married Abby, represents attainable bliss for practically everybody, and she urges it continually.

"Dear Abby," wrote Bashful. "I am 63 and am still in love with 'the boy next door.' I think he loves me, too, but for some reason over the years we have never been able to get together. Do you have any suggestions?"

"Dear Bashful," replied Abby, flashing her favorite green light. "Better hurry before they condemn the building."

The Abby Code—honorable intentions and no nonsense—is further reflected in the most quoted Abby answer of all, her one-word reply to a letter from a girl just turned 21, who wrote:

"My boy friend took me out on my 21st birthday and wanted to show me a very special good time. I usually don't go in much for drinking, but I had three martinis. During dinner we split a bottle of wine. After dinner we had two brandies. Did I do wrong?"

"Probably," snapped Abby.

Abigail Van Buren's rapid rise has caused quiet despair in the lonely-hearts industry. Her handlers, McNaught Syndicate Inc., have been cashing in. But rival syndicates have grown increasingly concerned about how to protect their long established lovelorn columns against the incursions of this peppery newcomer. Keenest rivalry of all, although neither will talk about it, is between Abby and her identical twin sister, Esther Pauline (Eppie) Lederer, who writes the Ann Landers Column for the Chicago *Sun-Times* Syndicate.

Popo and Eppie are think-alike as well as look-alike twins, so their competing columns show a distinct family resemblance. One feature of both is the "confidential message" to certain correspondents whose letters do not appear in print. Ann's messages are longer and more analytical, while Abby sticks to her jab 'em-jolt 'em technique. Yet the scant lines of type permit Abby's readers to fill in a full story with little difficulty, as:

"Confidential to June: Write to Al and tell him you must make your secret marriage of last January public at once. Just tell him, 'June is busting out all over.' He will understand."

Abby is weary of denying that her sister's landing the Ann Landers job caused her to enter the lovelorn field in a kind of "anything you can do I can do better" challenge.

"I have been an amateur wailing wall without portfolio all my life," she says. "People have always told me their troubles, and I have been glad to help them if I could. Then, too, I have always wanted to write. Put these two things together and they add up to a lovelorn column."

EPPIE had been in print as Ann Landers for some weeks when Popo, determined to have a lovelorn column of her own, telephoned the San Francisco *Chronicle* on the morning of December 9, 1955. She knew nobody there and had no idea whom to ask for. But after explaining her interest in the agony corner—then conducted by the syndicated Molly Mayfield—she was referred to Stanleigh Arnold, the Sunday editor and man-in-charge of syndicated material.

Popo refused to tell Arnold over the phone exactly what she had in mind and demanded just five minutes of his time for a personal meeting. Arnold wearily made an appointment for shortly before noon. This much cinched, Popo thoughtfully selected a trim, black Dior dress for the occasion, and in a matter of minutes was being whisked to the *Chronicle* office in her Cadillac convertible.

There she efficiently outlined to a completely unimpressed Arnold precisely what she thought was wrong with the *Chronicle's* lovelorn column. "I know I can do better," she said. "Why not let me try?"

Arnold, no stranger to this gambit, said, "Mrs. Phillips, this happens at least three times a week. And I'll give you the same break we give all the others." He called a copy boy who brought him a sheaf of Molly Mayfield columns. "Take these with you. Use the same questions, but write your own answers. You can bring them back next week."

Popo, however, had no intention of letting this opportunity get cold. It was only a short distance to the busy office on Folsom Street from which her husband operates his large and prosperous appliance distributing firm. Popo hurried over there, displaced the first stenographer she came upon, and began typing what were to become famous as "Abby answers." An hour later she was back in Arnold's office.

To her disappointment, he merely thanked her and tossed her samples aside for later reading. Popo, her effervescence a little flat, went shopping.

Returning home, she learned that Arnold had already phoned twice. A few moments later he was on the line again, cautiously excited. The *Chronicle* liked the samples, was definitely interested, and could she come in next day and talk terms? Popo quickly agreed.

That evening she delightedly told her husband, Mort, the news. Mort, who after 18 years of harmonious wedlock is not only used to, but approves his wife's enthusiasms, was not even slightly astonished by it.

The next day Popo faced a battery of *Chronicle* brass. She remembers the event this way:

" 'Tell us something about yourself,' they said. I could understand that, because naturally they didn't want somebody writing an advice column who had been divorced four times, or something like that.

"I told them about my marriage and my two healthy kids, and about my volunteer work for hospitals and mental health groups, and about having majored in journalism at college. But I think they were most impressed by the fact that I had been married to the same man for so long."

The immediate result of this interview was that Molly Mayfield's syndicate received a 30-day notice of cancellation, the first in a flurry of such cancellations for many established heartache columns once Abigail Van Buren began to operate.

How did Popo dream up her improbable pen name? "I was always interested in the presidents," she says. "I just ran through the list and stopped when I got to Van Buren."

"Abigail" was a happy choice, too, as she was reminded in a recent and rousing reception given her by her alma mater, Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa, when she returned there as principal speaker at the annual alumni banquet. The clergyman who delivered the invocation on the occasion quoted King David's speech to Abigail in the Bible—"And blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou . . ."

Abby's reasoning, and her deft way with words, launched her column in a hurry. The first week in print she (a) made a hit with *Chronicle* readers, (b) saved a 16-year-old Palo Alto lad from what she deemed a disastrous marriage, and (c) was quoted in *Punch*, Britain's journal of wit and whimsy.

Relaxed in a housecoat, Abby wades into her mail. Her job takes four hours a day.

Friends occasionally express dismay at Abby's confident readiness to adjust other people's lives by remote control. But she is undaunted.

"People don't have to do what I tell them," she shrugs. "They ask for my advice and that's what I give them."

Abby nevertheless regards herself

as a woman with a mission. She speaks of her bright and saucy column as a heaven-sent device through which she is able to offer help to people who really need it. These people do not appear in the column. Abby does not print the tragic letters, the serious problems. She answers them privately.

Proving she has as much talent for organizing as for paragraphing, Abby quickly improvised a kind of lonely-hearts factory to handle her mail, staffing it with three secretaries. Mainstay of the organization is Kathleen Beale, a middle-aged former legal secretary. Mrs. Beale works at Abby's home, a standard, upper suburbia ranch model with ten rooms and swimming pool, in Hillsborough, San Francisco.

Mrs. Beale, from her legal training, is able to set aside the sizeable stack of incoming letters requiring the attention of lawyers. Abby harvests the right type for her column. The other two secretaries mainly type replies and get them on their way.

Much of the mail can be answered by formula. The letters selected by Mrs. Beale, for example, can be processed by telling the writers to consult a lawyer or get help from the Legal Aid Society.

Many of the other incoming ones can be sorted by category. The secretaries are entirely familiar, for instance, with Abby's disapproval of sex out of wedlock, and they know how to answer most of those that come under this heading. There are other pat answers for pat situations.

"We have certain standard rec-

Her new career hasn't dimmed Abby's perspective. Her family comes first. Here she joins husband, son Eddie and daughter Jeanne in sunbathing on patio of their home.

ommendations," Abby explains, "for certain domestic problems, disputes between teen-agers and their parents, referrals to homes for unwed mothers, and so on, but we do not use form letters."

The biggest part of Abby's mail results from marital tensions and teen-age growing pains. Since she deplores divorce, she counsels conciliation for the marital warriors. As for the rock 'n' roll set, Abby says, "I always uphold and support authority, be it parent or teacher. You have to do what you're told, I always say."

While standard replies suit most of the mail, Abby reserves what she calls her real work for the genuine human trouble and tragedy—the cries for help that are too depressing for the column and too individual to be turned off with a quick and easy reply.

SHE DEVOTES an average of four hours a day to the entire operation—column writing, overseeing of secretaries, and giving thought to the letters that require it. If she were not being Abby, she would probably be spending about the same amount of time on some other types of humanitarianism. For Abby is a bred-in-the-bone Do-Gooder, as is her twin sister Ann.

They were brought up to do for others by their father, Abe Friedman, a Sioux City businessman whose great kindliness knew bounds of neither race nor religion. The twins' father was the mainspring of the United Jewish Appeal, and one of the chief benefactors of the Catholic nuns who operate the Good Shepherd's Home, a shelter for girls in need.

With this background, the Friedman twins moved naturally into charity work, spending countless hours in volunteer chores at the local hospitals, first in Sioux City and later in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, where they both moved with their new husbands after their double wedding in 1939. The wedding, incidentally, ended their campus careers at Morningside College before either of them had graduated.

The Sioux City and Eau Claire experiences sparked in today's Abby an intense interest in religion and psychiatry. She feels that both have provided her with keys to the understanding of people, and perhaps this is a factor in the unhesitant way she handles her clients' woes.

She consults religious leaders, in an informal panel she has assembled one by one, on problems she hesitates to decide without expert help. In addition to the religion experts, her panel includes a top psychiatrist, Dr. Franz Alexander, founder of the Institute for Psychoanalysis in Chicago and head of the Psychiatric and Psychosomatic Department of Mount Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles.

Where the Miss Lonely Hearts sisterhood has in the past included gaunt-jawed, granite-hewn spinsters —and even an occasional whiskey-drinking, cigar-smoking male exile from the city room—Abby is petite (five feet two inches), shapely (107 pounds), and smartly groomed. Her eyes have a chameleon quality; basically gray-blue, they can take on a sea-green color when she wears green. Her hair is blue-black.

The Phillips home contains a piano and a built-in electric organ; and Abby plays both. There was a time, in her childhood, when her parents thought she might be a musical prodigy. She showed unusual talent for the violin, and studied assiduously until high school.

"Then I discovered fellers," she grins, "and that was the end of my musical career."

Though she is completely unathletic, Abby glows, all the same, with robust good health, which she partly ascribes to the fact that she neither smokes nor drinks.

The Abby column, important as it is to Popo Phillips, does not dominate the Phillips home. The only space allotted to it is a part of her bedroom just large enough for a desk and a typewriter. Every day at 3 P.M. the typewriter is covered and the column put aside. (Jeanne and Eddie get home from school then.) Spending time with her children and her husband is Abby's most important household duty, as well as the one she loves best.

This level-headed ability to keep the sensationally successful Abby column in its place is convincing evidence that those who write Abby for advice are appealing to a warm heart and a keen intellect.

"Sometimes people can be jolted into reason by seeing how foolish their problems really are," she says.

The technique appears to work. For a surprising number of testimonials in Abby's files revolve around the theme — often in these very words—"Thanks for giving me a kick in the pants when I needed it. It woke me up."

Abby herself considers her column in the nature of a showcase. It takes wit to attract an audience, and only by attracting an audience can she reach the people who never make the column, the people she wants to help. For Abigail Van Buren, the sharp-tongued sob sister, is really only a shill for Popo Phillips, Do-Gooder.

No Excuse!

THE STREETS were crowded with shoppers when a sudden storm came up. Some scurried for shelter, but one middle-aged woman decided to cross the street. The gutter was awash with swirling water. As she stood there trying to summon courage enough to cross, she felt herself lifted slightly and propelled forward by a strong masculine arm.

Safely on the other side and in a doorway, she looked up at her rescuer, then fumbled in her purse. "I'm so grateful to you," she said, fishing out a quarter and offering it to him.

The young man drew himself up and in a dignified tone replied: "Madam, my father is a high-ranking official at the United Nations."

"Well, I can't help that," she snapped. "This is all the change I have."

—*American Mercury*

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BRAND
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PRE-COOKED
PREPARED INSTANTLY
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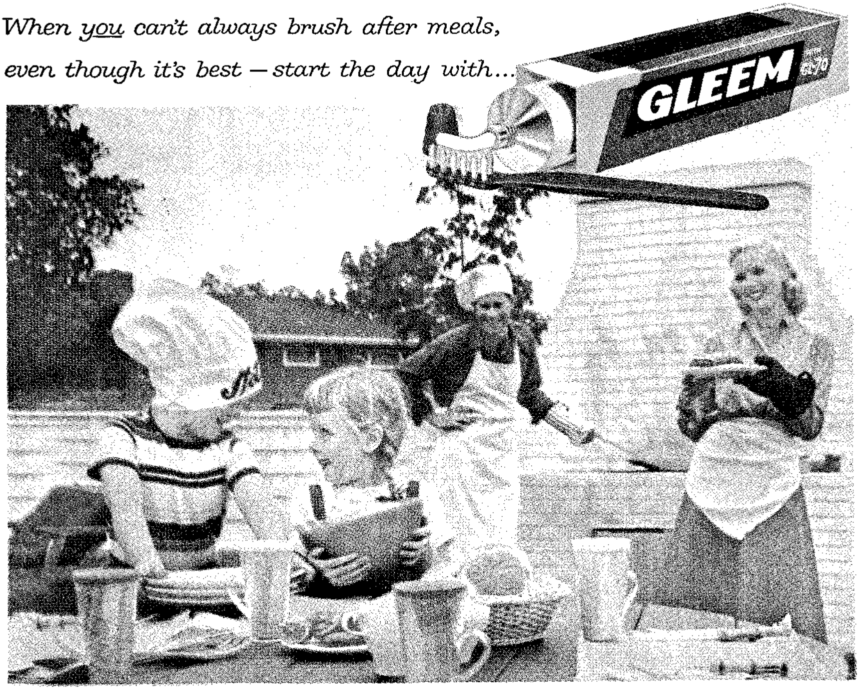
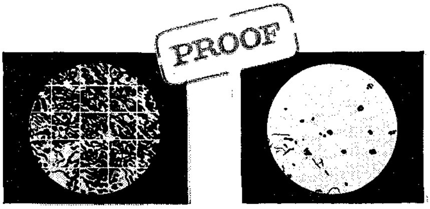
When you can't always brush after meals, even though it's best — start the day with...



GLEEM *Today as ever* *...the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria



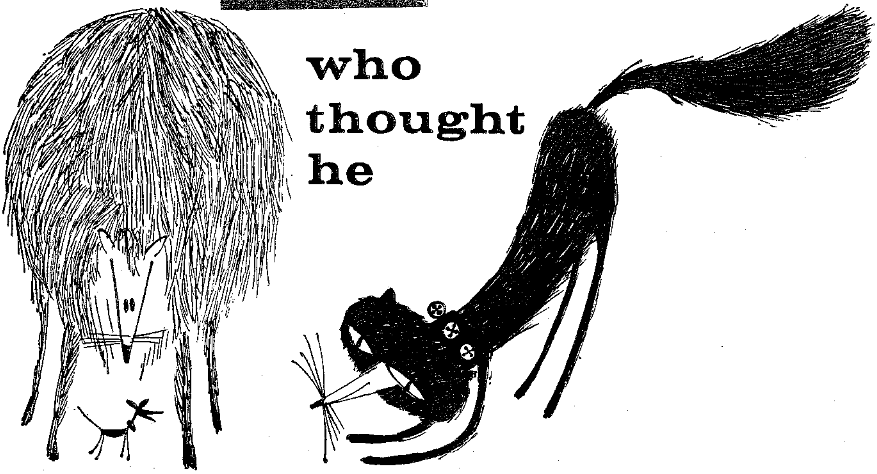
Mouth bacteria, chief cause of decay, build up overnight like this.

After one Gleem brushing, up to 90% of these bacteria are destroyed.

Starting the day with Gleem gives added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor *all day* for most people. Just a before-breakfast brushing completely destroys most bacteria—that's how Gleem with exclusive GL-70 strikes at the very cause of decay and mouth odor. Youngsters love Gleem's flavor so much they find brushing's fun! So use Gleem!

Only GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

The fox who thought he was a dog



by ANTLE P. CLARK as told to JOHN THIESEN

PANCHO CAME TO US as a tiny, gray wisp of fur with an ugly wrinkled face, tight-closed eyes and a bushy stub dangling at the other end of him. His pink paws clawed the air weakly as the carpenter's helper held him up by the scruff of the neck.

"I found this out by the woods," he announced.

"What in the world is it?" my wife Hazel wanted to know.

The carpenters stopped the remodeling work they were doing on our house and came over.

"It's a 'coon," one said.

"No, a wildcat," another insisted.

The thing squeaked.

"Well, whatever it is, it needs food," said Hazel maternally, and disappeared into the kitchen.

Minutes later the little fellow was contentedly sucking "formula" of one-part sugared water and one-part warm milk from an eye-dropper Hazel had dug out of the medicine cabinet.

A week later, Pancho (we'd named him even before we knew what he was) graduated to the bottle, and nursed four times a day and once at night, squealing for his food when it failed to come on time. For his bed, I rigged up a warm den in a box.

He grew fast, and it soon became evident, as each day his tail took on a more distinct color of red, that he was a red fox. Foxes are common in our part of Missouri, but they are rarely domesticated. Ordinarily a sullen animal, this near relative of the dog is wild and sly, and craves his freedom above all else.

But it soon became evident, too, that Pancho was no ordinary fox. In fact, somewhere along the line, Pancho's wires had been crossed . . . because he obviously — and unashamedly—believed himself to be a dog.

When he was two weeks old, he took up residence under the house and began exploring the neighbors' yards and roaming the woods nearby. He was allowed to come and go as he pleased and alternated his environment between indoors and outside by scratching at the door persistently in his demands for entrance or egress.

This "open Sesame" system was liable to occur at any hour of the day or night; and was, to say the least, unhandy. But by this time Hazel and I were so fond of Pancho that we were willing to take anything that he might hand out—despite the inconvenience.

After the second week, too, Pancho was weaned to solid foods; and when this evolutionary process was over, his appetite had extended to include every possible edible substance, though his favorite food was pancakes. You could actually hear his stomach growl when a hot flapjack lay steaming on a plate anywhere within range of the radarlike perception of his sensitive nose.

Chicken bones would make him whirl and dance like any dog begging for scraps, barking and whining. But strangely enough, despite his taste for chicken bones Pancho never attacked any of the neighbors' fowl—and he frequently got into the chicken yards during his daily exploratory rounds.

As the months passed and Pancho took on the shape and size of a mature fox, he simultaneously adopted more of the habits of a dog. In a sense, Pancho was really more of a dog than most dogs are. Frustrated as he was, he proceeded to demonstrate his dogginess by winning the good grace of all the neighbors and becoming the canine leader of the community.

If Hazel or I laid down a magazine, a shoe or any other portable item he could get his mouth around, Pancho would snatch it up and make off with his loot like any playful, mischievous dog, an unmistakably sly grin curling his pointed, intelligent face from ear to ear.

But Pancho was unpredictable. One morning we woke up to discover him sitting on top of our car, like an emperor on his throne looking down on the masses from his exalted position. From that day forth the first thing we saw each morning was Pancho on top of the car commanding a sovereign's-eye view of the surrounding area.

In a way, Pancho had every right to do this. For did not magnificent collies and aristocratic terriers seek him out for his company? And didn't he have at least a nose-touching acquaintance with every dog in the community?

His favorite cronies were a collie and a Mexican chihuahua. He would spend many hours of rough-and-tumble play with the former; and he would tease the explosive, pint-sized chihuahua until it was provoked into fighting. But during the ensuing battles Pancho was careful not to hurt his quick-tempered little friend.

One day I got out my shotgun and started off to do some rabbit hunting. Pancho tagged along.

When we arrived in the area of the game, a sudden change came over Pancho; he grew tense, his ears pricked up, and his long-pointed nose began to quiver. In the next minute he was transformed into the most efficient and eager hunting animal I've ever watched perform.

What's more, within a minute after he had plunged into a thicket and disappeared, rabbits began to scatter out of it in all directions. Then Pancho himself burst from the brush on the heels of a big jackrabbit.

In the next few seconds it became apparent that he was deliberately maneuvering the rabbit toward me! I recovered from my surprise just in time to get a bead on the jack.

The gun boomed, the rabbit fell kicking—and in the same instant Pancho yiped, tucked in his tail and let out for the hills in terror.

He didn't show up for the rest of the day, and it wasn't until 3 A.M. the next morning that I heard his nervous scratching at the door. I opened it and admitted one very disturbed, hungry red fox. I was so glad to see him back that I went straightway to the kitchen and prepared a batch of pancakes for him.

After stowing a few of these under his belt, Pancho wagged his tail dog-fashion to indicate all was well and that he was home again. Then, yawning expansively, he curled up on the floor for some shut-eye.

Pancho soon overcame his gun-shyness and seemed anxious to accompany me every time I stepped out to get a rabbit for supper. He became so adept that he could rustle up more game than any two dogs, and he delighted in manipulating them into range of my shotgun.

IN THE FALL, when Pancho was about nine months old, we took our yearly vacation. Neighbors who were on good terms with Pancho agreed to feed him while we were away.

As we drove off and left him, they told us, he appeared to feel that he was being deserted. He sat in the lane for a long while looking after us. Then he slipped off quietly into the timber.

When we returned ten days later, a change had come over Pancho. It was almost imperceptible, but Hazel and I could sense it. He was restless and aloof, and seemed to be listening for something calling him from far off.

He took to disappearing for several days at a time, returning at odd hours to scratch on the door and whine for food. I never failed to get up, no matter what the hour, and feed him.

Fearing that someone might shoot him for a wild fox during these periods of wandering, I got a collar for him to which were attached little bells. The bells, I hoped, would also make it difficult for him to hunt his food and force him to stay closer to home.

One cold winter night, Hazel and

I were startled out of our sleep by the worst din of howling, barking and all-around clamor we'd ever heard. Rushing outside, we were greeted by an excited pack of hounds that had something cornered under the house and were frenziedly trying to get at it. They were not local dogs.

In the midst of the commotion we made out the tinkle of a bell. It came from the cornered creature's hiding place. A quick look in the beam of a flashlight confirmed the identification. And a few minutes later, after we'd chased off the protesting hounds, we managed to coax a terrified Pancho from his sanctuary and get him into the house.

He was upset and confused. The stack of pancakes we set before him only vaguely elicited his interest. He seemed preoccupied as he ate, and frequently his head would raise, his ears prick up, and he would listen intently.

After a while, Pancho went to the door, scratched on it urgently with one long exquisite paw, and looked back at me expectantly.

When I opened it for him he hesitated for a moment in the doorway as if torn between two alternatives of which he was forced to choose one. He looked first inside at us and then outside toward the woods and the hills beyond. Then, with a sad, friendly wag of his busy tail, he turned from us and trotted off down the path to disappear in the darkness.

We never saw Pancho again. I do not know whether his betrayal by the hounds shocked him into realization of the difference between himself and real dogs. Or whether he had been held to his strange existence by an invisible leash of love—a leash from which he was by nature, destined one day to slip free. There had always existed an intangible, elusive quality in Pancho.

Later, we heard that Pancho had been shot by a man who believed he was a wild fox. But Hazel and I prefer to think he's still out there trotting the forest trails and snooping in the yards and gardens of some possibly not-too-far-away community.

And we wouldn't be the least bit surprised to be aroused some morning by the old familiar yapping coming from the top of our car—Pancho home again and announcing his return from his morning throne.

IN NOVEMBER CORONET

SLEEPERS, AWAKE!

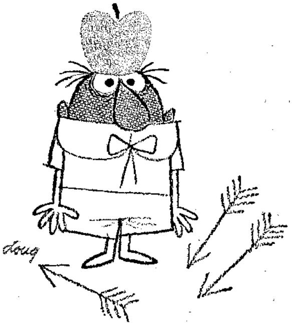
Why is it hard to smile early in the morning? Which sense wakes up first? How can you get up on the right side of bed? Learn the eye-opening facts about sleep.

"MOTHER WAS IMPULSIVE"

On stage or at the race track, Mother Tippett is sure to steal the show. Her hilarious escapades are condensed here from a gay new book by Vera Henry.

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

All About Apples



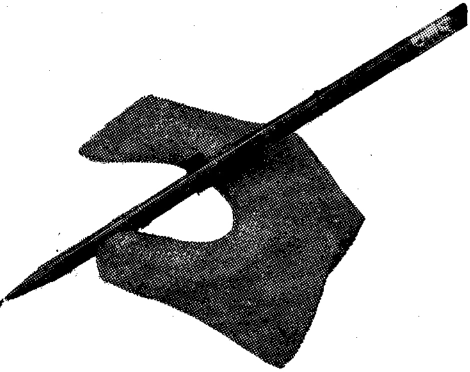
If you like to munch on apples, here's your chance to savour this fruit for thought, suggests Guest Quizmaster Guy Mitchell. From the orchards of history, legend and song—wherever apples have cropped up, the singing star of ABC-TV's "Guy Mitchell Show" (Mondays, 8 P.M., EDT) has gleaned a bushel of questions. And the time is ripe, he says, for you to harvest the answers. Then check your pickings with those on page 125.

1. The apple was believed brought to the American colonies by:
a. Fernando De Soto; b. Captain John Smith; c. John Endicott.
2. The apple figured importantly in the discovery of the law of:
a. absorption; b. gravitation; c. tangents.
3. The "Johnny Appleseed" who planted apples in Ohio and Pennsylvania was:
a. Luther Burbank; b. John H. Bricker; c. John Chapman.
4. The Big Apple was:
a. a dance of the '30s; b. a topcoat worn by college kids;
c. a famous restaurant of the Gay '90s.
5. The legendary William Tell shot an apple from his son's head in:
a. the first try; b. the second try; c. the third try.
6. In a cook book we might find recipes for Apple:
a. Booyaw, Chowder and Tiddy; b. Bangor, Spruce and Goolash;
c. Pan Dowdy, Marie and Slump.
7. Detrimental to apples is the apple scale, which is:
a. an insect; b. a mold; c. bacteria.
8. In mythology, Paris discontented maidens by giving a golden apple to:
a. Helen of Troy; b. Aphrodite; c. Artemis.
9. Apples were:
a. known to antiquity; b, first found in the Middle Ages;
c. mentioned in Gulliver's Travels *as a novelty.*
10. Applejack is:
a. a variety of apple tree; b. a brandy distilled from hard cider;
c. apple dumpling served with hard sauce.
11. The apple blossom is the state flower of:
a. Washington and Virginia; b. Missouri and Ohio;
c. Arkansas and Michigan.
12. The apple is of the:
a. rose family; b. lily family; c. pink family.
13. The biggest apple-producing states are:
a. Washington and New York; b, Tennessee and Ohio;
c. New Hampshire and Oklahoma.
14. A pie cut in apple-pie order contains:
a. four wedges; b. six wedges; c. eight wedges.
15. This fairy-tale heroine ate a poisoned apple:
a. Thumbelina; b. Sleeping Beauty; c. Snow White.
16. One of the following might keep the doctor away:
a. Joe Hardy; b. Ben Davis; c. Dick Ruddy.

by Theodore Irwin

To the despairing, many of her inventions seem heaven-sent. She's . . .

the angel of the handicapped



WE TAKE FOR GRANTED the doing of so many little things in our daily lives—like combing hair, tying shoe laces, cutting up food. But when a crippling accident or ailment robs someone of the use of his limbs, those "little things" loom overwhelmingly large.

To an attractive, young honey-blonde Chicagoan, for example, it was terribly important to be able to blow her nose without help from others. An arthritic wheelchair prisoner, the most she could do with her stiff, crippled hands was to handle a pair of small scissors.

In despair, she appealed to the inventive angel of the handicapped, Muriel Zimmerman, Supervisor of Self-Help Devices at New York University-Bellevue Medical Center's Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation in New York. "Zim," a shy, pint-sized, hush-voiced, 41-year-old mechanical genius, is one of only four full-time occupational therapists engaged as professional gadgeteers for the disabled in the United States.

Zim's department has developed or collected more than 1,000 helpful devices in the past seven years, but no mechanical nose-blower existed. She talked to the patient, appraised her physical limitations, saw that she could handle scissors.

Zim thought about the problem for days. Then, while shopping one Saturday afternoon in the hardware section of a department store, her blue eyes lit up at sight of a pair of long-handled kitchen tongs, the kind housewives use to lift hot corn on the cob from a pot. This was it.

In her workshop Monday morning, Zim soldered a piece of metal to each end of the tongs, to provide a flatter surface. Then she glued on two pieces of sponge to hold the handkerchief—and she had a nose-blower. For the young lady from

Chicago, it was a priceless Christmas present.

Among the hundreds of gadgets Zim has devised are far more intricate contraptions. After experimenting for a year and a half, for instance, she perfected a simple all-purpose handcuff for a completely paralyzed hand. Made of two pieces of leather sewed together to form a pocket, and a few inches of elastic webbing, it looks like nothing. Yet, once the patient pushes it onto his hand with his chin, the cuff can hold a fork, spoon, safety-razor, typing stick, page-turner, pencil, toothbrush or other objects. It is her favorite ADL—Activities for Daily Living—device.

Miss Zimmerman's ingenuity, she insists, was inherited from her great-grandfather, an inventor of farm equipment. From her father, a Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, builder, she learned as a child to handle tools and built her own doll-house furniture.

Trained as an occupational therapist, Zim first worked in a Baltimore mental hospital, then in a hospital for crippled children, where she started to apply her techniques. In 1950, she was called to the Institute to set up her "human engineering" project.

In her workshop, which resembles a small job-machine plant, Zim dexterously runs a drill press, band saw, buzz saw, grinders, a power hack saw and jig saw. With her increasing case load—an average of 50 problem-patients a month—she has to pass on many of her ideas to two assistants, machinists who were disabled by polio, for follow-through.

Generally, an Institute patient comes to Zim with a doctor's prescription. She figures out the type of ADL device the patient can handle, discusses it with the doctor, then takes measurements or a plaster cast and goes to work. Sometimes she puts in as many as 11 hours a day on the problems of her patients, which leaves her little time for her hobby of metal tooling. And her fertile ingenuity has reclaimed hundreds from the human scrap heap and turned them into productive citizens.

Odds and ends of wood, metal or fabric may be all she needs to solve a puzzle. A handicapped Maine secretary, for example, couldn't put on her stockings in the morning. Zim devised a long piece of tape with corset garters sewed on both ends; the garters were simply fastened to the stockings, pulled up, then detached. For another type of put-on device for men's socks, she used only a couple of wooden dowels and some cup-hooks.

One of her toughest problems was the case of Mrs. Alverda Kae of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, whose ankylosis of the knees from arthritis made her unable to walk or stand. Also, because her elbows were in a contracted position, she could not even use a wheelchair. She was relegated to her bedroom until Zim took an ordinary chair and put casters on the legs, then improvised doorstops as brakes. Mrs. Kae was thus able to get around and take care of all her needs.

Zim had to learn sign language two years ago when a young Texan was brought into the Institute. A deaf-mute from birth, he had been thrown from a horse and suffered a spine injury which left him unable to move his hands. He had some control of his shoulders and elbows but without the use of his fingers, he had no way to "talk."

To communicate with him, Zim had to pick up the rudiments of sign language. Then she dreamed up a gadget consisting of a small plastic Fiberglas cuff, or "half-glove," which fitted over the back of his hand, index finger and thumb. There was just room enough to hold a pencil, paintbrush or typing stick in a metal clip. Now the young man can "talk" on a typewriter. Recently, he was awarded a scholarship from an art school.

OFTEN A gadget useful to the handicapped comes ready made, though it needs someone like Zim to recognize its value. She pores over mail-order catalogs, constantly shops the stores. In a five-and-dime, she found a one-handed lipstick, a grater and egg beater, all of which she adapted for polios, hemiplegics and others. Her collection of self-help devices includes a fishing-reel holder for men with crippled hands, an automatic page turner operated with the touch of a toe, a one-handed can opener, an electric sewing machine controlled by chin pressure, and a one-handed hair curler.

Twice a year Zim compiles a pamphlet describing her latest devices and others reported to the Institute's clearing house, which is supported by a grant from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Copies are sent to more than 3,000 hospitals and specialists all over the globe so that patients or doctors will know how to make the devices or where to buy them.

Recently, a badly crippled woman in Australia wrote Zim pleading for a gadget with which she could cut her toenails.

"That's a tough one," Zim says. "I'm still working on it."

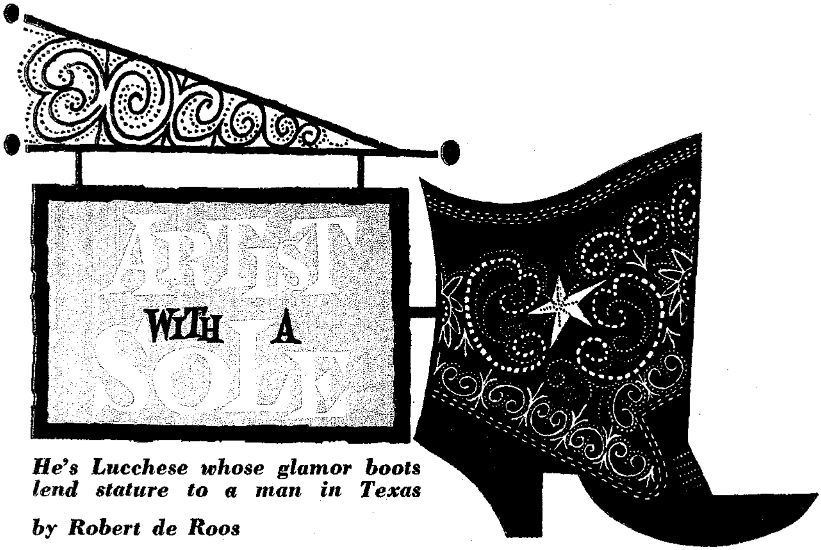
Some months ago, Irving Friedman, who had worked for a die company in New York as die maker and assistant manager, asked Zim if she could make him a gadget with which he could take his hat off in an elevator. His right arm had become completely flail and his left arm had flexion only at the elbow, so that he could bring his hand only half way to his head.

Zim contrived a tricky arm brace with which, by throwing a lever mounted on a chest plate, Mr. Friedman could put a ratchet mechanism at the shoulder into operation. Then, by throwing his arm forward, he could lock the shoulder into enough of a bend to allow his hand to reach as far as his hat.

The end result was happier still. Since the device permitted Mr. Friedman to operate a power jig saw, he was able to return to his old job.

"It's a wonderful feeling," Zim says, "to see a frustrated man or woman with a useless body start to do something with one of our ADL devices. They break into a broad smile for the first time, then begin to talk about the future."

Physical medicine and rehabilitation add years to the life of the disabled, and gadgeteer Muriel Zimmerman adds life to those years.



He's Lucchese whose glamor boots lend stature to a man in Texas

by Robert de Roos

DOWN IN TEXAS, almost everybody wears cowboy boots—oculists, dentists, auto salesmen, bartenders, truck drivers, hairdressers, even cattlemen and cowpokes.

Few Texans will admit they wear boots because they make a man a D'Artagnan, adding just a touch of glamor otherwise lacking in a modern world. No. They give you all kinds of reasons why they *have* to wear boots.

"I just can't wear a shoe," says a customer from Corpus Christi. "My foot's as flat as the State of Texas." And Colonel Bill Sterling, the Texas Ranger, will tell you, "I've got to wear boots 'cause I got such a high arch to my foot."

A store-bought pair of Texas boots costs from $25 to $45—but real boot lovers head for Lucchese's on Commerce Street in San Antonio. Cosimo Lucchese and his son, Sam, are the second and third generations of the Italian Luccheses who opened the shop in 1883. That was the year before Ben Thompson and King Fisher were killed in a gun fight down the street. They died with Lucchese boots on.

Lucchese's (pronounced Lou Casey's) is a proud name in Texas, though many Texans refer to the place as "Lou Cheesey's." Cosimo, a born-to-the-plains Texan now in his portly 50s who speaks with a drawl even in Italian, does not mind.

"You take that ol' Les Flowers," he says. "He knows my name all right but *his* Daddy called *my* Daddy 'Lou Cheesey' and that's what he always calls me."

Lucchese's is an ordinary-looking shop with a window full of ready-made boots and a shoe-shine stand along one wall. But to the lovers of the elegant in footwear, it is a Tiffany of the Plains.

In the middle of the shop is a waist-high table. Customers clamber up on this via a little ladder and stand in their stockings while their feet are measured. This is a weighty business, and Cosimo himself will descend the stairs from the pleasant, leather-smelling second-floor workrooms to measure special customers.

Lucchese's hires 15 bootmakers (mostly Mexicans) who do every part of the job by hand. They turn out only six pairs of boots a day. But what boots! Boots in ostrich and alligator. Shouting, gaudy boots with inlays of Brittany rose, butterflies, brands, orchids, monograms. Boots with sky-blue heels and silver toes, inlays of unborn calfskin and counters of peacock blue.

At LUCCHESE's they separate the men from the boys. A good, solid, single-stitch work boot sells for $60; but for a real tear jerker in orchid leather, Cosimo gets $250 or so. He made a pair inlaid with butterflies for ol' Anne Baxter, the movie star. He makes boots for ol' Gene Autry, too.

Fanciest pair of boots Cosimo ever turned out was for Mr. Sam Lard, who has cattle spreads from Texas to California. "Made him up a pair with sterling silver tips and counters and a Brittany rose foot," Cosimo says. "The tops were Tyrol blue with rose and gold edging. Mr. Sam Lard's monogram was inlaid in gold and silver leather. Those boots were some!

"One day I asked him, 'Mr. Lard, why'd you want such fancy boots?'

" 'I'm a man who likes company, Lucchese,' he said. 'I get me into a sofa over at the Gunter Hotel and I stretch out my legs and pretty soon I've got me a crowd as big as I could wish for, all of them asking about my pretty boots!' "

The fancy boot has had a curious and beneficial effect on the cattle industry, in a round-about sort of way. For there is a Code of the Plains which governs the wearing of boots. By Texas custom, a genuine cattleman wears his pants legs stuffed inside his boots. A man who doesn't run cattle wears his boots under his trouser legs, otherwise people would think he was showing off. A fellow who runs a few calves can hook one pant leg into the top of a boot without causing gossip. This is fortunate, because everybody in Texas seems to have a few calves around, like other people have guppies or goldfish.

"You take one of those big oilmen from Houston," says Cosimo. "He's got all that money and so he comes down here and gets himself a pair of fancy boots. Now, no oil millionaire is going to hide those boots under his pants, so he goes out and buys himself a big ranch. He doesn't want to be a short sport so he stocks the ranch with the finest cattle and starts out to improve the breed."

The result is that many a high-priced cow is eating high-priced cottonseed cake to uphold a trouser over a fancy foot.

Gaudy boots are a fairly new development. "When those old boys went up the Chisholm Trail," Colonel Sterling says, "they wore shoes, or, if they were lucky, they had a pair of old Confederate cavalry boots. German bootmakers came in during the '70s and developed the high-heeled cowboy boots. Those heels kept you from slipping right through the stirrups."

When Oscar Wilde, the British aesthete, visited San Antonio in 1882, the better to improve local culture, his audience wore these German boots to the man. Wilde himself was something to see, with his long hair, his velvet suit with short pants and knee-length scarlet stockings. On his feet he wore a pair of slippers with silver buckles.

"An open invitation to every rattlesnake in the country," was the general verdict.

Wilde spoke on "Decorative Art," but the San Antonio literary critic wrote, "Many of Oscar Wilde's pet cracks were lost last night on account of the squeaking of new boots of the thirsty ones going out for refreshments."

Old-time boots had to be soaked in water to eliminate the squeaks. Cosimo says a strip of tarred felt between the inner and outer soles de-squeaks today's boots. The heels are getting shorter, too. Used to be about two inches high. Nowadays, Cosimo says, most heels are an inch and a quarter to an inch and three quarters.

"We keep dropping them as a man gets older," he says. "It kind of steadies an old fellow. We put rubber heels on them, too. When a man used to walk on the ground, leather was all right, but now everything's paved and a leather heel is likely to throw you.

"One old boy—I wouldn't shame him to tell his name—was in just the other day. 'Put on them soft rubber heels,' he says. Always worn leather heels, so I asked him why. 'Well,' he says, 'every once in a while my wife's taken to flinging these boots at my head. I reckon I need a softer heel.' "

Texans are careful about the stitching on their boots, because a man can be judged by them. The stitching that matters is the rows of parallel stitches which outline the design on the boot tops. A single row of stitches, two-stitch or three-stitch, is usual in a work boot. Four will do in a dress boot, but is a little short. The real class is a six-stitch boot. "Gives the design some body," says Cosimo. But that is as far as a man ought to go. Some flamboyants do wear eight-stitch boots, but this is considered *too* fancy. "Hollywood boots," sniffs Cosimo. "Pocahontas clothes."

These fancy tops will last a lifetime and they are not discarded when the bottoms wear out. Lucchese's will put new lowers on old uppers. "A man gets fond of a pair of boots," Cosimo says.

A small foot is a fine thing to have for boots. Tommy Fields, a San Antonio commission man, wore a size five and he liked a fancy boot.

"Ol' Tommy'd sit in a hotel lobby with his legs stretched out to show off his boots and pretty soon a lady would come by," Cosimo says. " 'My, what lovely boots,' she'd say. Well, Tommy'd get her in conversation and pretty soon he'd slip off a boot so's she could see it close. 'Try it on, ma'am,' he'd say. 'Look mighty good on you.'

"Now there ain't a lady alive can help putting on something pretty. So she'd try to get her feet into those size fives, tugging and pushing. I swear 90 per cent of them couldn't get their feet in. Get mad, too. And Tommy'd just stand there with a straight face. 'Pull on it a mite, ma'am,' he'd say. 'Something seems to be holding.' "

Probably half the men in Texas own boots, and half of these probably wear no other footgear. Teenagers going steady wear matching boots. Plain and very shiny black boots are standard for formal wear.

Once you start to wear boots, it's hard to wear anything else. Take Cosimo's son, Cosimo Jr. Never wore anything but boots since he was three. When he went into the Air Force, they put him in shoes.

"He told them he couldn't wear nothing but boots," Cosimo says, "but they had a rule about shoes. 'Everybody in the Air Force got to wear shoes,' they said.

"Well, he kept dropping out of line and dropping out of line," Cosimo says. "Finally, the General sent for him. He says, 'What's the matter, son? I hear you been dropping out of line pretty frequent.'

"So Cosimo Jr. told him about Air Force shoes. The General sent him to the doctors and the doctors looked at his feet. 'This boy's got to wear cowboy boots, all right, or he'll bust his arches,' the doctors said.

"So they gave him a special note. When he was stopped by the MPs, he showed it to them. It says, 'This man got a right to wear cowboy boots with his uniform.' "

It is natural enough for people to wear boots in cattle country, even though the horse-borne cowpoke is almost a thing of the past. Most 'pokes ride fence and even herd cattle in a jeep these days. And jeep riders don't wear chaps—which used to get pretty fancy themselves—to protect their legs from the mesquite.

"Now that they don't need chaps, they seem to like the good-fitting boots," says Lucchese. "I think it's because the boots are about all that's left of the old cowboy. All I know is that we used to make the heels to fit a stirrup. Now we make them to fit the brake pedal of a Cadillac."

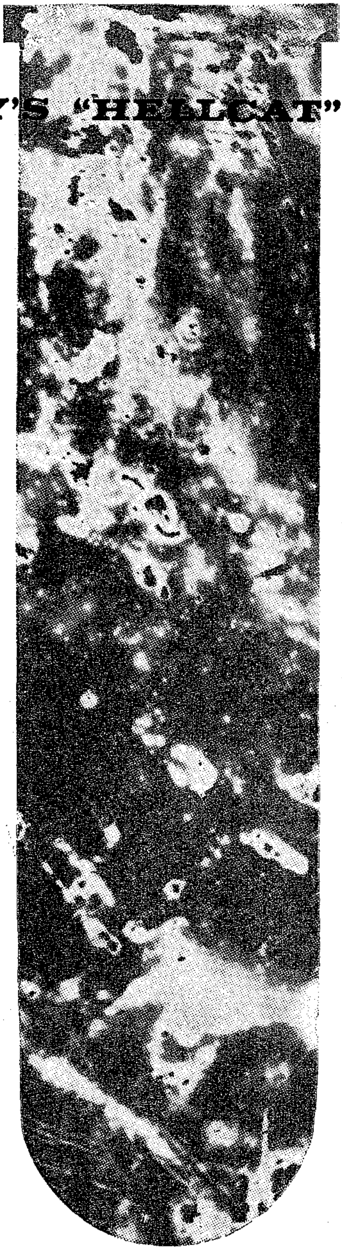
Now You Know

An inn in Plymouth, New Hampshire, has inscribed the following on its match books: "Now let us get this straight. You are in Plymouth, New Hampshire. Plymouth is in the geographical centre of New Hampshire. Its altitude is 483 feet. The Pilgrims *did not* land here. Plymouth Rock is not situated in town. It had to be near the seacoast. The Mayflower *did not* anchor in our harbor because we haven't any harbor. We have as good, if not better, neighbors than any other town. Our visitors are the kind who make us proud to have them around. Our weather is regular New England weather. Ninety per cent of all the weather in the world passes through our Main Street every February. It is then distributed to the weaker communities in diluted doses." —MILTON WAYNE

TAMING CHEMISTRY'S "HELLCAT"

by Norman M. Lobsenz

By "domesticating" fluorine, science has created a new family of chemical servants for home and industry



THE BEAUTIFUL GOLD satin sofa looked ruined. A buffet-dinner guest had upset a plate of spaghetti, meat sauce and tossed salad with dressing on it. But the hostess smiled sweetly, quite unperturbed.

"Don't worry about it," she said, as the guest stared in horrified embarrassment at the mess. "I'll wipe it up in a jiffy." And she did, and not a stain showed.

Protecting delicate fabrics against butter-fingered guests is only one of the amazing feats performed by fluorocarbons—the new man-made compounds that promise to revolutionize the world we live in.

Their magic ranges from clothing that repels stains to rubber that can be boiled in oil and leather shoes that stay bone dry when you walk in the rain.

Yet so recently has science harnessed its newest servant that some of these wonders are only just now becoming available. Others are being developed in laboratory and pilot plant. And some—like automobile oil that never needs changing—are still only gleams in chemists' eyes.

For fluorocarbons—compounds based on the elements fluorine and carbon—were not created until about 15 years ago, when they were born as a result of the feverish wartime search for a way to make the atomic bomb. It took something as big as the bomb to make chemists involve themselves with fluorine—the element that has been called "chemistry's hellcat" and "the devil's breath."

For in its pure state (in which, fortunately, it is never found in nature) fluorine is one of the most dangerous elements known to man. It poisons the air. It burns steel, gold, platinum, lead. It chews instantaneously through glass and asbestos. Water is decomposed on contact with it.

The existence of this hellcat has been known for hundreds of years. A basic ingredient of the rock fluorspar, and thus a very common element, fluorine was used in this mineral form to smelt iron long before the days of ancient Rome.

A few scientists felt that this wild man of chemistry would be a docile and useful servant if it could be forced to combine with other elements—peaceful, plentiful carbon, for example. Pure fluorine's "wildness," they reasoned, was merely a display of its "eagerness" to combine and form stable compounds. The only problem was to produce the compounds.

In the mid 1930s, a Pennsylvania State College chemist named Joseph Simons was running a seemingly endless and futile series of tests to combine fluorine with carbon. One day, an experiment produced a few drops of liquid in his test tube that seemed curiously stable. There was only a small amount of it—but it did not burn or explode.

This was the first fluorocarbon, which was eventually produced in quantity and referred to, during wartime, by the code words, "Joe's Stuff."

Simons redoubled his efforts, and finally perfected a way of creating fluorocarbons without going through a stage involving the presence of dangerous pure fluorine. Depending on what kind of carbon compound was being used, the process yielded as many different varieties of fluorocarbons.

Today, scores of magical new fluorocarbon compounds are reaching the market. Take that gold satin sofa, for instance, with the spaghetti sauce and salad-dressing stains on it. Normally, the fabric would have to be put through an intensive dry cleaning process—and probably even then would never be entirely clean again.

But upholstery fabrics treated with a fluorocarbon stain-repellent (Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company's "SCOTCHGARD") literally shrug off stains caused by gravy, salad dressing, cooking greases, ink, coffee, ice cream, soda pop—in fact, all oil-borne and water-borne stains.

To the old saw about oil and water not mixing, chemistry has added a new version. Now it's "Oil, water and fluorocarbons don't mix." As a result, when a textile fabric is treated with a fluorocarbon stain-repellent, the fibers of the fabric resist "wicking"—a technical term meaning soaking up liquids.

Since oil, water and the protective chemical remain standoffish, the stain simply beads up on the surface of the fabric. A water stain can be shaken off; an oil stain, gently blotted up. Even when pressed between the fibers, the stains can be removed with a damp cloth, or, in the worst cases, by a light application of any of the ordinary spot removers.

Tests have proven that the stain-repellent actually enhances the "feel" of a fabric, doesn't affect human skin, and lasts through as many as five dry cleanings. And in the offing is a product that will renew the protective treatment, in much the same way that a raincoat can be re-waterproofed.

Fluorocarbon-treated textiles will be available this fall, and you'll be able to buy men's suits, slacks and sports jackets that will have complete disdain for stains.

Some time in 1958 you'll be able to buy women's and children's clothing with the built-in stain resistance afforded by fluorocarbon magic. And researchers are at work trying to come up with a fluorocarbon that will do the same job for clothing made of silk, rayon and cotton—and do it despite repeated launderings.

This refusal to mix with oil or water—known technically as "incompatibility"—is only one of the three basic properties that give fluorocarbons their unique abilities. A second property—stability—gives them wide industrial importance. Plastics made from fluorocarbons, for example, can stand up to the strongest acids and to heat as high as 1,000 degrees F. They shed moisture, can't decay or rust, are not harmed by insects or fungi. Yet they can be molded, drilled, punched, or machined.

The result is a variety of fluorocarbon plastic coatings that can keep electrical equipment from bursting into flame as a consequence of overheating; let you wipe clean a kitchen table, or any other working surface, with a swish of a damp cloth; provide a rubber so tough that it can take temperatures as high as 450 degrees F., and go right on doing its job.

The third property of fluorocarbons is the ability to make water "wetter"—to reduce surface tension, as a detergent does.

Thus the wetting power of industrially vital dyes and solvents can be increased by adding fluorocarbons to them.

And because fluorocarbons in gaseous form are three to 30 times heavier than air, a layer of them can serve as a protective blanket over dangerous or irritating mists and gases. One variety—bromotrifluoromethane—was proved by U.S. Army tests to be one of the most efficient chemical extinguishers for gas fires. The fluorocarbon compound smothers the flames by its weight, cuts the fire off from necessary oxygen, and interferes chemically with the flame reaction.

Chemists and engineers envision fluorocarbons as making possible sealed auto engines with fluorocarbon lubricants that will never burn away or get dirty, components that will never rust, corrode or wear out. They see auto cooling systems based on fluorocarbons that will end forever the need for anti-freeze.

"We may even," say experts at Minnesota Mining's fluorochemical research center, "see the control of evaporation via fluorocarbons, so that millions of gallons of water could be stored in deserts to irrigate them to new life."

"Joe's Stuff" has come a long way!

THE CRISIS

A noted American jurist comments: Flora Rheta Schreiber's article is a thought-provoking, timely and urgently needed discussion of juvenile courts.

Though the article points out what is wrong with many of our juvenile courts, it must not be misinterpreted as an attack on ALL such courts. The writer suggests positive solutions, and emphasizes the fact that more good juvenile courts are imperative for the nation's welfare.

Unfortunately, because of increased juvenile delinquency, many well-intentioned people would like to turn back the clock half a century, abolish juvenile courts and try all our youthful offenders as adults. Others cry out for retributive punishment, forgetting that punishment alone never solved the problem of delinquency.

To these people I say that while we must recognize the failings of many of our juvenile courts, we must also recognize that there are others in the country doing an excellent job of rehabilitating young offenders despite lack of adequate staffs, psychiatric help and probation officers. The friendly, informal approach to the youthful offender (one of the basic concepts of the juvenile court) can—and should be—preserved within the framework of his constitutional rights. The public must be aroused to the importance of providing juvenile courts where none now exist, and furnishing these courts with the trained help, psychiatrists and probation officers they must have. It is good economy. It is humane. And it will decrease delinquency.

Judge Luther W. Youngdahl, U.S. District Court,
former Governor of Minnesota

IN OUR JUVENILE COURTS

by Flora Rheta Schreiber

A 17-YEAR-OLD PHILADELPHIA boy was sent to the Pennsylvania Industrial School, a corrective institution for serious offenders, and kept there for two years and nine months—although his only proved offense was driving without a license.

There was, however, a serious charge against him that remained unproved—armed robbery of a church. "But I had nothing to do with the robbery," the boy insisted.

The Juvenile Court of Philadelphia that heard his case did not call his accuser to testify. It did not even ask the accuser to put his charge in writing. It relied solely on the hearsay testimony of a detective.

Later, when the accuser himself retracted, the court paid no attention to the retraction. It reasoned that since the boy had already been classified as a delinquent and was already on probation, he was delinquent whether or not he robbed the church.

His probation was revoked because of a crime he hadn't committed. And he was sent to the reform school for his own protection as a ward of the state.

Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael Musmanno described this juvenile court hearing as "scarcely recognizable as a responsible proceeding in an American court." And of the boy's confinement in the reform school he said, ". . . fairness and justice certainly recognize that a child has a right *not* to be a ward of the state, *not* to be committed to a reformatory, *not* to be deprived of his liberty, if he is innocent."

Day in and day out young Americans in trouble appear in juvenile courts all over the country and are denied the ordinary civil and constitutional rights that in courts for adults are taken for granted—rights that are the lifeblood of American democracy. Making a mockery of justice for juveniles, these hearings virtually turn American children and teen-agers into second-class citizens.

Ironically, this is done on the high-minded assumption that delinquent children, like the drunk on the street, need immediate help and treatment more than legal luxuries like due process of law, representation by a lawyer, trial by jury. And the overwhelming irony—the great tragic paradox of the juvenile court movement—is that too often the child is not only denied these normal rights of any citizen, but does not even receive the immediate help and treatment for which they have been sacrificed.

As a matter of routine, juvenile courts invade the privacy of both children and their parents. For when a child is charged with delinquency, his friends and neighbors are asked questions about him before he even appears in court.

Their answers influence the judge's decision. And yet these answers are not given under oath. They flower mostly on the grapevine of gossip. And curiously enough these answers are sometimes used against a child even if he is not guilty of the delinquency charged.

Two boys, for instance, were charged with throwing stones through a factory window. Investigation showed that Roy had actually thrown the stones; Peter, his companion, had not.

The court, however, allowed a school social worker to declare in court that it seemed to her that Peter was suffering from a "castration complex" and probably needed care. And so, because of the social worker's fuzzy opinion, Peter, who had done nothing, was put on probation. With pious concern for his welfare, the court appointed itself his mentor to keep tabs on his complexes.

The mere fact that Peter had appeared in juvenile court, even though he was not delinquent, led the court in its infinite benevolence to presume to act in his behalf. Such interference in a child's life by a court acting for the state is indefensible in a democracy.

Hearsay evidence, the evidence of grapevine gossip, is a violation of the constitutional right of due process. It is not tolerated in any criminal court. In juvenile court, however, it is the accepted thing.

Under American law a person is regarded as innocent until proved guilty. But the moment a child or teen-ager—as in the case of the 17-year-old Philadelphia boy whose only proved offense was driving without a license—appears in juvenile court, it is pretty generally assumed that he "did it." And even though he protests his innocence he is seldom informed of his right to a lawyer who could present his side of the case and rebut witnesses.

Juvenile courts were created to handle juvenile delinquency away from the destructive, punitive climate of the criminal courts. But juvenile courts do not exist in many states, and where they do exist they are often a shocking distortion of the dream of the original juvenile court reformers. In Illinois and New Mexico, for example, children can be prosecuted as felons. In some states, 16 to 18-year-olds are treated as adults if they break the law.

Most juvenile court judges, far from being specialists, are just criminal or civil court judges who rotate in and out of juvenile court work periodically. Sometimes a juvenile court judge has no legal training whatever. In New Hampshire, for instance, a child's destiny may be decided by a local businessman or farmer sitting as a part-time judge.

A child appearing before a juvenile court does not have a trial by jury. He has committed no crime for which he will be punished as a criminal, so the theory goes. So why give him a jury trial such as every adult criminal has a right to?

The judge can impose severer penalties on children than adult courts place on adults for the same offense. Recently, for instance, a 13-year-old boy was brought before Judge Morris Barison of the Jersey City juvenile court for drunkenness and threatening his mother.

"If I were sitting in police court," Judge Barison said afterward, "I'd give him 30 days. But in juvenile court it is different. We are not concerned with a particular offense, but with a pattern of behavior. This boy's pattern was something we had to stop. He became a ward of the state. We put him on probation. If he doesn't behave, we put him away."

The judge can keep a boy away until he is 21, sometimes even older. And, sent to a training school or a reformatory for children and teenagers, the boy or girl can, in some states, be later transferred from the training school to an adult prison or other institution for adult offenders.

Two Michigan boys were transferred from the Boys Vocational School at Lansing to the Michigan Reformatory at Ionia. One boy had instigated a disturbance in his cottage. The other was involved in a race riot. Of the second boy the superintendent says, "He was transferred for his own protection."

To transfer a boy without arraignment or trial is dangerous procedure, however. It means that the juvenile court hearing, though theoretically conducted for the child's own good, lands him in precisely the same institution in which he would find himself if he were tried in a criminal court.

The judge is expected, according to good juvenile court doctrine, to be a wise and kind father. The wisdom and kindness of the judge is, in fact, the child's only protection against the judge's abuse of his frightening power.

But judges often use language or express judgments that are anything but wise or kind or fatherly. "You little punk," one judge said to a boy before him, "you're no good. You make me sick." Hardly an encouraging beginning for the rehabilitation the judge was supposed to provide.

The juvenile court is also supposed to provide a private, friendly court hearing in an informal setting. But some judges sit on a high bench, and dispense a distant, inhuman sort of justice. "If I sat with those tough boys, they might kill me," one judge told another who had advised him to try coming off his high bench.

The juvenile court frequently does not even inform the child or his parents of their right to a lawyer or of their right to appeal. Of course, if the child comes from a well-to-do or a well-educated home, the parents are likely to engage a lawyer and he will, if necessary, make use of his right of appeal. But most children brought before juvenile courts do not come from well-to-do homes.

J. Edgar Hoover has charged the juvenile courts with mollycoddling. Many good juvenile court judges disagree with him.

Judge Justine Wise Polier of New York City's Domestic Relations Court, of which the Children's Court is a part, puts it this way: "One doesn't get tough with juveniles by punishing their already troubled parents or by arresting more and more juveniles with less and less cause. The best way to get tough with juvenile delinquents is to provide the most searching analysis and unremittingly powerful treatment for their recovery."

The treatment, however, is usually lacking. "The institutions to which courts send children don't have doctors and psychiatrists to put into action what we prescribe," says Dr. Nicholas Frignito, Medical Director of Philadelphia's Municipal Court, of which the juvenile court is a part. "Until these institutions have psychiatrists who share in shaping the institution's policy, the claim of the juvenile court to being scientific is a false claim."

The claim is false in cases such as New Jersey's 12-year-old Billie. Billie broke windows, beat people whenever he felt like it. He was a delinquent who evidently needed psychiatry. The juvenile court sent him to Jamesburg, a correctional institution that had no psychiatrist.

"I don't know what can be done with Billie if anything," Jamesburg's superintendent wrote to Judge Harry W. Lindeman of the Essex County Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court. "I hope there will be no more cases so badly needing psychiatry sent here."

"But more Billies were sent to Jamesburg," says Judge Lindeman, "because there was no other place to send them."

No place to send them is the lament not only in New Jersey, but throughout the country.

Some courts are so indifferent to placing children where they belong that a child arrested on Tuesday finds himself in a training school on Wednesday.

In Philadelphia, on the other hand, the court takes the trouble to have juveniles carefully studied by a psychiatrist, but then ironically sends them to Pennypack House, a wing of the city's House of Correction for adults.

Pennypack is ruled by two gangs —one white, the other Negro. The head of each is called "The Killer." A newcomer must show his mettle by accepting "The Killer's" challenge to a fight. If he doesn't, or does poorly in the fight, he is denied gang membership.

Not being a gang member means routine beatings. Even one's own cell provides no escape. For the gang members know how to "pop" the locks with spoons. Nor can a non-gang member find protection in the guards. There are no guards assigned solely to Pennypack House's present 140 boys and 35 girls. Even Edward J. Hendrick, Superintendent of Prisons says, "I'm opposed to having juveniles (at Pennypack House). There is no space and little time to work out a program to keep them occupied."

Delinquent children need the help and understanding of good probation officers. But, since one-third of the counties in the country provide no probation at all, courts sometimes let a child off too easily or, conversely, get too tough with him. In Fort Dodge, Iowa, for example, probation is handled by a 76-year-old man who refuses to revoke probation even when a boy forges a check or steals a car. "The result is," says one local citizen, "the kids on probation laugh at it and the community laughs with them."

On the other hand probation is sometimes a makeshift arrangement for children who need the care of an institution, but whom no institution will take. One such boy in Philadelphia set fire to his sister's house, killing her three small children.

WHAT CAN be done about all this? Children and their parents brought before the juvenile courts must be redeemed from their uncertain status as second-class citizens. This can be done only if the long-time conflict between two opposing groups in juvenile court circles is resolved.

One group bluntly favors rehabili-

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tation at the sacrifice of civil and constitutional rights. The other group insists that these rights are just as important as rehabilitation; that, in fact, rehabilitation cannot take place without them. And both sides agree that rehabilitation cannot take place without an adequate probation system and without institutions equipped for adequate medical and psychiatric care.

There are certain optimistic signs that in a few states children's constitutional rights are being spelled out clearly into law. The new Children's Code adopted in 1955 in Wisconsin, for instance, requires the court to inform an accused juvenile and his parents of his rights under law. It also provides for a jury trial for juveniles at the parents' request.

The constitutionality of transferring children from institutions for delinquents to institutions for adult criminals was recently questioned in a Federal case. The Federal Government is now prohibited from placing a juvenile coming through juvenile court in an institution for adult criminals.

In Connecticut, an investigation into a child's life can now take place only after it has first been determined in court whether the child actually committed the offense charged. Virginia, Minnesota, and some other states now require that after a judge commits a child to an institution, the child must be turned over to a central state board. The board, not the judge, decides whether the child should be returned to his own community or sent to an institution—and, if necessary, which institution.

To meet the delinquency problem head on, emotionally disturbed and mentally retarded children must be given the care they need. Untreated, uncared for, these children constitute the large and frightening reservoir from which the great majority of delinquent children come. To treat disturbed and retarded children is therefore to stem the tide of delinquency at its source.

After the court has declared a child delinquent, it should first consider whether the best possible place for his rehabilitation is not his own home. If home conditions are not good, the court should consider a foster home. There is a natural aversion on the part of potential foster parents to accept a child from a juvenile court. Such an aversion must be fought, not accepted as unalterable. If a child must be sent to a training school, that school should be a real place for rehabilitation, not a duplicate of an adult prison.

The courts themselves must be improved. Most important is to provide specialist juvenile court judges. To improve the courts, the United States Children's Bureau, in cooperation with the National Probation and Parole Association and the National Council of Juvenile Court Judges has set up three basic standards: that the judge and his staff think of each child as a distinct individual with very special needs; that the court be given enough money to be staffed by expert psychiatrists and highly trained probation officers and other social workers; that the court assure children and their parents of their civil and constitutional rights.

"Juvenile Courts in one-third of the nation's counties have no probation or clinical services at all," says Will C. Turnbladh, director of the National Probation and Parole Association. "In one-third of the counties the juvenile courts have services which range from good to excellent. And in one-third of the counties these essential services are just plain poor."

A good juvenile court, however, is an expensive operation. Many communities just cannot afford this expense. They therefore need outside help. Rhode Island, Connecticut and Utah have juvenile courts whose funds come from the state, not from the local community. All children in these states, whether they live in large or small communities, are assured the same expert treatment.

But there are also excellent juvenile courts that are not part of a state-wide system. These are to be found in Ohio's Toledo, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Warren, Lorrain, Canton, Akron, Erie and Springfield; in the Family Court of Delaware and in Media, Pennsylvania.

One thing is certain—improvements can come only if you and people like you will assume responsibility for your local juvenile court. The first step is to find out what kind of court for children exists in your community. For standards write the National Probation and Parole Association, 1790 Broadway, New York City; and the United States Children's Bureau, Washington, D.C.

To find out what your local court provides, consult a civic group such as the PTA or some other active local organization.

Two and a half years ago, 400 men and women in Grand Rapids, Michigan, spurred by a series of articles in the local newspaper, held a mass meeting to protest conditions in the local juvenile court's snake-pit-like detention home. By investigating the detention home, these people discovered that the court, too, in its staff and procedures, fell far below par.

Today, because of action by these people representing the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the CIO-AFL, churches and PTAs, the League of Women Voters and the National Probation and Parole Association, the juvenile court in Grand Rapids is an excellent one. And the local people who inspired its transformation still remain close to it. There is now a Citizens' Advisory Council to the juvenile court, which takes an active part in the court's daily work.

You cannot afford to do less for your own community. That would be your best means of helping to stem the rising tide of juvenile delinquency.

Pedestrians Don't Count

IN OKLAHOMA CITY, a defendant in municipal traffic court pleaded guilty. "Did you have an accident?" asked the judge.

"Nope," replied the defendant, "I hit a pedestrian."

—Associated Press

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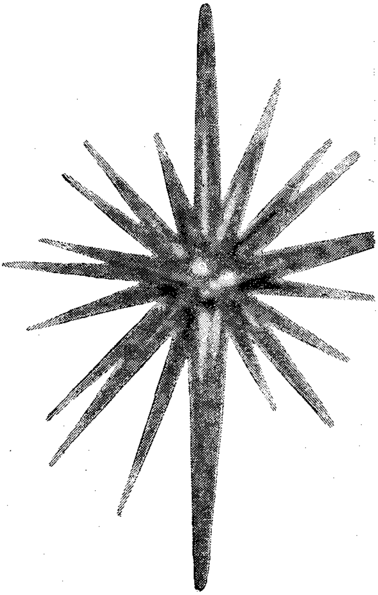

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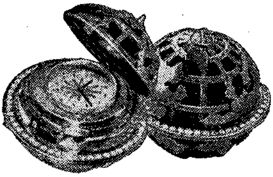

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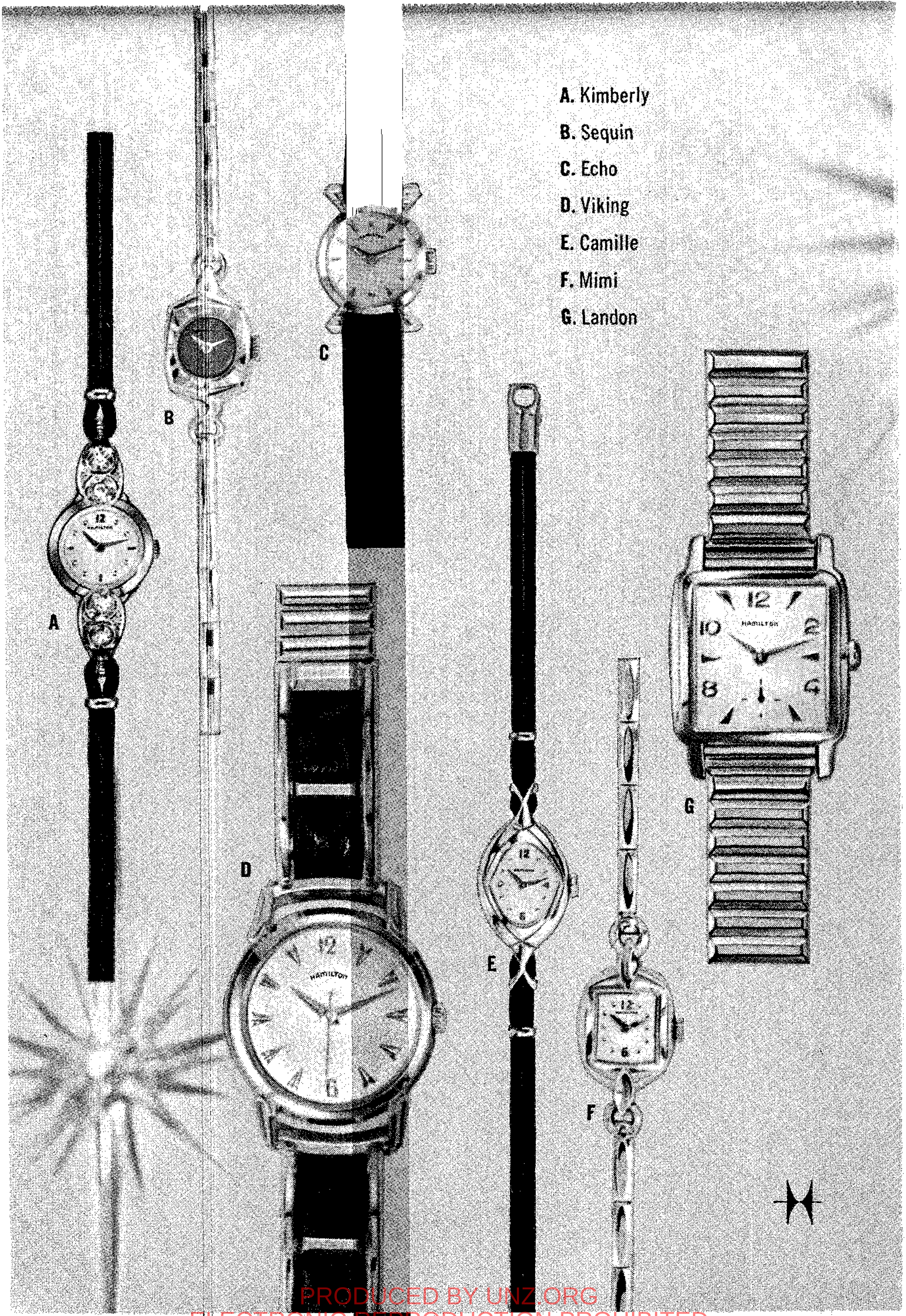
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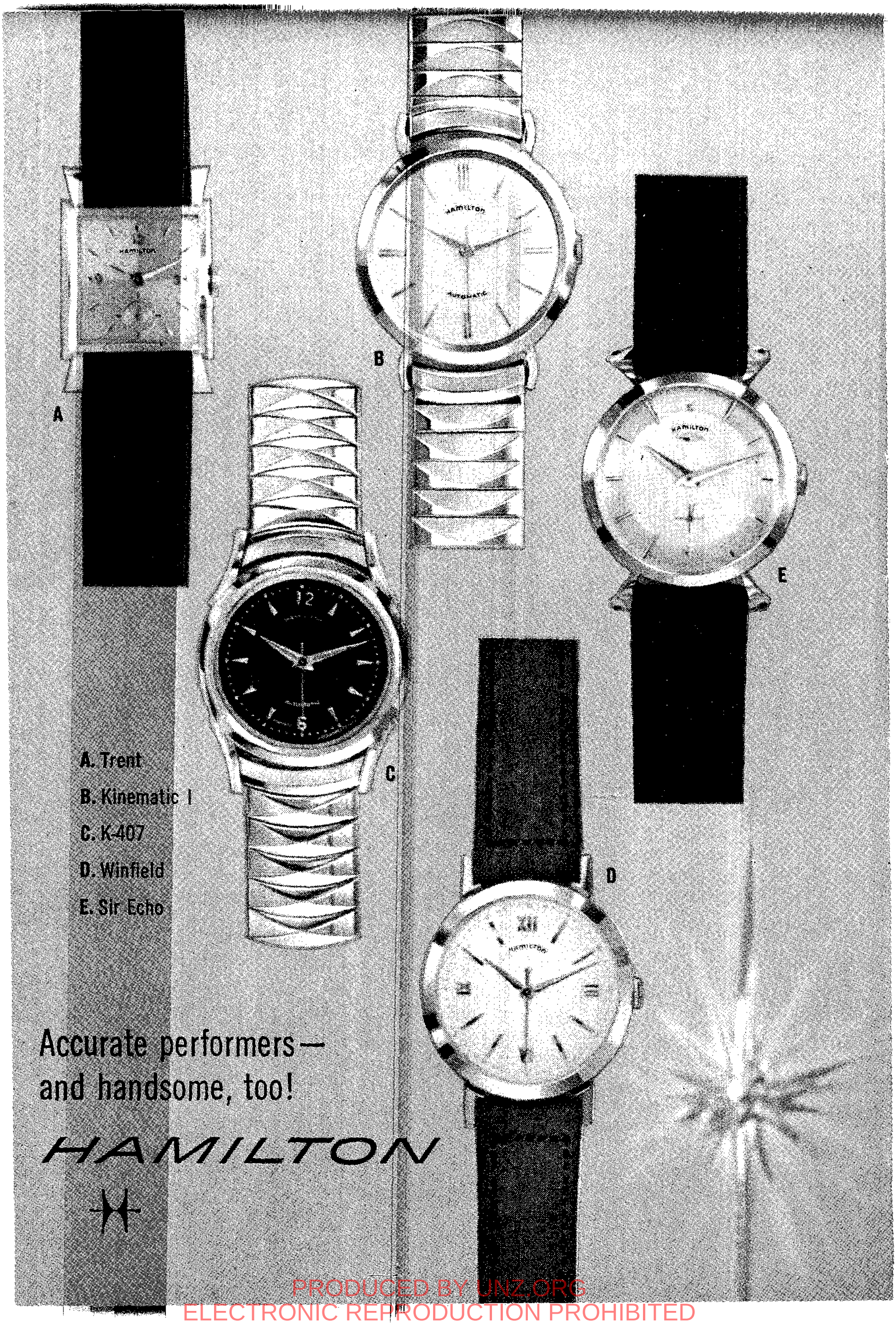
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Mate Bait

by FRANK L. REMINGTON

THERE'S MORE than one way to skin a cat—and to snag a spouse, too. Needled by nuptial ambitions, a pretty employee of a cigarette factory dropped in a pack of smokes a small photo of herself and this note: "If the man who buys these cigarettes is a bachelor, here is my address. I want to get married." Subsequently, a bachelor appeared at her door, proposed to the young lady, and was accepted.

Ingenious Jack Kenyon sowed his girl's name in grass seed on a Wisconsin hillside. When the grass sprouted and grew, she couldn't resist the young man's entreaties—particularly after a plane ride that revealed her admirer's quarter-mile-long landscape of neat green letters that spelled "Julie."

Of course, Cupid frequently lends an assist in bringing potential mates together. He was certainly on hand, for example, when a young feminine driver of New London, Connecticut, inadvertently plowed into a sailor crossing the street. Romance budded when she visited him at the hospital. And Cupid must have sent an Indianapolis cop out to maintain order at a strike-bound plant where he met one of the dissatisfied feminine workers. In due course, the officer persuaded the miss to swap the picket parade for the Mendelssohn march.

A mariner used this unique method to meet his future wife. "I am first mate on a freighter bound for the South Seas," he wrote. "I am lonesome and hope fate will bring me a wife . . ." Placing the note into a bottle, he threw it overboard. Sometime later, another ship picked it up and an attractive stewardess discovered the message. Several months elapsed, however, before the ship lost a stewardess and the sailor gained a wife.

But an unmarried minister wasted no time. He simply announced from the pulpit: "I'm lonesome and want to get married. If there is any lady present who will have me, will she please stand up." Three spinsters immediately jumped to their feet. After due deliberation, the parson chose the one he wanted for his wedded wife.

little boy...

Rainy day

by Mark Nichols

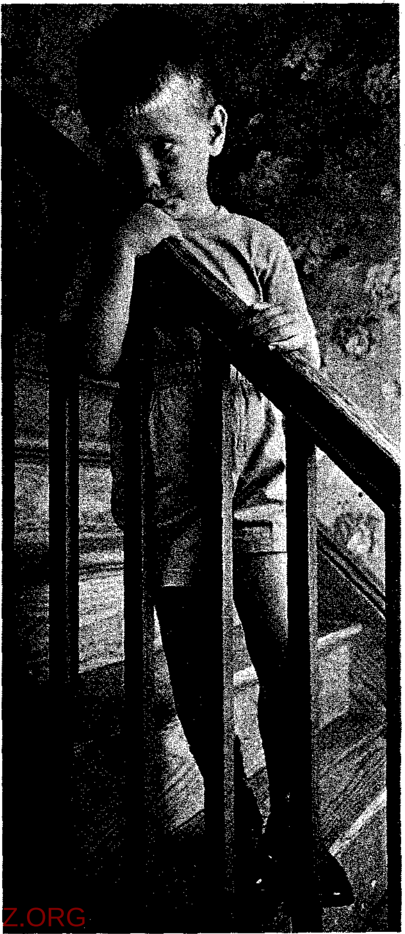
photographs by Martin Iger

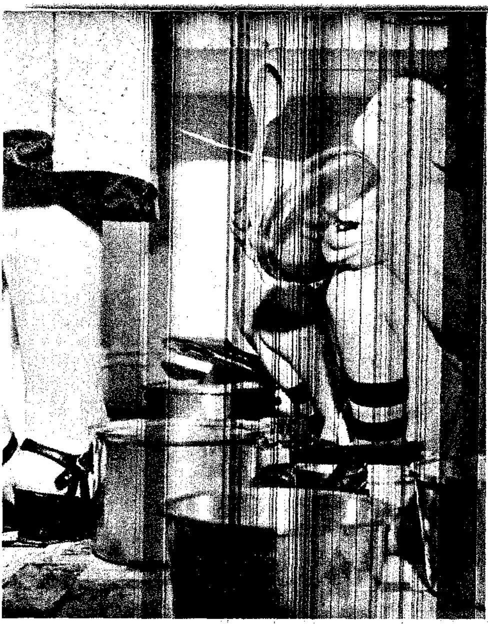
RAIN! Is anything more frustrating to a jet-propelled four-year-old boy? "Stuck in the house all day — phooey!" groans Billy Irvine *(left)* of Bloomfield, New Jersey, as he presses his nose against the windowpane and peers anxiously for some sign of a let-up.

Like his two million counterparts in the U. S., four-year-old Billy had big plans for this day: scrounging for buried treasure in the back yard, playing cops-and-robbers with his new pal across the street, and zooming around on his roller skates.

Now, moons Billy *(right)*, there's nothing to do. His mother, busy with everyday chores, has little time to entertain him. Brother Bob, 15, and sister Pat, 11, have already left for school.

But Billy is too imaginative a youngster to mope long. As the photographs on the following pages show, he is soon stirring up some action.



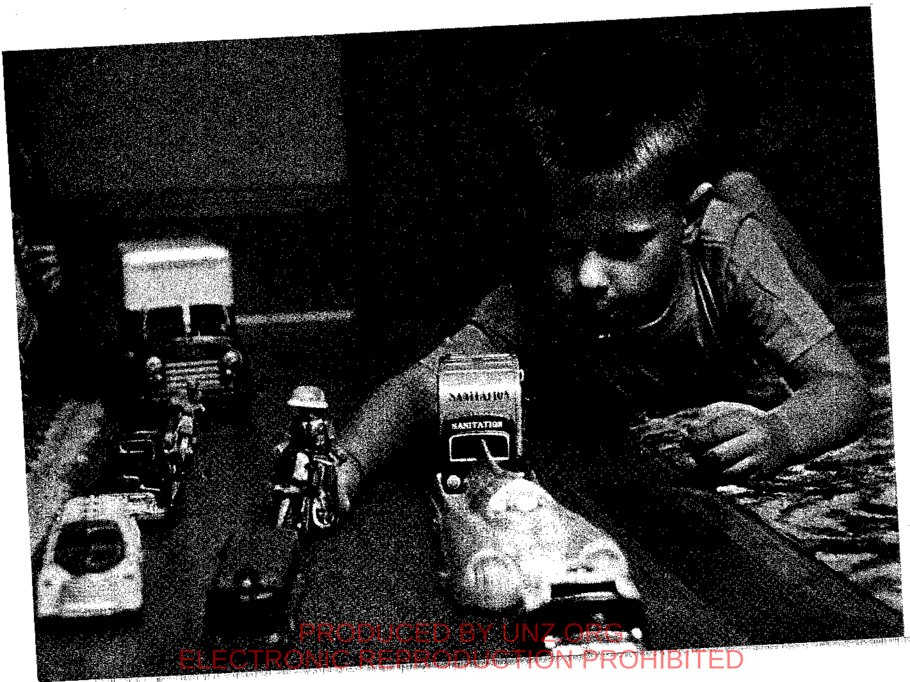


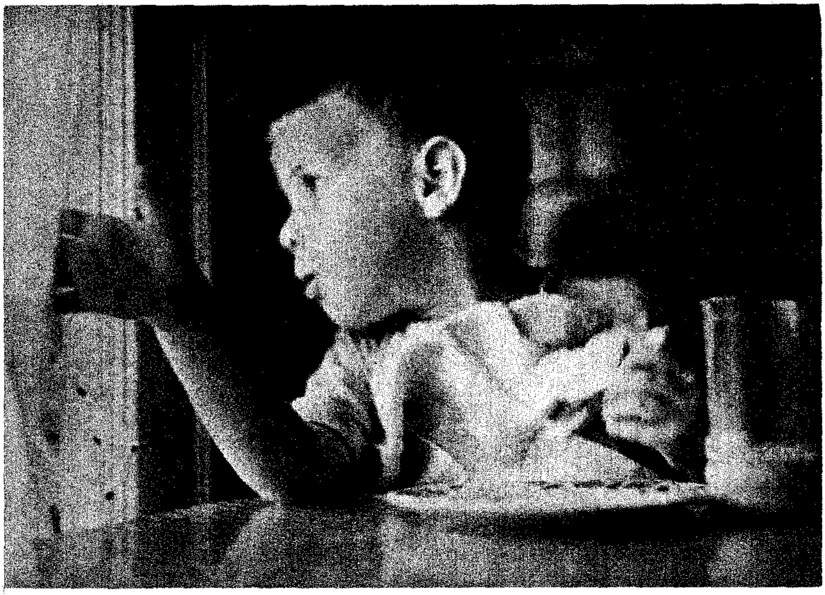
WHAT his mother labels mischief, Billy calls adventure — hiding in the pantry and banging a tom-tom tattoo on pot covers; painting himself like an Indian with his mother's lipstick; and poking into the innards of mantelpiece figurines, cookie-jars and whatever catches his eye — until his mother catches him. Finally Billy gets permission to go exploring *(opposite)* in the attic. And here he uncovers a veritable treasure-trove of old toys, costumes, party props and — wow! — a real guitar.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD'S restless, lively imagination runs a wide gamut. Blond, blue-eyed Billy quickly tires of watching television and seeks other diversion: studying the aloof behavior of an adopted stray kitten *(left)* or playing with his fleet of trucks and cars.

"Traffic" is Billy's favorite game. Spreading his vehicles in lanes on the living room floor, he assumes the role of motorcycle cop *(below)* on the parkway, which runs behind his back yard in Bloomfield.

Many boys his age no longer nap during the day. But Billy's hectic play takes its toll in energy. While bouncing on the bed, he suddenly grows sleepy and, clutching his favorite panda, soon drifts off to dreamland *(opposite page)*.





Rain, rain, go away, come again another day —

BILLY wakes up hungry from his nap, and sets about demolishing his favorite lunch — a peanut butter and jelly sandwich and milk. Between gulps, he impatiently checks the weather situation *(above)* . . . and his face lights up with hope. The rain is tapering off to a fine drizzle.

After lunch Billy hauls out his paints and crayons and for the next hour toils like a minor Michelangelo tinting pictures. Then suddenly his mother calls: "Billy, the rain's stopped!" Liberated at last, Billy grabs his roller skates and hurtles out the front door *(opposite)*, screaming, "Can't you see I'm a rocket? . . . W-h-e-e-e-!"

Only 80 minutes from Key West lies
the Isle of Pines, a lovely, unspoiled . . .

Tropical Paradise for Americans

by JANEANN and ARTURO GONZALEZ

AMERICANS seeking a tropical island paradise complete with thatched huts, verdant palm forests and beaches, and a calm, unhurried way of life have found it just over the horizon from the U.S. on Cuba's Isle of Pines.

Squatting like a floppy pirate's boot only 80 minutes by air from Key West, Florida, the Isle of Pines is supposedly the model on which Robert Louis Stevenson based his fictional "Treasure Island." Approximately 190 miles from America and 60 miles southwest of the Cuban fishing port of Batabanó, it is one of the Caribbean's last remaining uncommercialized islands.

Its 43-by-35-mile area, about the size of Rhode Island, is covered with palm-flecked valleys and acres of pine-covered woodlands. Several dramatic ranges of solid marble mountains loom up over offshore keys whose waters are alive with game fish. The island also possesses one of the Caribbean's top climates, mineral springs that are widely acclaimed, the fantastic shopping bargains of a free port and the most relaxed living pace in the world.

It has no factories, daily newspapers or radio stations, one feeble power line and 10,000 of the world's happiest and most carefree citizens. There is virtually no crime or poverty, and disease is rare. Gorgeous wild orchids are everywhere. Varicolored marble is the cheapest building material—even the roads are made of marble; and though cars are becoming the principal means of locomotion, the sturdy horse is still a common sight.

The acreage of the island's permanent American settlers is huge and baronial. Every home has a fence around it to protect the crops

from cattle grazing the common plain. Many of the houses are palm-thatched and hand-hewn. Yet they are larger, cooler, more gracious and less expensive (typical cost for a five-room house and patio: $5,000) than comparative Stateside homes.

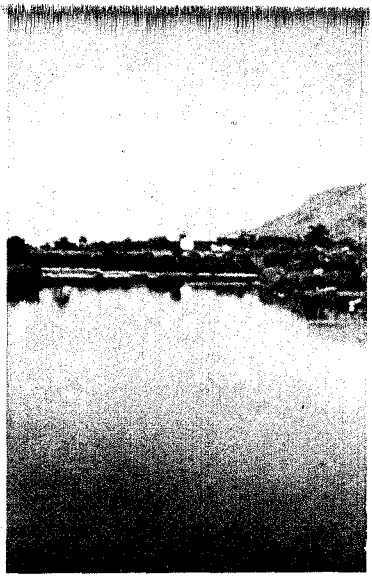
Each homestead is practically self-sufficient. The owners dig for their own water and grow a good portion of their own food.

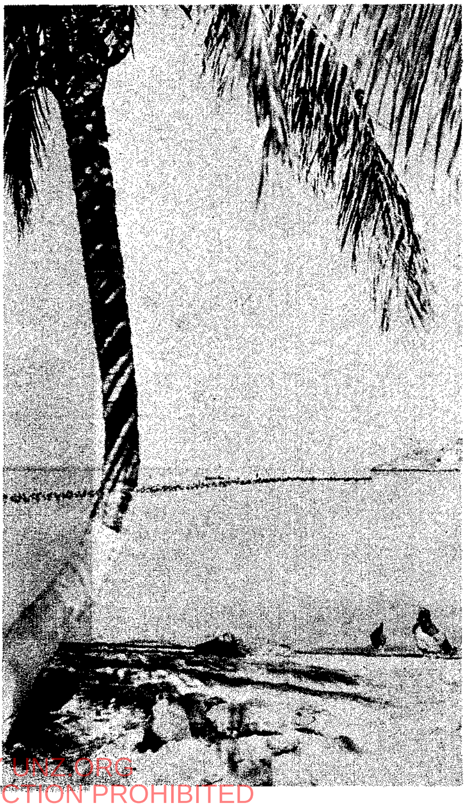
Along the Calle Martí—the main street of Nueva Gerona, the island's stucco-and-timber capital city—American visitors may shop for the island's unbelievable bargains. Or lunch at the New Virginia restaurant where the specialty is a steak smothered in limes, and a salad of the island's famous cucumbers (price: $1). Or stroll along the water front where tall-masted fishing smacks land their fabulous catches.

Every "Aerovias Q" plane that lumbers over from Havana twice a day (one-way fare: $7) brings more Americans who by word-of-mouth have heard of this fabled island retreat and are heading for the Isla de Pinos Hotel, El Rancho Rockyford, the Hotel Santa Fé or the Bibijagua (Black Sand) Hotel for a few days of fishing, sunning, swimming and relaxation.

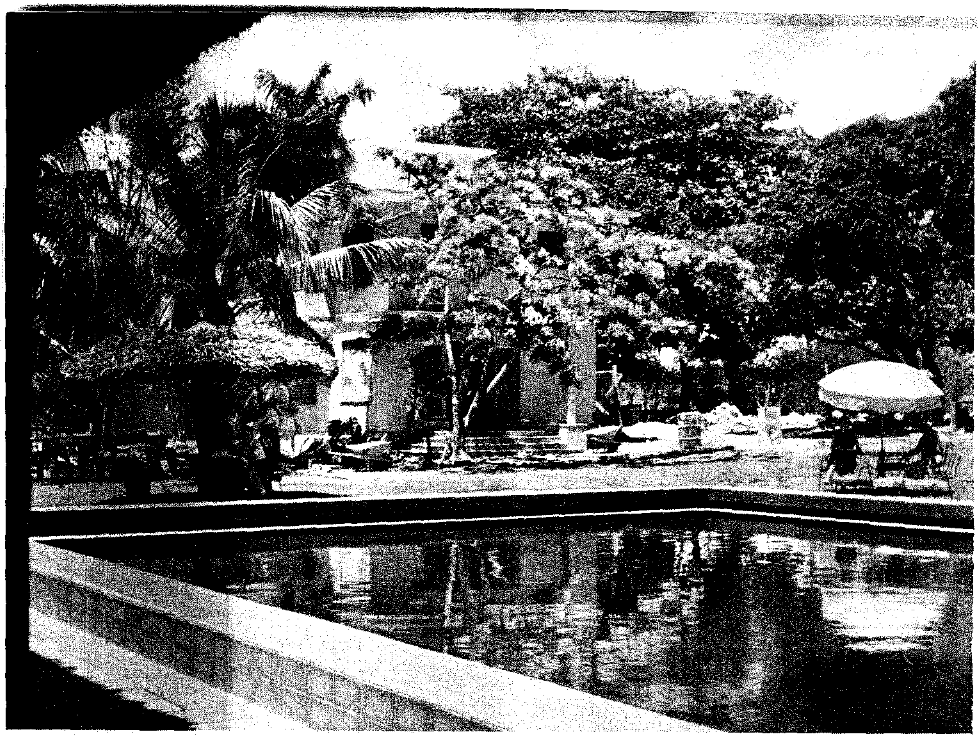
More and more of these Americans have come with the intention of buying a choice piece of property and setting up a home on this unique, natural and unspoiled island where the days are balmy and clear, the evenings blanket-cool and comfortable.

Pinéros (citizens of the Isle of Pines) are free from virtually every infectious disease. The number of





Supposedly the model for Stevenson's "Treasure Island," the Isle of Pines boasts mountains of solid marble (above), sun-drenched beaches and thatched huts. Crime, poverty, and nervous breakdowns are virtually unknown here.



Some of the original American settlers have acquired luxurious baronial estates.

octogenarians and nonagenarians on the farms and in the villages is astronomical. Lung cancer and nervous breakdowns are unheard of. In Nueva Gerona's fine hospital only the accident and maternity wards see any activity the year round.

The sleepy island's economy has been slow in adjusting to its new tourist trade. Consequently, with a very limited number of hotels, fishing camps and cabs to serve the transients, prices for accommodations and special services have not been driven down to rock-bottom levels yet—although they compare favorably with other current Caribbean island tariffs.

Hotels, for instance, range from about $5 a night in town to $12.50 a night at the more de luxe, rural spas, fishing camps and beachside hotels. Menu prices are bracketed between $1 and $2. Home rentals average about $50 a month—but few houses are available.

Fishermen can expect to pay as much as $40 a day to take one of the American-owned houseboats out on an extended fishing cruise. However, a native angler, if coaxed, may take a party out for as little as $30 a weekend.

Although it costs a mere $17 (plus tax) to fly from Key West to the Isle of Pines, the island cannot be called a tourist's bargain basement—yet. Those who have *settled* on the island, however, know just how nicely one can live there on modest means.

Since the Isle of Pines is a free port, untaxed goods flow in from around the world. Scotch whisky, for instance, sells for as low as $2 a fifth. Perfume and luxury fabrics are available at well below U.S. price levels. A shoeshine is a nickel, a haircut 40¢.

You can hire a cook for $20 a month, or a man and his wife to do *all* your domestic work for $36 a week. It costs 25¢ to see the movie in the island's only theater if you go the first day—less, if you can wait for a subsequent screening. Fresh vegetables, fish and meat are available virtually on a barter basis.

However, you really can't put a dollars-and-cents value on the greatest of the island's treasures—it's the attitude of *"mañana."* Because of *mañana,* it has one of the world's most contented cultures. There are no strikes, riots, political disputes; it has no juvenile delinquency.

The respect for other people and other people's property is astounding. Residents like to demonstrate to visitors that they can leave valuable possessions for hours right on the main street without fear of theft. Only one *Pinéro* in history has ever gone to prison for a major offense, and the islanders are almost unbearably ashamed of this blot on their record.

Healthy, friendly and tranquil, the *Pinéros* refuse to have anything to do with the modern world's production-line culture. Roads are begun but some are never quite finished. *Mañana.* At Santa Bárbara there's a mining plant standing useless, simply because the owners decided to try another venture. So—they just picked up and left.

Most Americans first heard of the Isle of Pines after the close of the Spanish-American War in 1898. The peace treaty concluding that struggle was vague on the final ownership of the island, though it was assumed that it would eventually belong to the U.S. in the status that Puerto Rico now enjoys. And so some 9,000 Americans came to "Treasure Island."

Sales offices in Boston, Chicago,

Towering palms shade a typical Island road. And trade winds sweeping the fabled retreat brush the skies a constant deep blue.

Des Moines, Minneapolis and elsewhere busily sold ten-acre plots of the lush, tillable soil for as little as $3 an acre. Overnight, small American communities sprang up around the inevitable church, schoolhouse and general store. Culturally, economically and racially, the island was virtually a 49th state.

Then, on March 13, 1925, the United States Senate ratified the Hay-Quesada treaty which recognized Cuba's ownership of the Isle of Pines. A year later, the devastating 1926 hurricane swept over it. These two events all but eliminated American interest in the island, and it reverted to underbrush and thick woods dotted by an occasional native farm.

In recent years, millionaire Arthur Vining Davis, the 90-year-old chairman of the board of Alcoa, became interested in the land. Davis is both an agriculturist (he has acreage in both pineapples and tomatoes in Florida) and a man seeking an unspoiled Caribbean retreat. He ended up with the purchase of 200,000 acres (or just about one quarter) of the Isle of Pines.

Davis' initial transactions, plus the Cuban government's renewed interest in the island, skyrocketed real-estate values. In one case, waterfront property soared from under $5 an acre to over $10,000 an acre.

There is, of course, much speculation among American settlers as to Davis' eventual aims. Most agree, however, that he wishes to keep the island the remote, rural paradise it is. From all indications, he sees it as a peaceful escape for himself and his friends, possibly as a very private resort area which may be built at Playa Larga, a beach currently accessible only by boat or amphibious plane. To date, no actual building has begun. *Mañana,* perhaps.

Davis' interest in the Isle of Pines has been a boon to the slow-developing American community. There is some possibility, for instance, that one of the airlines he owns may begin making direct cargo flights from the U.S. to Gerona's airfield. And many of the Caribbean's veteran admirers have already taken a leaf from Davis' book and moved to this untouched paradise. They see in its broad plains a site for a winter home, the place for a new farm or a spot for retirement, all in a congenial and growing American colony.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Long John Silver said of Treasure Island: "Oh, this here is a sweet spot—this island!" And those, who have made the 80-minute hop from Florida to the Isle of Pines to check on his observations wholeheartedly agree.

Terse Verse

MY WIFE has joined, with zest
    dynamical,
A club for making things ceramical;
When I come home all tired and
    tottery
I find my dinner's gone to Pottery.

—LOYD ROSENFIELD *(Wall Street Journal)*

ANDY GRIFFITH:

ANDY GRIFFITH, who once stated that his career has been dogged by good luck, carried off a blue ribbon of sorts in that uniquely American event, the Broadway-to-Hollywood dash—he covered the course in spite of himself.

Having sent New York theater critics scurrying after superlatives for the way he unraveled the U.S. Air Force as the guileless and lovable hero of *No Time for Sergeants,* Griffith came to this perfectly plausible conclusion about his future: "I want to know my limitations. I don't think I should do anything but comedy."

The evidence that he was persuaded otherwise is on view in his film *A Face in the Crowd,* Budd Schulberg's awesome tale of egomania on the grand scale. Casting Griffith as Lonesome Rhodes, an Arkansas hobo flung topsy-turvy onto Madison Avenue and transmuted into a power-mad radio and television idol, Elia Kazan wrung from him a characterization with roughly the same comedy values as might be derived from the story of Jack the Ripper.

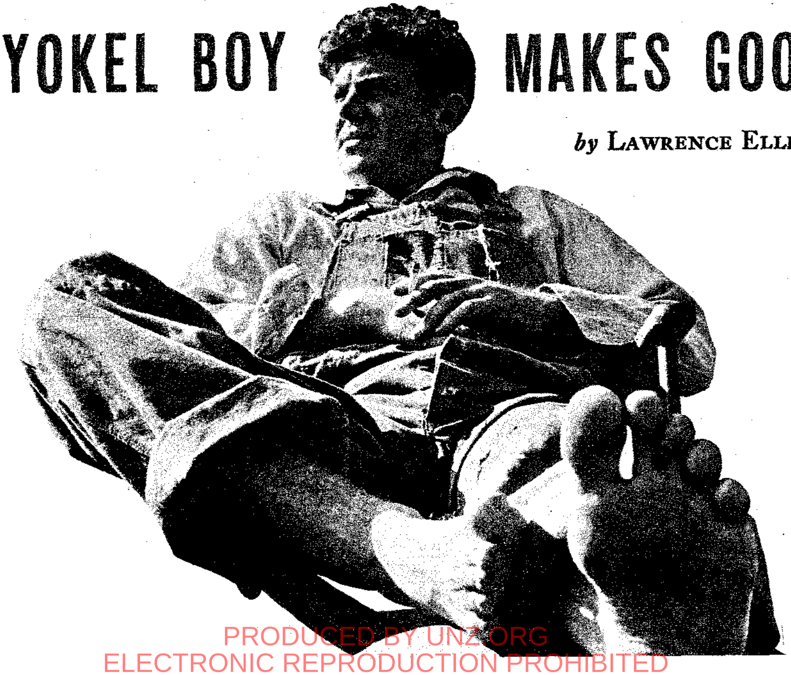
"What made you choose Griffith for this part?" Kazan was asked. "Isn't that pretty offbeat casting, even for you?"

The wizened producer-director, generally described in the trade as an authentic genius, smiled in his faraway manner. "Just a hunch," he allowed.

Hunch, clairvoyance or hypersensitive theatrical cunning, the fact

YOKEL BOY MAKES GOOD

by Lawrence Elliott



remains that Kazan could have had little that was concrete to go by. For apart from his stint in *Sergeants*, this big, good-looking young Tarheel who appears more like a pro football player than an actor with his thick, reddish hair tapered into sideburns that reach halfway to his jawbone, had had little experience at professional make-believe. Actually it had been limited to a television turn or two, night-club work and a phonograph record with the wildly improbable title, "What It Was, Was Football." Yet it was this record that anointed Griffith with the good luck which dogs him so relentlessly.

In point of fact, "Football" is only one of the many monologues he created for his night-club routines. "You can't rightly say I wrote 'em," Griffith reveals in a flash of the pinpoint honesty that is typical of him. "I'd just talk me through the parts and Barbara—Barbara, that's my wife — would tell me was they funny."

In further point of fact, "Football" *is* outrageously funny. Spoken in the dead-pan mountain style that comes naturally to Griffith, it details the misadventures and bewilderment of a backwoods deacon who finds himself shoveled into a stadium by a football-frenzied crowd. Samples of the result:

"Somebody had took and drawed white lines over this here cow pasture and Ah looked down there and, friends, Ah seen the awfullest fight Ah ever seen in mah life. They would th'ow one another down and stomp on one another and Ah don't know what-all. And quick as one of 'em'd get hurt, they'd tote him off and run another one on. It was that both bunches of them men wanted this funny-lookin' punkin to play with. They couldn't 'a eat it because they kicked it the whole time and it never bust."

Released in Chapel Hill the day of the North Carolina-Notre Dame football game in 1953, "Football" instantly became a regional favorite, hit the national best-seller lists in three months and has, as of now, sold more than 1,000,000 copies. Griffith's backwoods version of "Romeo and Juliet," on the other side of the record, became almost as popular.

Capitol Records, quick to sense a yokel-boy-making-good, signed him to a personal service contract at $300 a week.

For Griffith and his Barbara, "Football" and "Romeo" marked an end to Operation Bootstrap, a dreary phase of his career highlighted—and still grimly remembered—by such recompenses as a five-dollar bill found in the street. For a week, that fiver stood between the young Griffiths and panic, not to mention hunger.

It was hardly the sort of reward they had anticipated, however, when Andy had shucked his school-teaching job two years before and sallied forth into the Entertainment World on a borrowed $1,000. But then, the success story of Andy Griffith would have been difficult for anyone to chart in advance.

Andrew Samuel Griffith was born 31 years ago in the North Carolina hill country, an only child whose first professional leanings were toward the ministry. When he got to the University of North Carolina, however, he majored in music, acted in school plays and operettas, and met Barbara Edwards, a slim, dark girl with a considerable talent of her own.

Griffith half-yearned for a try at opera. But he was scared to strike out from the familiar and secure confines of North Carolina, so he temporized by marrying his Barbara and, right after graduation, accepting a job teaching music in a Goldsboro high school.

Neither of the newlyweds could give up the idea of entertaining professionally, though. And to keep their hands in, they scouted out local civic groups, conventions of dairymen, hardware and auto dealers and put on what soon became a fairly standardized act: Andy doing folk songs and comic monologues, Barbara singing popular music and dancing. By drawing on his piney woods background, and gently exaggerating widely shared experiences, Andy created dialogues of genuinely original humor which won for him a ready-made local audience.

Characteristically, he puts it another way: "These people got so awful good at boring each other at these here conventions that any kind of entertainment looked good to them."

The Griffiths had been booked into a few night clubs when, in the spring of 1952, caution went windward. They borrowed money, made a down payment on a station wagon to transport themselves, their costumes and equipment and with a deep breath, Andy quit his job.

There followed a time when he wished devoutly that he hadn't. It was one thing, it developed, to pick up extra money entertaining. It was quite another to live on the highly irregular compensations of this particular kind of entertaining. Then, at last, came "Football"—and the roughest corner had been turned.

On the strength of his records, Griffith gained a guest spot on Ed Sullivan's TV "Toast of the Town." This was followed by three weeks at one of New York's toniest supper clubs, the Blue Angel. But here the barefoot boy from out yonder stubbed his toe.

One critic says he failed to establish a rapport with his audience. Griffith says, "I was scared."

While licking his wounds, he heard mutterings about a then-best-selling novel, *No Time for Sergeants,* which had a hillbilly hero. This seemed like a natural as source material for another Andy Griffith record. However, his representatives, the William Morris Agency, found that Andy couldn't use the material since movie, theater and TV rights had been sold.

Later, when the Theatre Guild was casting for the TV show of *Sergeants,* he decided to audition for the lead.

"Here was this hillbilly and all," he explains, "and I figured that if I couldn't play the part, well then, maybe I'd better try me another business. I mean, I was getting pretty well fed up with night clubs by that time, I'll guaran-damn-tee you!"

The audition was unique in that Griffith didn't read the Will Stock-

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dale lines. In fact, he didn't read at all. ("I'm a talker, not a reader," he says.) Instead, he led from strength by reciting the monologues that were, until that moment, his sole claim to fame.

"Some hillbilly just came in and fractured the joint," someone who was in the Theatre Guild offices that day recalls.

Griffith became the TV Will Stockdale and, when Maurice Evans brought the play to Broadway, Andy Griffith was the lead. The critics called his performance superb, hilarious. But it didn't come easy, by any means.

Roddy McDowall, who sought the shelter of Private Stockdale's protective wing in *Sergeants* and is a show business veteran of some 15 years, remembers opening night very well.

"The half hour before the curtain went up must have been the worst in Andy's whole life," he recalls. "I've never seen a man so frightened. We'd played New Haven and Boston and everything was fine. We were pretty sure we had a hit. And all of a sudden, here's our star, the one guy who can make or break us, standing onstage frozen stiff with fear.

"Luckily, the audience took to him right away—I don't know what might have happened otherwise. A couple of people giggled, then they began to applaud. Watching from the wings, you could see old Andy's confidence coming back.

"He played Stockdale—right to the people. And they loved it. He'd spot a lady in the second row all doubled up with laughter, and he'd laugh right with her. That boy's quite a performer."

The birth pains attendant on Griffith's emergence as a movie actor were of a somewhat different nature. "It took Kazan and me a long time to decide on him for *Face,*" Budd Schulberg says. "Griffith could give us the hillbilly stuff all right, but what about the power madness that dominates the whole second half of the picture? Andy seemed pretty one-dimensional with his quaint backwoods expressions and wide-eyed innocence. But we sensed another sort of talent underneath—an untapped strength, a wolf-in-sheep's-clothing kind of thing."

Griffith himself puts it this way: "All I know is that somebody introduced me to Gadg one time, and Gadg—that's Kazan—he said he had a part in mind for me. Well, I'll tell it to you straight—I didn't believe him. I mean, lots of folks'd come up to me and say they had something in mind, but nothing ever came of it. But pretty soon Gadg comes around again and says for me to read this story by Budd Schulberg called 'Your Arkansas Traveler.' That's what his picture's based on.

"Right off I think it must be about Bob Burns or something. But once I got the drift of the story, I was hot for that part. Look, I know darn well there's some things I can't do, now or ever. I ain't no Shakespearean actor, that's for day-yum sure. But this Lonesome, he got to me. I thought I understood him. I thought I could *be* him."

Weeks after the negotiations had begun, Kazan and Schulberg were still talking in terms of "if." Then, finally, Griffith was given the script to read. Next afternoon, at a restaurant, Kazan casually offered him the part—without so much as a screen test or a reading.

"That scared me," says Griffith about it now. "So I said to him, 'Listen, Mr. Kazan, are you sure? You really think I can do this part?' And he takes him another mouthful and says, 'I offered it to you, didn't I? Now quit worrying.' So I did."

ON LOCATION, however, Griffith made no secret of his bewilderment before the cameras. When he saw a print of the first take, he looked as though he'd been slapped by a wet towel. Calling Schulberg to one side, he whispered, "Listen, I wish I could say those lines over. I know I could do them better."

Gently as he could, Schulberg explained that by the time Kazan was satisfied, Griffith would have spoken the lines in question until they would seem to be coming out of his ears.

To Schulberg and Kazan, the success of *A Face in the Crowd* would be determined by its credibility. They had to make movie-goers believe that their protagonist, Lonesome Rhodes, was irresistible to his vast TV audience, that listeners were ready to laugh with him, cry with him and respond to his cracker barrel soft sell with paroxysms of obedience. They had to make them understand Lonesome's growing contempt for that audience, his mounting cruelty.

In late October, proof that they had done just that was supplied by a crewman—most of whom, as a breed, take picture-making with wide yawns. Gesturing toward Griffith-Lonesome, he said, "Brother, that guy scares the hell out of me!"

Andy explains it like this: "I guess I sort of became this character during shooting. That's how it is with me: I can't just play-act a part; I have to *be* it. And more'n once I'd come home still all wound up in the story and give Barbara a little dose of Lonesome Rhodes. And I'll clue you in. That was tough on Barbara because he ain't a very decent guy to have around the house."

Is that part of his training, trying to get inside a character?

"I never had any training, unless you'd call a couple of plays in college training," he says. "It's just the way I feel, is all."

In other words, he came unaided to the be-it-yourself school of acting.

But experts feel that, though Griffith may go on wearing his hillbilly mien like a suit of armor in public, he is ready, professionally, for something more sophisticated. And having committed himself for at least five more pictures—two for Warner Brothers (he recently completed the movie version of *No Time For Sergeants* for them) and two for Kazan, not to mention the five loanout bids Warners has had for his services from other studios—it is reasonable to assume that, somewhere between Hollywood and Beverly Hills, he will climb out of his backwoods buskins.

An associate of long standing puts it this way: "What it is with Andy—this hillbilly bit, I mean—is that he sees it as the key to his success. *Football, Sergeants*—even *Face*—came out of his own background. He talks and acts like your country cousin because, to him, it's a sort of a good luck charm.

"What's more, it's his way of saying, 'Look, I'm not getting bigheaded or carrying a torch for myself. I'm just a guy from Mount Airy, North Carolina, who got a lucky break. And that's the way I mean to stay.'

"But don't kid yourself he's a rube or anything like that. I mean, this boy went to college."

Evidence of all this came on the last day of shooting on *Face* at the old Biograph Studios in the Bronx. Griffith emerged from the great cavernous building, now known as Gold Medal Studios, all but submerged under a mountain of suits—six to be exact—and a lush camel's hair coat.

"This here's my wardrobe," he explained. "They had all this stuff made up special for me. Cost over $900. I bought the whole works off of 'em for $300. You just know you can't beat that."

Asked if being a celebrity has made a big difference in his life, he says: "Ain't no crowds knocked me down yet huntin' my autograph. Once in a while somebody drives by to look at our place in Manteo, North Carolina, but that's about all.

"Just bought that house," he goes on with suddenly awakened eagerness. "It's on Roanoke Island—53 acres, trees, grass. Man, we've missed havin' a little open space around us, Barbara and me. Now, no matter what happens, we know that's home, the place we can really be free. We can fly to Hollywood or New York or wherever else I got to be, but Manteo, that's home."

Would he like to do another Broadway play?

"I sure would. You get this here feeling in the theater—the people are right out there where you can see 'em. You say something funny and you hear 'em laugh. This other stuff—movies, television—it kinda scares me. And no matter what happens, I'll never get over the charge I got out of doing *Sergeants* on Broadway.

"You know what happened opening night? They got on me, the other fellas, that I had to go over to this here Sardi's after the curtain, said it was a custom.

"Well, I didn't know nothin' about that, but I went over with 'em. And soon as I walked in the door, darned if everybody in the place didn't stand up and start clappin' for me. A man doesn't forget that kind of thing."

Signs of the Times

SEEN ON a New York City bus: A placard reading "Did You Make New York Dirty Today?"

Underneath someone had scribbled: "No, New York Made *Me* Dirty Today!"

—EDITH ROBERTSON

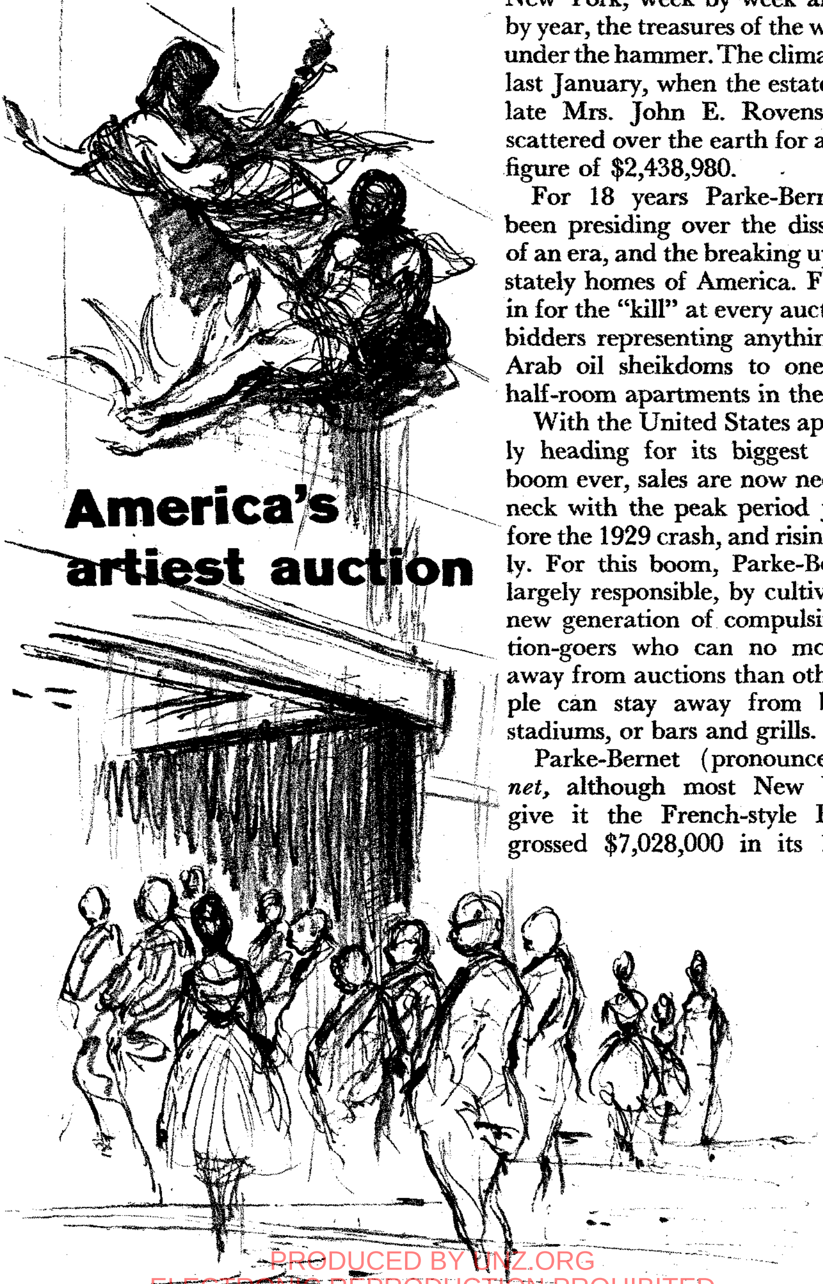
A NORTH HOLLYWOOD, California, department store recently posted this warning: "People With Bare Feet Not Allowed On Escalator."

—*Associated Press*

by Geoffrey Bocca

Blending showmanship, snobbery and glamour, Parke-Bernet stages . . .

America's artiest auction



IN THE HIGH-CEILINGED halls of the Parke-Bernet Auction Galleries on Madison Avenue in New York, week by week and year by year, the treasures of the world go under the hammer. The climax came last January, when the estate of the late Mrs. John E. Rovensky was scattered over the earth for a record figure of $2,438,980.

For 18 years Parke-Bernet has been presiding over the dissolution of an era, and the breaking up of the stately homes of America. Flooding in for the "kill" at every auction are bidders representing anything from Arab oil sheikdoms to one-and-a-half-room apartments in the Bronx.

With the United States apparently heading for its biggest auction boom ever, sales are now neck-and-neck with the peak period just before the 1929 crash, and rising steeply. For this boom, Parke-Bernet is largely responsible, by cultivating a new generation of compulsive auction-goers who can no more stay away from auctions than other people can stay away from baseball stadiums, or bars and grills.

Parke-Bernet (pronounced Ber*net,* although most New Yorkers give it the French-style Ber*nay*) grossed $7,028,000 in its 1956-57 season, topping the gallery's previous record gross of $6,684,000 in 1945-46.

The Parke-Bernet's list of highest-evers is a remarkable one. It includes the highest price ever paid for a picture in the U.S., the "Crucifixion" of the 15th-century painter Piero della Francesca, for $375,000; the highest price for a book, the Bay Psalm Book, first book to be printed in the American colonies, for $151,000; the highest single sale ever made at an American auction, the $385,000 paid for Mrs. Rovensky's 213-carat diamond necklace.

Who pays such huge sums, and why? Parke-Bernet knows some, but certainly not all, the answers. The Rovensky necklace, for example, was finally knocked down to Julius Furst, whose concern was strictly *profit.*

Pearl necklaces and tapestries in the Rovensky collection were believed to have been bought on behalf of the Greek shipping magnate, Stavros Niarchos, who was bidding for the simple joy of *possession.*

Profit, possession, pride and prejudice are all reasons why it is impossible for even the world's greatest art experts to assess precisely the value on anything. It all depends on human desire and the human motives behind it; and in the art world, motives can be curiously labyrinthine.

Parke-Bernet is a small, temperamental, nerve-racked organization of 110 people under Leslie A. Hyam, the president, who sets the family atmosphere by referring to his entire staff as "kiddies."

The employees include 48 gallery attendants; the rest are catalogers, accountants, appraisers, an editorial staff for the catalogs, and assorted experts on everything from Japanese art to existing collections of cigar-store Indians. There are employees who can name and date every item in a treasure-crammed house.

The gallery attendants themselves, over the years, have acquired a knowledge of art often as great as the experts. Some time ago, a pair of silver candlesticks turned up whose markings nonplused the experts. Advisers called in from outside were no wiser and the candlesticks were labeled cautiously "Continental," and valued at $150 each.

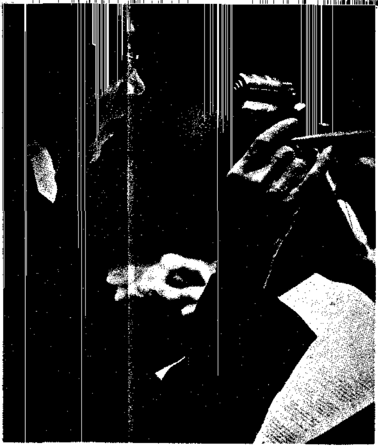
One of the attendants was not satisfied. He had been handling silver at the Galleries for years and Leslie Hyam gave him permission to investigate. The attendant succeeded in identifying them as genuine early American. They went for $6,500 each.

This fundamental sense of confusion is one thing above all which lets in the small bidder. So many real treasures go cheaply that an auction enthusiast can fill his home with beautiful objects even on a comparatively small income.

"It is not easy," says Leslie Hyam, "to explain why, let us say, an overlay glass paperweight made about 1850 may be worth $500, while a mahogany dressing table of the same date may be almost unsalable here. The auction room is a great breeder of such mysteries."

In the last few months alone, clever or lucky bidders have been able to get bargains like these: a painted and carved Regency *fauteuil* (easy chair), which the Galleries

Right, the air crackles with tension as great treasures go under the hammer of auctioneer Anthony N. Bade. *Below*, customers examine rare flower prints; and others, *lower right*, study catalog in search of items. Sometimes even amateurs can capture valuable pieces for amazingly low prices.



estimated to be worth $550, went for $150. A fine original of the 18th-century painter John Singleton Copley, R. A., estimated worth $2,500, was knocked down for $350.

A bargain for the collector with an interest in the macabre was the bed of the murdered Serge Rubinstein. A carved and gilded affair in beechwood and green faille, Louis XV-styled and convertible either as two singles or a double bed, it was sold for $70. The Galleries valued it at $250. The Rubenstein collection was something of a disappointment to the sensation-seekers.

But the auction business is often like that. It is generally the most honorable and respected of citizens who possess the most lurid collections. Parke-Bernet is embarrassed by the frequency with which they discover, in the libraries of eminent deceased Americans, huge collections of classic pornography, often very valuable. One of the best and certainly the most unexpected was found in the home of one of the judges responsible for banning "Lady Chatterley's Lover" from the U.S.

These collections are invariably rejected by Parke-Bernet, who are obliged to keep one eye on the police and the other on the rich and easily upset matrons who form a large part of their clientele. Parke-Bernet's caution is such that nudes, even valuable nudes, are not accepted if they are considered too bold.

In art, only the Chinese, for some reason, are permitted to have sex at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, and bidders are warned in the catalogs when Chinese art includes what the gallery tactfully describes as "amoristic scenes."

Parke-Bernet's tradition is long as American traditions go. Every auctioneer likes to think of himself vicariously as a direct descendant of the vendors of slave girls. Two of the oldest galleries are the great London galleries, Sotheby's, founded in 1744, and Christie's in 1766. These two lead all the rest and make London the world center of the auction business, with New York second, or perhaps third, to Paris.

Parke-Bernet claims to have begun in 1883 with the formation of the American Art Association. This was merged in 1928 with the Anderson Galleries. In 1939, the core was ripped out of the company when 40 top executives quit to form the Parke-Bernet Galleries under the control of Hiram H. Parke, the master auctioneer, and Swiss-born Otto Bernet.

Three of the present directors of Parke-Bernet were included in the move: Leslie Hyam, Arthur Swann—who is one of America's greatest authorities on books and their value—and chief auctioneer Louis Marion. Subsequently, Bernet died, Parke retired, the remnants of American Art-Anderson were acquired and all the companies were united into one.

Among the traditions and the accumulated wisdom which Parke-Bernet inherited from the older companies was a flair for the spectacular. In the old days, the auction business was considered largely wholesale, supplying the art dealer first and the public second.

Parke-Bernet went straight for the public, putting on not so much an auction as a show. Articles, hitherto displayed haphazardly, were presented on a tastefully designed stage, with uniformed attendants keeping the goods moving while Louis Marion, by his firm control and careful timing, kept the excitement high.

Many of the bids at the Galleries' auctions are made by people who do not turn up at all. They read the catalogs, telephone to ask how much the auctioneer thinks the object will go for, and make a bid accordingly. Some time ago, a bidder living in California bought $80,000 worth of the J. P. Morgan silver collection without even seeing it.

The luxury with which Parke-Bernet has so skillfully surrounded its auctions has given it some of the atmosphere of silent urgency of a Riviera casino. The auctioneer goes through the motions of his trade with the same air of momentous detachment as the *croupier*. Between *"Messieurs, faites vos jeux,"* and "Gentlemen, make your bids," the difference is of only the smallest degree.

As in roulette, every minimum of movement becomes charged with significance. The master bidder attracts the same fascinated attention from the dabbler as the master gambler. His every move is watched, which is one reason why important bidders have reduced their signs to the smallest. A pursed lip, an upturned nose, a raised eyebrow is enough for the keen eye of Marion and his assistants. Then at the end the hammer falls and, as in roulette, there is the same noiseless explosion of relaxing tension.

In the flurry of bidding, signs occasionally get lost and bidders protest. "Madam," Marion tells a large lady, "you are going to flick that catalog once too often and find yourself with $8,000 worth of furniture you don't want."

In November, 1949, the Galleries moved from 57th Street to new quarters, specially designed, on Madison Avenue at 77th Street. A minor crisis occurred over the decoration. Above the entrance stands a fine aluminum statue of "Venus and Manhattan" designed by Wheeler Williams. Unfortunately the statue sticks out about two inches to a foot beyond the limits prescribed by the city authorities for protruberances over the street. For this luxury the owners of the building, City Investing Company, pay an extra $25 tax yearly.

The profit margin of auction galleries is small. Parke-Bernet takes a flat 10 per cent, plus "reasonable" operating expenses, which makes their cut between 20 and 22½ per cent. The outside observer is consequently struck by the sumptuous quality of the sales themselves and the modest way of life of gallery employees. No art treasures are set aside to decorate the company offices. The furniture there is nondescript and battered to the limits of functionality. Salaries are low.

Leslie Hyam lives without ostentation in a little house near Greenwich Village with his wife Margot and a cat called Peachmouse. Hyam is Cambridge-educated and as British today as when he first came to the country 34 years ago.

Tall and handsome, with the mustache British officers affected in World War I, Hyam has spent a lifetime in the auction business and it has cured him decisively of any desire for what he calls "fugitive ownership." He has seen too many treasures, collected from the four corners of the earth, scattered again by the auctioneer—often back whence they came.

Apt Observations

AN AUCTION is where if you're not careful you'll get something for nodding. —*Town Journal*

JUST ABOUT the time a woman thinks her work is done, she becomes a grandmother. —*Town Journal*

FASHION DESIGNERS often find it impossible to make a woman's dress both fitting and proper. —NOEL WICAL (*Cleveland Press*)

THE PERFECT HOST is the one who gives the party you are the life of. —ALMA DENNY

PURITAN OF THE SIMON PURES

by Al Stump

Ruling amateur sports with an iron hand, Avery Brundage dedicates his righteous indignation—and his purse—to racket busting

A YEAR AGO, a man of thick frame, hair angrily frizzed around a heavy dome of a head, paced the carpet of an 18th-floor Chicago office. Finally, he sat down and dictated words never before applied to American college presidents:

"Engaged in a swindle . . . poisoning our entire amateur program . . . taking advantage of the loyalty of students by exploiting them for box-office profit . . . guilty of the worst sort of double-dealing."

This lashing attack on college football and its supervisors came from Avery Brundage, the world's most powerful sports figure—president of the *Comité International Olympique,* the high tribunal conducting the Olympic Games; and a mighty crusader for amateurism.

For the first time, the corruption in football was blamed, not on coaches who use alumni recruiters to hire players, but on the academic higher-ups who have allowed the game to become a U.S. scandal. "Reform," said Brundage acidly, "is not impossible. Once we identify the truly guilty, colleges will go back to their function of educating youth—not bribing them for the use of their muscles."

Academic circles may loathe Brundage; but they dare not oppose him. So they stirred themselves to a housecleaning. On the West Coast, for example, U.C.L.A., Washington and Southern California confessed to secret "slush" funds amounting to well over $100,000 and proceeded to abolish all such payrolls. They were fined over $200,000, ruled ineligible for Rose Bowl play and placed on probation.

The year 1956 was not merely a year of scandal exposed. It was a year of action. Yet no one knows better than Brundage that our entire sport structure is still racket-ridden beyond relief.

"Bird-watching remains unsullied," he says. "But they'll find a way to commercialize that." A sad prospect for, from the Greeks down, history records that as sportsmanship in games decayed, so did nations.

This 70-year-old, 200-pound, tactless and controversial zealot, who started life as a wheelbarrow-pusher in Chicago's factory section and arose to the position of sports' foremost racketbuster, is a non-smoker, practically a non-drinker and a self-made multimillionaire. He is married, but childless.

Traveling 50,000 miles per year (at his own expense) he has both the wealth to press his inquiries and power beyond the control of any government. His operations are global, and no one is too high-placed for him to call on the carpet.

The Peron dictatorship in Argentina, for example, perfected a snide technique in 1954 for subsidizing star oarsmen, boxers, and trackmen. Licenses to import expensive U.S.-built cars, duty-free, were removed from government files and secretly assigned to the athletes. Selling the licenses made them rich.

Suave denials of the practice balked earlier investigators. But Brundage, digging relentlessly behind the scenes, drew a confession from a Peron official.

"That racket will stop," he ordered, "or Argentina won't compete in the next Olympics."

"But the gifts *must* be accepted. President Peron would be furious if they refused," was the reply.

"Then tell Peron to read the rules on what may be given an amateur. Which is not a nickel!" said Brundage. "In Olympic affairs, Peron has no more authority than the stadium janitor."

More than half of Argentina's Olympic squad were barred from the '56 Games. Learning that even dictators can't buck Brundage, a new administration has since corrected the situation.

There was a cynical saying that an amateur is one who never accepts a check, to which now has been added: "But even if he's slipped cash, he isn't safe from Bloodhound Brundage."

In 1955, certain congressmen accused Russia of developing a class of state-subsidized star athletes. Posing as amateurs, they had won most of the European titles. And this "made it impossible for the United States to compete on the field of Olympic fair play with the USSR."

"Hypocrisy!" cried Brundage. "Our own Army and State Department have set up special camps to train hand-picked athletes. These get private training, federal financing, and are sent on tour from Europe to the Orient. We're no better than those we accuse—worse, in fact, because we should know better."

In October, America's greatest miler, Wes Santee, was charged with accepting $1,500 above allowable expenses for appearing in seven West Coast meets as a junketing Marine Corps runner. Santee denied it and his local Amateur Athletic Union board exonerated him.

Nearly two months later, a wan-faced Santee stood before a higher AAU jury in New York. This time he was convicted of the charge—and eventually admitted receiving $10,000 in a single season. The evidence incriminated a dozen of the country's leading promoters, from Boston to Los Angeles.

Santee was suspended as an amateur for life, and today a reform wave is sweeping big-time track and field. Profiteers fear they may be next on the list of the bulky figure behind the Santee explosion.

"Almost alone, Brundage prevented a whitewash of Santee," say insiders. "When that man starts digging, nothing is buried too deep for him to turn up."

To ride herd on roughly 20,000,000 "amateur" athletes, many of them seeking a sly way to cash in, requires stupendous energy. Brundage has three offices—in Chicago; Lausanne, Switzerland; and Santa Barbara, California—where, seven days a week, he pores through voluminous reports from observers throughout the world. One such report alerted him to the case of Barbara Ann Scott and the yellow convertible.

Ecstatic because Miss Scott had won the international figure-skating championship, Ottawa citizens bought a brand new Buick convertible for their heroine. The keys were about to be handed over at an elaborate ceremony when Brundage warned:

"If she accepts those keys, she's all through as an Olympian. She'll never again skate on amateur ice."

Canada erupted. "Pompous, bloated badgewearer," "Slavery Avery" and "bumbling bluenose" were some of the more innocuous things he was called. Amidst the abuse, Brundage observed mildly: "They've missed one thing—they forgot to hang me in effigy."

Sixteen Canadian towns at once did so. But their ice queen surrendered the convertible.

A MYSTIC to many, totally unrealistic to others, Brundage becomes understandable when you look back at the Berlin Olympics of 1936. At Berlin, the Nazis assumed they would command the stage. When a German shotputter won a gold medal, trumpets blared and the hero was paraded to Adolf Hitler's box for a special award.

Brown shirts armed to the teeth surrounded the Fuehrer. It seemed neither the time nor place to challenge his wishes.

But Count Baillet-Latour of France, then Olympic president, and Brundage at once confronted Hitler. "There will be no such demonstration," they ordered. "These Games express peace, good will, not political propaganda."

"But I am in my own house!" stormed Hitler. "No one directs me here!"

"We do," the two calmly answered. "When the Olympic flag flies over the stadium, it becomes sacred soil where only we are masters."

On threat of canceling the festival, they forced Hitler to stalk from the arena—beaten on his home grounds.

"Amateur sport," says Brundage, "is a pure concept supported by all the peoples of the world. It is above profit, suppression, politics, intolerance, self-seeking. It points the way for all men toward peace. And I'll fight until I die to keep it from being polluted."

"Mr. Olympics" is one of the most curious personalities of our day. He can oust a crooked promoter from some sporting back alley one day; discuss Chinese sculpture the next. He can cuss like the bricklayer he once was. But he is equally proficient at a Buckingham Palace reception.

His burly body is as rigidly held as any general's. He "plays" on an audience by insulting, then uplifting it. Recently, he addressed a crowd of Britishers.

"Your pronunciation bothers me," he began. "I suspect those who say 'shed-ule' for the word 'schedule' haven't attended the right 'shool'."

But the hostile Britons cheered him when he finished on the theme: "Without the playing fields of Eton, where gentlemen pioneered the idea of building courage and honor without thought of personal reward, there would be no sport worth saving today."

Having attained wealth, Brundage enjoys it to the hilt. His 30-room mansion is on a vast estate known as "La Pineda" in Santa Barbara, California. It contains, among other art treasures, the world's foremost collection of Chinese bronzes.

Brundage never walks, he sprints; and he puts in an 18-hour day which keeps two secretaries and a personal assistant trotting in his wake.

Born in Detroit, in 1887, Brundage took a job as a laborer at 12 when his parents separated, leaving him on his own. He put himself through the University of Illinois. While there he was not only track champion but also editor of the campus literary magazine, an honor student in philosophy, psychology and civil engineering. He competed for the U. S. in the pentathlon and decathlon at the 1912 Olympics in Stockholm.

Ten years after he started a one-man contracting company on a shoestring, he won the contract to build the Ford Motor Company's 16-acre plant in Chicago.

Inspired by sports' ability to level tyranny, Brundage placed his bankroll at the call of the Olympic movement. He refuses to accept a cent of expenses from the *Comité Olympique*. Each year he pays $30,000 to $40,000 traveling and office cost.

Just weeks before the Olympic Games opened in Melbourne last year, they seemed fated to be canceled. Nations sympathizing with invaded Hungary and with Arab states fighting the Suez war dropped out, refusing to mingle with Russia or the West.

As the boycott spread, Brundage sent cables to all countries. "We all recoil in horror at the savage slaughter, but is that a reason for destroying the small nucleus of international good will we have created on Olympic fields? If our sports are stopped every time the politicians violate the laws of humanity, from wherever can come understanding?"

The Hungarian Olympians flew to Melbourne, dramatic proof that one way remains toward universal amity. The boycott collapsed. A record 69 countries (Russia included) competed on friendly terms while elsewhere bombs blasted.

"Avery Brundage and his helpers should get the Nobel Peace Prize for that," said the Duke of Edinburgh.

In a strange shift, the man-of-all-brickbats suddenly found himself hailed as a leading world citizen. But, to him, a bigger moment came when he met a group composed of Czechs, Jews, Japanese, Poles, Swedes, Hungarians, Greeks and Germans at the Olympic Village.

"Mr. Brundage, how wonderful it would be if all people could have such an experience as this," they earnestly told him. "Then there could be no hard feelings and few walls between peoples, let alone wars."

Bloodhound Brundage doesn't think he is wasting his time.

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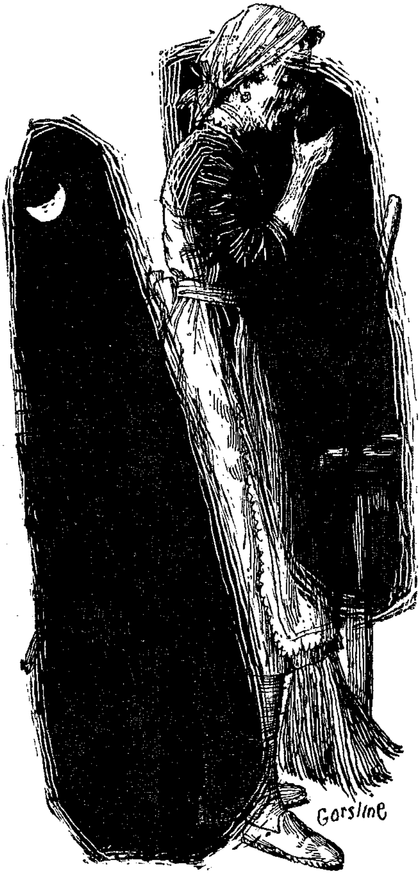
INDIAN SUMMER: That period between World Series drawings and football pools.

—*Wall Street Journal*

The chambermaid and the diamond thieves

by Burton Benjamin



On the Sunday morning of December 19, 1926, a chambermaid named Suzanne Schlitz was cleaning a guest's room at the small, dingy Hôtel Metropole in the Boulevard de Strasbourg in Paris. She was pursuing her task with sleepy disinterest when she noticed a big red apple in an open wardrobe.

During the last two months, the gentleman who occupied the room had had considerable fruit about. Surely he would not miss this one apple. She lifted it to her mouth and bit.

The effect was shattering. One of the astonishing things is that it did not shatter half of Mme. Schlitz's teeth. For, with a cry of pained surprise, she saw inside the apple a dazzling heart-shaped object an inch long and half an inch wide.

Suzanne Schlitz stared at the jewel in disbelief. She did not know it, but in one bite she had solved the Grand Condé diamond robbery—the largest gem theft in the history of France.

One evening a little over two months before, two young men had gotten off the train from Paris at the race course station in Chantilly, a favorite Parisian resort celebrated for its château, its 17th century park, and as the scene of the annual races of the French Jockey Club. The two young men were Leon Kauffer, 29, and Emile Souter, 20, both Alsatians.

Kauffer, who professed to be a wounded World War I veteran, was a burly man with thick, black hair and a square face. He had been working sporadically as a rabbit-fur dealer in Strasbourg.

Souter, who had been released

from the French Army the previous summer after serving in the Moroccan campaign, was shorter and frailer, with a pointed face, high cheekbones and an appealing boyish look.

The two men left the railroad station and slipped into the race course grounds. They had been there before, and knew their way around. Beside the deserted grandstand they located what they had counted on finding—two long ladders. Shortly before two in the morning they carried the ladders through the darkness to the famous château of the late Duc d'Aumale, a national museum and one of the foremost tourist attractions of the area.

IN THE Treasure Tower of this old Renaissance château were collected some of the finest jewels, paintings and *objets d'art* in France. Among them was one of the magnificent jewels of the world, the 50-carat Grand Condé diamond, a great heart-shaped stone that threw off sparkles of brilliant, chilling light.

The château was a citadel of moats and towers. The Treasure Tower with its Room of Gems stood on an island, with a separate drawbridge over a moat providing the only access. This bridge was raised at night, and the château walls rose straight up without any projections.

So secure was the château considered that only one watchman was on duty at night and it was not deemed necessary to make any rounds from two to five in the morning. This Kauffer and Souter knew.

They threw the longer of their ladders across the moat and, using it as a foot bridge, crossed to the base of the Treasure Tower. Then they pulled it after them, tied the two ladders together and Souter scrambled up to the window of the Room of Gems. With a small hammer he boldly smashed the pane of heavy plate glass and slid inside. Kauffer climbed the ladder and joined him.

The two young men stood there for a moment, gasping at the treasure trove before them, some of the rarest jewels in France. But they did not hesitate long. With their hammers, they smashed the glass lids of the cases and began stuffing the jewels into their pockets and a small bag.

They selected the fabulous rose diamond, the Grand Condé, and others of the least bulky and most valuable items.

Within an hour the job was completed, and they left as they had come. After crossing the moat, they threw the ladders into the water, strolled casually back to the race course station and caught the 4 A.M. train to Paris.

Upon arrival, they went directly to the Metropole and checked in, taking separate rooms. Their plan was to wait until the excitement had blown over and then sell their loot through sources they already had established in the city.

The robbery was discovered later that morning and the police immediately notified. Before nine o'clock, M. Chiappe, director of the Sûreté Générale, arrived with a party of crack detectives. News of the theft was flashed to police and jewelry experts all over the world; and instructions were issued to guard all frontiers against any attempt to remove these treasures of France from the country.

The usual reports and rumors connected with all great robberies dutifully appeared. It was reported with certainty that the police were able to calculate, on the basis of clear fingerprints and footprints, that at least four persons were implicated.

A small saw was found near the starting post at the race track, and a tree, stripped of its branches, was taken from the moat with the two ladders. Police deduced that the thieves used the saw to fell the tree which then was used to bridge the moat. Marked on the saw in crayon was the inscription "U 9" which was expected to prove helpful in finding the merchant who sold it.

The list of the loot had an intriguing exotic quality:

The Grand Condé diamond, from the famed Golconda Mines of India, surrounded by pearls cut in facets. Once owned by the celebrated French general, Prince de Condé, Louis II of Bourbon. Worth perhaps half a million dollars.

The cross of diamonds which King Joseph gave Baron Aymard after the battle of Talavera. The diamond-studded dagger which the Bey of Tunis gave the Duc d'Aumale in 1846.

A diamond-set war belt formerly the property of the Bey of Tunis. A dagger of Abd-el-Kader ornamented with pearls, rubies and other stones taken at Smali in 1843. The cross of the Legion of Honor set with diamonds given to Baron Aymard by Napoleon in 1809. And many other historic items.

Once the staggering catalog was published, there was a rush by the press to corner any expert who might provide some comment or enlightenment.

In Paris, the noted Pierre Cartier said that the Condé undoubtedly would be cut into smaller stones for disposal, probably in Amsterdam where the Russian crown jewels had been sent by the Soviet government for recutting and sale abroad.

Gordon C. McCarthy, chief of the detective service in Europe for American Express, questioned that the job had been done by French crooks or master cracksmen, maintaining it looked like the work of amateurs to him.

As the case boiled, simmered and then began to cool, Kauffer and Souter remained quietly in the Metropole, fingering their riches and waiting. They were circumspect in their behavior, paid their bills in advance. They had few visitors.

In fact, there were only two noticeable things about them. They were fond of taking long walks at night and once were seen leaning over the balustrades of one of the bridges. And they displayed an extreme fondness for fruit, always having apples and oranges in their rooms.

The fruit was Kauffer's idea. It was not bought out of appetite but out of fear—of the Grand Condé. They were afraid to leave it in the hotel and afraid to take it out with them.

Kauffer conceived the idea of hiding the Condé in an apple. A section was carefully cut out, the diamond inserted, and the section replaced. This was done regularly so their ingenious hiding place would always be fresh.

Meanwhile, the two Alsatians contacted a woman jeweler named Maria Schill, their "fence." Kauffer had previously sold her some gold clippings that had been cut off a church plate he had stolen. She agreed to handle some of the jewels and suggested they see a certain Polish diamond merchant and used-furniture dealer, who might dispose of others.

Neither Mme. Schill nor the diamond merchant would touch the Grand Condé. It was much too easily recognizable, and they knew of no diamond cutter who would help them to change its face.

Kauffer and Souter removed some of the diamonds and threw their centuries-old settings into the Seine. Two daggers and a war belt were also jettisoned as too incriminating. This kept them busy at the bridges for several nights.

They then took the unencumbered diamonds to their fences, who did not have to be told how vulnerable their customers were. Diamonds weighing 75 carats and a kilogram and a half of gold were bought by the diamond merchant for 30,000 francs ($1,200), although the gold alone was worth 25,000 francs by weight. He resold the diamonds for 40,000 francs ($1,600). Maria Schill also bought some of their loot for equally absurd prices.

This was the situation when chambermaid Suzanne Schlitz bit into her fateful apple. After recovering from the shock, she debated for a while whether to forget the whole incident, thus concealing her indiscretion, or to reveal what had happened. She finally decided to confess, and her employer called the police.

The officers who responded took one look at the diamond and rushed it to M. Chiappe, director of the Sûreté. He recognized it immediately as the Condé.

Two detectives hurried to search Kauffer's room. Along with the remaining treasures they found a number of plans of private country residences and châteaux. Encouraged by the success of their first big exploit, the two thieves apparently were planning others.

Later that morning, Kauffer returned to his room. With the two detectives now was a police commissioner. His first question was: "Do you like apples?"

Kauffer, dumbfounded, answered: "Why?"

"You have one with queer seeds in it," replied the commissioner.

Kauffer nearly collapsed. Then he made a clean breast of the whole affair and told the police that his compatriot, Souter, would be coming to see him at noon. Souter arrived, and was arrested on the spot. The day was doubly memorable for him. It was his 21st birthday.

During their trial in June of 1927 at Beauvais Court of Assizes, the defense lawyers developed a curious rationale for the acts of Kauffer and Souter. According to their theory, the motive for the theft was humanitarian: the two Alsatians had decided that the Condé served no great human purpose in its showcase at the museum. They would carry it away and sell it, applying the proceeds toward the foundation of a

It's the key to zestful living . . . Many of us lack it, others revel in its abundance. Here are the scientific facts that tell how to preserve and increase your share of that wondrous force . . .

HUMAN ENERGY

by Martin L. Gross

VITAL, 88-year-old Frank Lloyd Wright recently spoke about the daily adventure of living in the closing years of his ninth decade. "If I felt any better," said the architectural genius, "I don't think I could stand it." Yet today millions of people less than half this sprightly patriarch's age find it a struggle to muster sufficient strength just to get through 24 hours.

A rising young executive in his middle 30s, for instance, no longer has the "go" that made his meteoric rise possible. Once-enthusiastic housewives in their late 20s and early 30s, along with otherwise healthy men in their 40s and even early 30s, notice an ebbing of that feeling of well-being that once made life a meaningful experience.

For no apparent reason they are prematurely lethargic, sometimes complain of heart palpitations and muscular aches their physicians cannot diagnose, and often become tired out by the simplest tasks. Actually, they lack energy—the power that runs the human machine and is often the key to successful living.

This intricate human machine is normally efficient in converting fuel (food) into body energy, and utilizing what it has produced. Its fuels are sugar and oxygen. When burned together they create power much like an engine.

The food we eat—either readily absorbable carbohydrates, or complex proteins and fats—is not ready for burning, and must be broken down by the saliva and intestinal juices. The result of the breakdown of starch or sugar is glucose—a simple sugar found naturally in grape sugar—which is the body's basic fuel. It is absorbed directly from the intestines into the bloodstream where, with submicroscopic amounts of oxygen held loosely in place by our red corpuscles, it travels to every cell of the human machine.

In these billions of miniature chemical factories, the glucose and oxygen are burned into carbon dioxide and water, releasing energy as calories of heat. This union is accomplished in our bodies by enzymes, complex organic substances now thought to contain the key to life itself.

The body spends what energy it needs to keep the machine running, and wisely stores a surplus for a biologic rainy day. Thus the puffing commuter who races to catch the 8:52 is actually drawing on an ingenious energy warehouse designed by the body.

More than a pound of sugar fuel is stored—mainly in the liver—in the form of animal starch (glycogen). On the body's call, this is instantly converted back to glucose and released into the bloodstream when an unusual spurt of energy is required.

The body's intricate mechanism, like any machine, seems to wear with age. As we grow older, our energy reserves decrease, we need more rest, and live by a slower tempo. But why some people burn themselves out quicker and approach "middle-age slowdown" prematurely has been a medical puzzle only now beginning to yield to research.

The typical victim, a 40-year-old businessman who should be in the prime of life, visited his family doctor and complained of vague chest and muscle pains and a decided lack of energy. He especially found it hard to get up in the morning.

After a thorough medical check up for major illness or infection, the doctor pronounced him "fit," and diagnosed the energy lack as "psychoneurotic" in origin. He prescribed a two-week vacation, more rest or a change of job.

Today we know better than brand all such people neurotics. But the physician was expressing one truism: the intimate relationship between the brain, the nervous system and human energy.

The brain is only 2 per cent of the body by weight, but it uses 23 per cent of our oxygen and large amounts of sugar. It cannot afford to deprive itself, for without this fuel the brain—and the body—dies in about eight minutes.

The average adult male of 160 pounds uses up approximately 1,800 calories of energy per day just in maintaining the "steady state"—the operation of his organs, breathing, etc. The remainder produced, generally between 1,000 to 2,000 calories, is used for productive muscular and mental work or squandered in tensions, frustrations, anxieties, and boredom.

Instead of contracting muscles only for work, tense people often keep one muscle contracted against another, especially in the back of the neck and scalp and the lower back regions. It not only uses up energy but causes pain.

Anxious people, it has been found, not only expend more energy in doing a job, but use twice as much energy relaxing *after* it has been completed.

The classic case of brain-frustrated energy is boredom. Researchers have had few clues to this quandary except the logical hint that it is somehow related to the brain's tremendous consumption of body fuel.

However, work at the University of Califorinia at Los Angeles and other institutions points to a portion of the brain, the RAS, as the possible culprit. The RAS, Reticular Activating System, screens stimuli to the brain, keeping out useless messages and alerting the mind when necessary. Under continuous monotony, including the boredom of a dull job or excessive housework, it is believed that the RAS keeps the brain only partially awake—thereby throttling the brain messages needed to mobilize the body's energy.

Another factor in determining how much energy we have is the thyroid, a pink, butterfly-like, two-inch gland just behind the Adam's apple and astride the windpipe. This one ounce of complex protoplasm controls the rate our cells consume oxygen and create energy. Its function is measured by what is called the "basal metabolic rate."

Looking into the question of thyroid function, Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, in 1951, studied 1,000 patients and found 138 had "lazy" thyroids. Three years later Dr. Bernard A. Watson, head of the Metabolic Service of the Clifton Springs Clinic, New York, published a report of six years' research on the energy-sick people. He found 200 men and women with a common energy-lack pattern. They woke up weary and dulled after a night's sleep, gaining strength as the day went on—except for an occasional mid-afternoon setback.

With an average metabolism rate of minus 13, these patients were still within the normal range of plus 15 to minus 15, yet they had never been diagnosed for what Dr. Watson called "twilight" or mild thyroid deficiency. The doctor treated them with a thyroid extract Proloid; and in over 90 per cent of the cases there was a dramatic return of the patient's strength and well-being.

Recently, physiologists have discovered amazing chemical links between energy and nervous tension, including the fact that anxiety actually reduces the amount of glucose we absorb into our bloodstream. Also it has been found that energy lack has been due to excess insulin in the blood of some people with anxiety and depression.

ENERGY to most of us means muscular energy, the point at which we expend it. This is created by the rapid explosive-like union of sugar and oxygen in the muscles. Like the brain, muscles are demanding. When working, sugar consumption can go up 15 times. While it takes barely a cupful of oxygen per minute to run the body at rest, strenuous muscular work can use as much as *six gallons a minute.*

Exercise is vital to energy—the wrong kind can destroy it, the proper kind can create it. Dr. D. B. Hill of Harvard recently confirmed what athletic coaches have known for decades: that a well-exercised group of muscles uses less oxygen and therefore less calories of energy for a given job. Exercise can almost double human horsepower by increasing a person's usual 20 to 25 per cent muscular efficiency to close to the 40 per cent of some trained athletes.

The sedentary office manager, however, who rakes his garden for 20 hours one weekend after an exerciseless winter will find he has less energy for his efforts. Such *irregular* exercise can sometimes even destroy many of his red blood cells and keep him spiritless for days.

People are constantly surprised at becoming tired from what they consider very little activity. However, recent research has uncovered startling figures on energy consumption. Just standing, says a Columbia University report, increases our energy consumption by 18 per cent—while bad posture can waste up to twice as many calories.

The body has a masterful system for providing a tremendous surge of energy in emergencies. A young father, for instance, glances up from his gardening to see an onrushing car bearing down on his six-year-old son who stands transfixed in the middle of the street. In a split second, by a series of instantaneous chemical reactions, the father wishes for and receives the power of an Olympic runner.

Inside the medulla (inner core) of the two small adrenal glands that ride astride the kidneys, the powerful hormone adrenalin is instantly released. The adrenalin courses through the bloodstream to all parts of the body. In the liver, it releases the stored surplus of energy sugar. The spleen multiplies its supply of red cells to carry oxygen in the blood. The adrenalin opens the air passage to the lungs, bringing in more oxygen, and speeds the heart to pump the sugar and oxygen around faster.

Meanwhile, the blood vessels of the muscles open wide to welcome this spurt of nourishment, and figuratively explode in a charge of human horsepower. And the father finds that his supercharged legs have carried his child to safety.

The body also has a natural emergency system for the long haul. In extended periods of stress, energy is also mobilized by the glucocorticoids, cortisone-like hormones secreted by the cortex (outer layer) of the adrenals. They help absorb glucose from the intestines, aid the creation of body energy from proteins and build up our muscular endurance.

On the other hand, we Americans have acquired certain bad habits that dampen our energy, the worst of which, oddly enough, is probably our traditional three big meals a day. Yale physiologists, seeking a clue to energy-lack, studied a group of subjects and discovered that their blood sugar and muscular efficiency reached a peak an hour after every meal—then fell sharply off. By putting their volunteers on four to five evenly spaced smaller meals a day, the researchers found that they had much more energy for longer and more constant periods.

Some people eat light breakfasts and lunches, hoping to make up for it at dinnertime. Instead, they have weak periods during the day from this insufficient food intake, and then become sluggish after an excessively heavy evening meal. The reason for this is that large meals rob us of energy by shunting blood sugar from the muscles and brain into the stomach and intestines where energy is needed to digest the food—leaving us weak and drowsy.

We are much better off eating four smaller meals, or three medium-sized meals with pick-up snacks at 10:30 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Since eating sugar in chocolate, fruits, or drinks, can supply quick, powerful bursts of energy, it was believed years ago that the body derived power only from carbohydrates. But today we know that it requires all three main foods: carbohydrates for quick daily energy, fats for stored energy, and protein for the building of protoplasm which can be converted into energy during long-term emergencies when the body burns itself up to live.

Nutritionists recommend for the average male: 120 grams (480 calories) of protein daily, 480 grams (1920 calories) of carbohydrates, and 90 grams (810 calories) of fat; a total of 3,210 calories.

Research in the field of vitamins has been extremely helpful in promoting well-being. "It is not generally realized, but vitamins are actually co-enzymes that work within every cell of the body," explains Dr. Robert Goodhart, Scientific Director of the National Vitamin Foundation. "The B complex vitamins, especially, are essential to body metabolism and energy."

Years ago many people suffered from primary vitamin deficiency, such as pellegra in the South, from the lack of niacin in the diet. Today the problem is more one of "hidden" vitamin deficiencies that relate to our absorption of food and the fact that some people's body chemistry requires more vitamins than others. They are often receiving only borderline amounts from what they believe is a full diet.

Help in the case of vitamin deficiency is handy—in bottles. Most vitamin capsules contain all the B group—vital to pep and energy—and are available in light doses as a dietary supplement, and in "therapeutic" doses to make up for a definite deficiency.

The boom in synthetic vitamins has helped create a new group of drugs called "physiological supplements," which seem to help many middle-aged and older people who are slowing down too quickly. These supplements contain all the vitamins, plus minerals, amino acids and, in some cases, digestive enzymes and sex hormones.

The sex hormones, when administered in mild doses in both female (estrogen) and male (androgen) forms mixed, have in some cases given new pep and energy to aging people. The hormones, physiologists have found, are important metabolic agents and tissue builders. Some drug firms have mixed sex hormones and thyroid as an over-all pick-up for energyless men and women in their 50s and 60s—but they caution against indiscriminate use.

Various stimulants have immediate effects on our energy output. Caffeine stimulates the brain, helps muscles to work more easily, deepens breathing, increases the heart beat. Cola drinks and tea, both of which contain caffeine, have a similar, but lesser, effect on the body.

Stimulants made news recently at the American Medical Association convention in New York when Dr. Herbert Berger implied they were responsible for the recent "four-minute miles" run by several track stars. The energy-lifters which he referred to include Dexedrine and amphetamine (Benzedrine). They somewhat duplicate the body's natural emergency system by stimulating the nerves to produce *sympathin,* a substance that acts like adrenalin. The person using these drugs feels stronger, more aggressive and more optimistic—until the drug wears off and he sinks into a fatiguing depression.

What about smoking and drinking? What kind of "life" do they provide? Alcohol, like food, acts as a body fuel. It goes directly from the stomach into the blood and is burned for energy. This accounts for the early feeling of well-being. But alcohol, in the case of the occasional drinker, at least, depresses the nervous system and has a tiring effect.

Smoking has the same paradoxical reaction. At first, nicotine in cigarette smoke increases the pulse and possibly the flow of sugar-laden blood to the brain, providing a pleasant temporary lift. The chain smoker, however, fills his blood with waste carbon dioxide which cuts down his oxygen-carrying capacity and may make him chronically listless.

We can help ourselves to new energy by proper rest, vitamins, bright mental attitude, good eating habits, regular medical checks, proper diet, and judicious use of our muscular energy. Our body appreciates any help we can give it. But, even at our point of lowest energy, we should not for an instant forget to bless this amazing human machine that never stops creating and expending the energy that keeps us going throughout our lives.

In Good Company

WHEN BISHOP Fulton J. Sheen registered at a Minneapolis hotel, he filled out a card at the desk. After the word "representing" he wrote: "Good Lord and Company."

—*Minneapolis Tribune*

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Human Comedy

A CLERK in an airline office in Los Angeles recently answered the phone and heard a thick voice say:

"Wouldja pleash tell me how much it costs to fly to San Diego?"

"Twelve dollars, sir," replied the girl.

"O.K.—just a minute, operator," answered the tipsy one.

Suddenly there came a series of heavy and light rings as the caller, blissfully unaware of the girl's protests, dutifully dropped the money in the pay telephone slot.

—*A.M.A. Journal*

OLD CY PERKINS had the habit of always prophesying great calamities and his friends were growing a little weary of it. One day he was predicting to a disgusted listener that a great famine was coming soon, and dolefully added:

"And what would you say, my friend, if in a short time the rivers in our country would all dry up?"

"I'd say," was the tired answer, "go thou and do likewise."

—ROY A. BRENNER

THAT DAY little Walter, aged six, had been in even more trouble than usual. He started by climbing on our six-foot fence and nearly falling off. Then, after being rescued, he tried crawling under the gate (it was locked) and got stuck. Finally he succeeded in climbing over the fence and fell into the irrigation ditch. Since the ditch has straight concrete sides and a three-foot depth of swiftly moving water, he would certainly have drowned if our dog, a fine Labrador retriever, hadn't pulled him out.

That night, when he was saying his prayers, Walter added very seriously, "I'm sorry I was such a bad boy. And thank you, God, for my guardian angel putting in so much overtime."

—MRS. WALTER MC CLURE

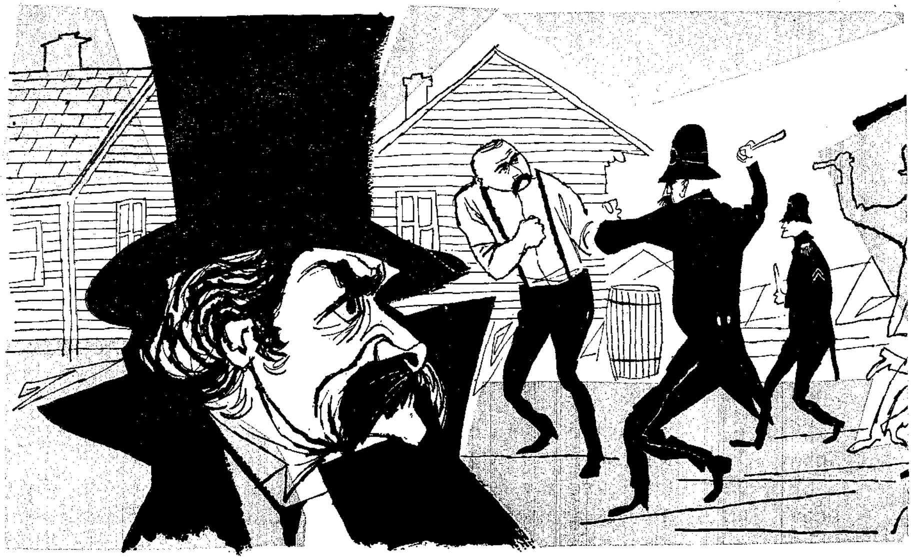
WHILE VISITING Ireland last year, a friend and I rented a small car with right hand steering. Unaccustomed to hugging the left side of the road, I constantly drifted to the right.

Finally, after a very close, hair-raising brush with a bus, my friend got a brilliant idea. At the next village we stopped and had two signs painted in bold, black letters and affixed them to the rear and front bumpers. From then on, the road was ours and we were greeted with knowing smiles wherever we went. The signs read:

"CAUTION!
AMERICAN WOMAN DRIVER."

—ELFRIEDE SCHAUERS

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



by Norman Carlisle

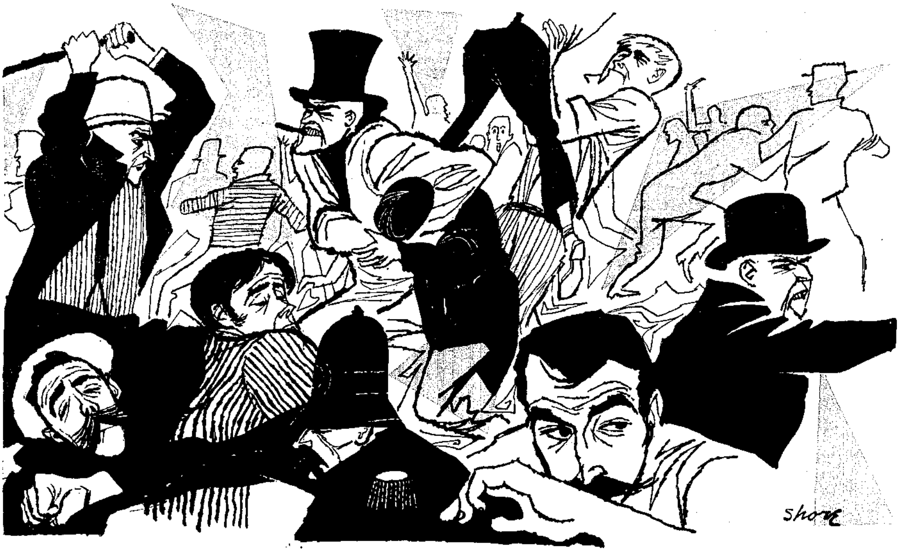
The land he claimed—and fought a shotgun war to hold—was created from a wrecked ship, a refuse dump, the shifting sands of Lake Michigan and his own fighting spirit. This was . . .

The man who seceded from Chicago

RED FACED AND SPLUTTERING, the mayor of Chicago looked up from the astonishing document on his desk that day in April, 1899, and hurriedly summoned the chief of police. Together they studied it in stunned disbelief.

"The Declaration of Independence of the District of Lake Michigan" read its title, and it informed the City of Chicago that a portion of its domain had seceded. And with that the strange struggle known as the Streeterville War was on. . . .

Chicago first became aware of Captain George Wellington Streeter when the crude scow-like steamship on which he had been carrying passengers to and from Milwaukee went aground one stormy night in July, 1886, on a sandbar off Chicago's North Shore. After they were rescued, the Captain and his wife, Maria, stood glumly gazing out at their craft, stranded some 180 feet



offshore. In it were all the savings of ex-tent-show-owner Streeter, and it was plain that the badly sprung boat would never sail again.

No one seeing the Captain, at that moment a ludicrous figure, guessed the role he would play in Chicago. Perched jauntily atop his mane of red hair was the stovepipe hat he wore on all occasions. His leathered face was adorned with a huge drooping mustache. Not a big man, he wore a green frock coat, several sizes too large.

Altogether, the Captain was laughable—until you noticed his eyes, which were blue and fearless; and heard his voice, which could rise to a commanding bellow.

Not a man to be long defeated, the Captain suddenly turned to his wife and asked, "Maria, how would you like to settle down?"

His idea was simple. Build a breakwater around the boat, and a timber and sand causeway across the stretch of shallow water to her, and they'd have a comfortable home without spending a penny for land. Who could complain about their "anchoring" the boat offshore?

Streeter's scheme turned out even better than he expected, for nature lent a helping hand by washing sand in and around the timbered breakwater. The stretch between boat and shore narrowed and became shallower. At that point, the Captain hustled about Chicago and persuaded builders and trash haulers to use these shallows as a dumping ground. Enough responded to provide him with a comfortable livelihood from the fees they paid and the metals he salvaged from their refuse.

If the Captain was at all worried about his rights to the land thus being built up, he did not show it. Nor, for a time, did anyone else.

Then one day an angry man named

N. K. Fairbank came stomping out to the Captain's abode.

"This," he announced, "is my property, and I'll give you one hour to get off it."

Fairbank, who was indeed the legal owner of the land on the shore opposite the boat-that-had-become-a-house, got a rude surprise. Prominently displaying a shotgun, Captain Streeter leaned over the deck rail and bellowed back, "Mister, this here is *my* property and I'll give *you* just one *minute* to get off."

Fairbank shook his fist and hurried away to consult his lawyer, who told him that just maybe this crazy Captain Streeter did have some claim to the land he had made. Anyway, it was a legal problem without precedent and would require a lot of looking up.

Meanwhile, the Captain began selling lots on his land, which had now grown to a substantial 180 acres. And on the North Shore, opposite his strange domain, Chicago millionaires building mansions looked across with horror at the ugly dump ground.

One day the Captain saw six burly men headed toward his house, which by now was known to all and sundry as "the Castle." They announced themselves as deputy sheriffs, come to oust him from his land.

The Captain called to his wife who brought him his shotgun.

"Get going!" he told the men, and hurried their departure with bursts of bird shot.

Shortly after that, police arrived in force and arrested the Captain on a charge of "assault with a deadly weapon." In court, the Captain told the judge, "I was just defending my property. Anyway, the shotgun I had was loaded with bird shot, and that doesn't make it a deadly weapon."

The judge listened gravely, rapped his gavel and pronounced, "Case dismissed."

Chicagoans chuckled over the news that the Captain had worsted the police and the millionaire property owners. Some came to congratulate him in person, which helped the sale of lots around the motley collection of houses and shacks that had now come to be known as Streeterville.

A friend warned the Captain that South Side toughs had been hired by someone to do away with him. When they came, the sting of bird shot sent the invaders away howling. But the Captain knew that whoever had hired the thugs meant business.

In desperation he visited the Federal courthouse and local libraries, and pored through old records. By chance he came upon a map made by the Government surveyor sent out by President Monroe in 1821. Clearly marked on it were the boundaries of Chicago—which showed as water not only Streeterville, but the fringe of the North Shore claimed by the millionaires. Hundreds of acres of "made" land, including the Captain's, had not even been in existence then, and yet the property had not been re-surveyed since 1821. Who *did* own it?

News of this stunned the title companies, which, on a more limited search, had guaranteed the titles of the land on which the mansions were being built.

To the assembled citizenry of

"WHO CAN TELL WHAT A BABY THINKS?"*

Magdalena's first receiving blanket was a tattered tablecloth. Her only other wardrobe consisted of diapers made from threadbare napkins. Magdalena, like many another boy or girl, might have had little better than a potato-and-cabbage diet, a poor hand-me-down wardrobe —if it were not for the generous concern of an American sponsor . . . a sponsor, who through Save the Children Federation, helped provide Magdalena with nourishing food, clean warm clothing, an occasional toy—and the inspiration to her family of a "friend" in America.

*Cradle Song, Josiah Gilbert Holland, 1819-1881

$5 a month to a baby like Magdalena means nourishing food, carefully-sized and selected clothing such as warm underwear, shirts, overalls, snow-suits, yarn, sheeting and blankets. All of these essential items are sent in *your* name. Full information about "your" baby and a photograph will be supplied to you. Your satisfaction is knowing that you can improve the life of a child who needs you. SCF invites you to help *your* child today.

SCF National Sponsors include: Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Herbert Hoover, Henry R. Luce, Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, Norman Rockwell, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman.

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345 East 46th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me my baby's name, story and picture.

I want to sponsor a baby in Greece . . . Korea . . . Finland . . . West Germany . . . Italy . . . France . . . Austria . . . or where the need is greatest. . . . Enclosed is $60 for 1 year . . . $15 for 1st quarter . . . $5 for the 1st month. . . .

I cannot be a sponsor but enclosed is my gift of $. . . .

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Streeterville the Captain announced that their land was not a part of the State of Illinois; and henceforth it would be known as the District of Lake Michigan. On April 5, 1899, he called to order a "Constitutional Convention," which in due course issued the remarkable "Declaration of Independence of the District of Lake Michigan."

Copies went to the mayor of Chicago, and later to President McKinley with the request that the District receive the military protection of the U.S., since it was "threatened by the hostile City of Chicago."

Hardly had the American flag been raised over the Capitol of the District, the Castle, when police rushed into Streeterville and arrested the District Council, the Captain and Maria. As soon as they were taken away to jail, a gang of toughs swarmed over the village and began smashing buildings and ripping down the Castle.

The following day, out on bail, the Captain contemplated the wreckage and announced sadly, "Those bullies tore down the flag of the United States!"

Soon afterward, the body of the Captain's lawyer, Edward Bailey, was found on a lonely road, an empty brief case beside him. His enemies, the Captain cried, had gone to these lengths to steal documents that would have proved once and for all his rights to Streeterville.

Then the police made another attack, this time with a force of 500. District defenders, who had thrown up earthworks and resurrected an old cannon, drove them back with a hail of rocks and bullets. The Captain was captured later when rumors that the police were going to use heavy artillery made his "army" desert him.

But the law could not hold the man in the stovepipe hat and the rusty green coat. He talked his way out of this scrape by proving to the judge that he had not had a thing to do with the firing of the cannon, or any warlike preparations. Then, to the delight of courtroom spectators, he proceeded to win acquittal for his associates. And thousands of Chicagoans crowded the streets to see the Captain and his District Army proudly march back home, the American flag flying above them.

Thus, at the turn of the century, Captain George Wellington Streeter and his fantastic District of Lake Michigan had survived all attacks by police, deputies, title companies and lawyers. The sound of the hammer and saw echoed in Streeterville as its optimistic citizens rebuilt their homes.

BUT RUMORS soon spread that certain interests, tired of the Captain's success, were going to get him with an imported gunman. Whatever the truth, a western gun-toter named John Kirk appeared.

In the night, Kirk and a gang of toughs descended on Streeterville and began firing into houses. When the police arrived, they found the body of John Kirk, neatly shot through the heart.

The Captain was charged with the murder, tried twice, found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment. Overcome by the shock, Maria died.

But again the Captain fooled

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

By James Henry Weston

Finds Healing Substance That Does Both — Relieves Pain — Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all — this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug stores. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

them. In nine months he walked out of prison with a full pardon from the governor of Illinois, who had become convinced, after investigation, that he was innocent.

The Captain returned to Streeterville to build a new brick home on the ruins of the old one. And then, when he was 69, surprised everyone by bringing a bride, a mere girl of 36, to his new Castle. She promptly became known as Ma Streeter, and proved her right to be married to the old battler by personally routing a group of bedeviling deputies with a meat cleaver.

The years went by, with an endless succession of writs, injunctions, court cases and arrests. Somehow the Captain managed to escape every time.

In the fall of 1918, deputies arrived at the Castle and took him and Ma in charge for the last time. While they watched, one of the deputies blew a whistle. At the signal, an army of workmen swarmed into the District. They wrecked the Castle, and touched a match to the rubble.

The Captain, his arm across Ma Streeter's shoulders, walked away from the smoldering ruins with a certain dignity.

"I'll come back," he said defiantly. But he never did. The courts had made their final decision. The District was no more. The land owners on the shore and the mighty title companies had won. The Streeterville War was over.

The Captain died of pneumonia two years later. He would have been happy to see how the people of Chicago turned out for his funeral, at which some of the city's most prominent businessmen acted as pallbearers.

And if he could see Streeterville now, he would probably roar in his great bellowing voice, "I told you the District would amount to something." He would have good reason, for today some of Chicago's great skyscrapers stand on one of the most valuable chunks of real estate on earth—the land that Captain George Wellington Streeter added to the United States.

What Price Luxury?

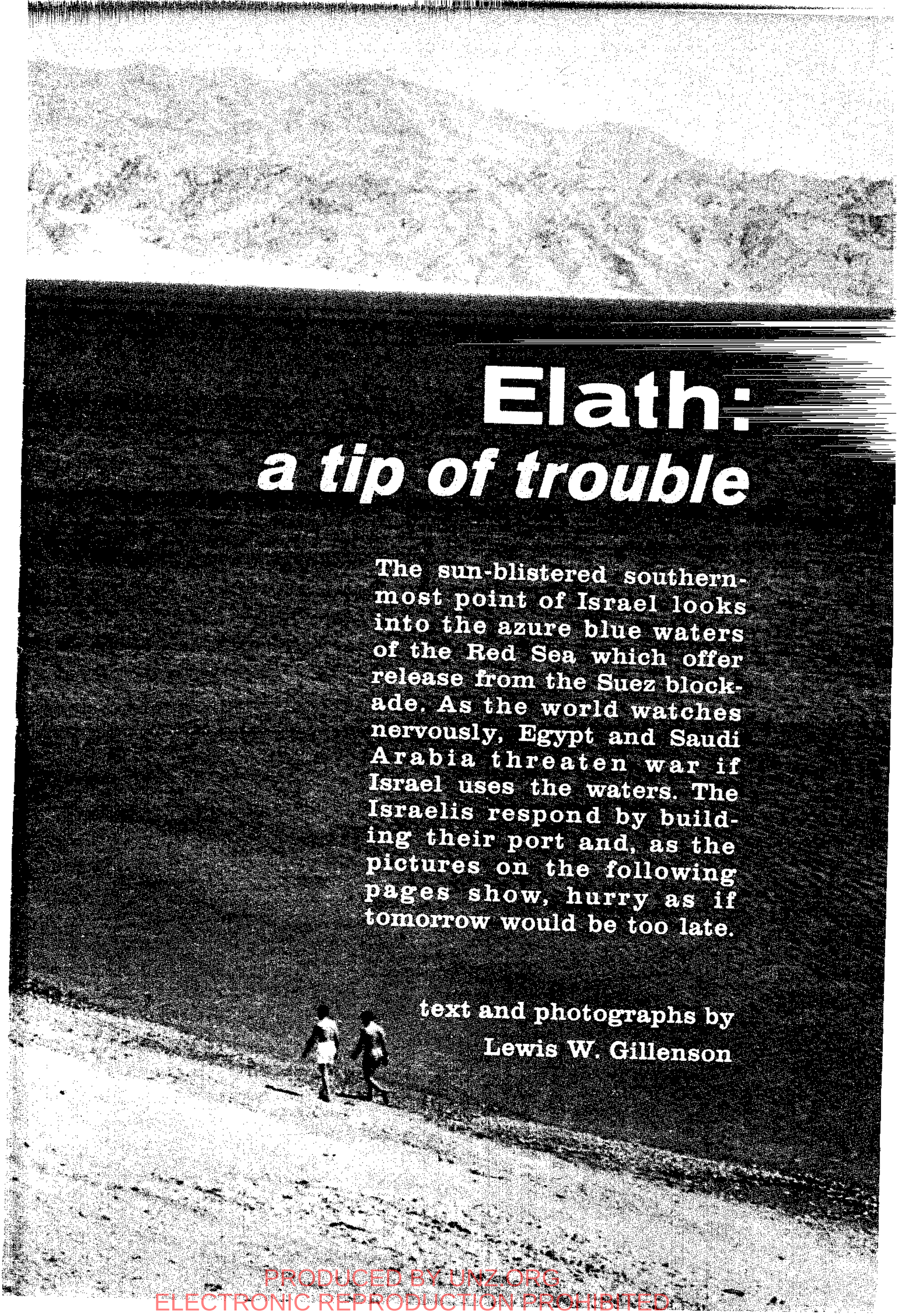
THE CUSTOMERS of an East Coast hairdresser are given a glass of champagne, half of which they drink while the other half is used for the shampoo.

WHEN A CERTAIN New York furrier serves afternoon tea to his clientele, the tea cosies that keep the tea hot are lined with mink.

YOU CAN BUY a solid gold shoe horn at a Fifth Avenue jeweler's for $895.00.

IF YOU GO to the right dentist you can have cultured pearls set in your upper plate.

—NELLIE RYDER GATES



Elath:

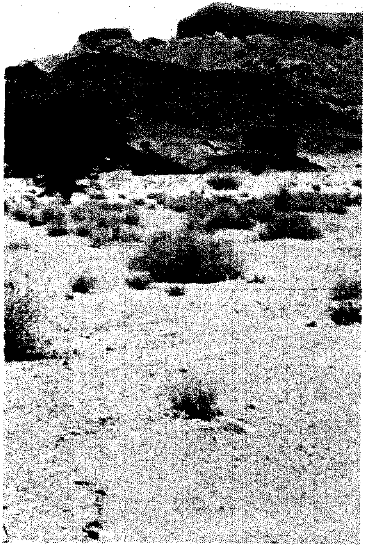
a tip of trouble

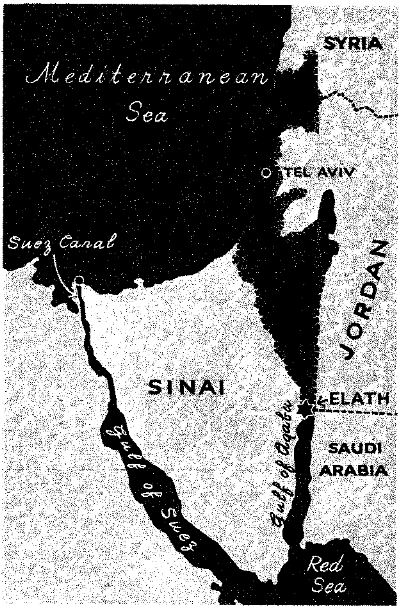
The sun-blistered southernmost point of Israel looks into the azure blue waters of the Red Sea which offer release from the Suez blockade. As the world watches nervously, Egypt and Saudi Arabia threaten war if Israel uses the waters. The Israelis respond by building their port and, as the pictures on the following pages show, hurry as if tomorrow would be too late.

text and photographs by
Lewis W. Gillenson

The crudely bulldozed road to Elath snakes through the blazing Negev, 150 miles south from Beersheba to the sea past grotesque rock erosions.

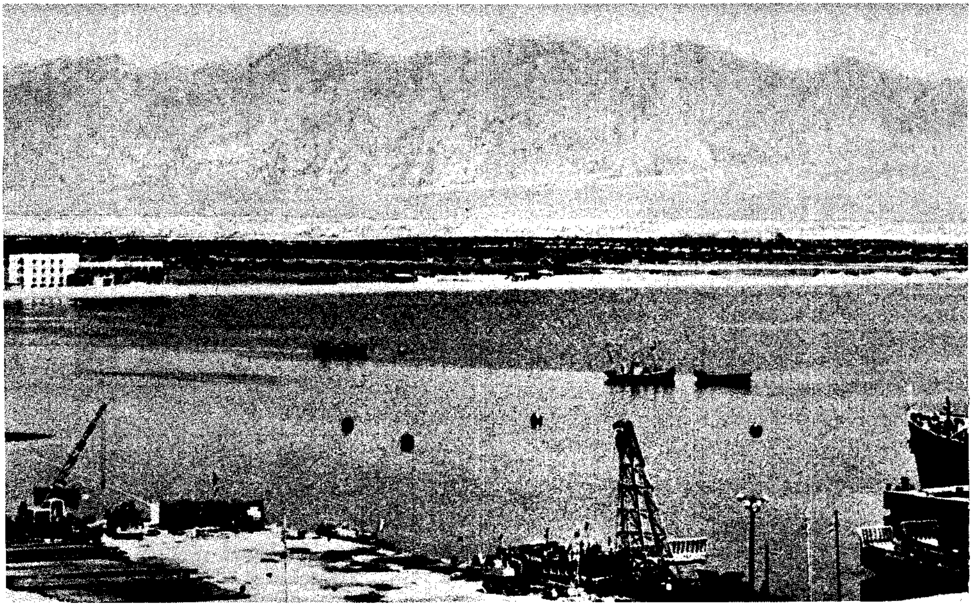
BECAUSE of the Suez blockade, Elath is Israel's only potential life line to the Orient. When Israel acquired the tiny dot of land after the war of 1948, she found there two mud shacks formerly occupied by British police; that and nothing else. Nevertheless Elath had magnificent possibilities as a port. Its waters are deep. Seldom is there a surf or a running tide. And it almost never rains, making storage of freight simple. Before the Suez Canal, before Christianity, Elath was King Solomon's opulent port. In the Negev Desert his slaves mined and smelted mineral riches such as copper from Timna (*above*), and shipped it to the East from Elath. Today Israel plans to do likewise with the same mineral riches the world acutely needs, and exchange for them the riches of the East, especially oil.




SYRIA
Mediterranean Sea
TEL AVIV
Suez Canal
JORDAN
SINAI
ELATH
Gulf of Aqaba
SAUDI ARABIA
Gulf of Suez
Red Sea

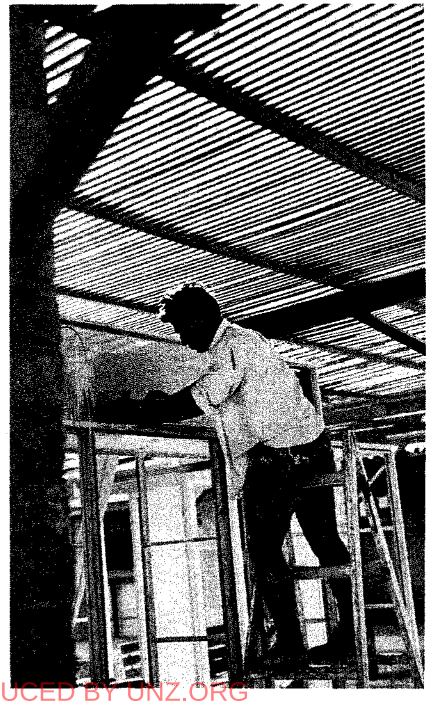
Map shows strategic value of Elath to Israel, denied use of Suez Canal.

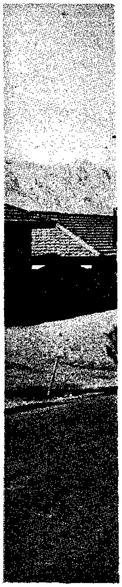
Twice a day heavily armed military jeeps convoy buses on 200-mile trip to Elath from Tel Aviv. Unarmed vehicles are often ambushed as they near converging Arab borders.

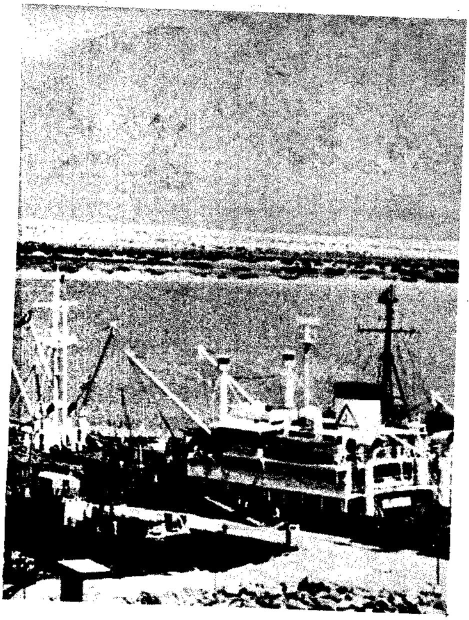


Port faces luxury hotel, now being built, and Arab city of Aqaba on far side. It handles 3,500-ton ships, in future will unload 60,000-ton tankers.

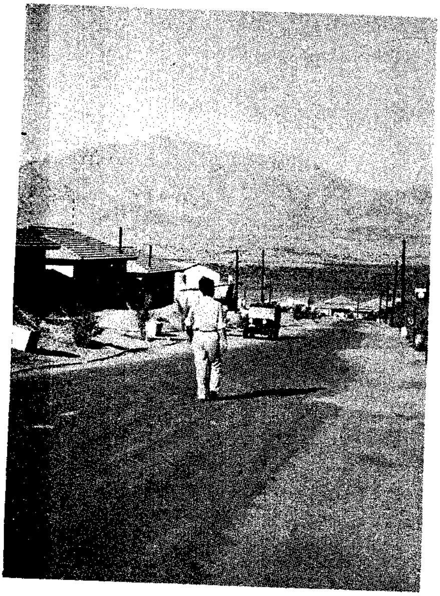
Elath works early and late, rests at midday (up to 120 degrees in summer), builds modern shade housing and wide streets framed by date palms planted in saline soil – and guards against Arab attackers from nearby border







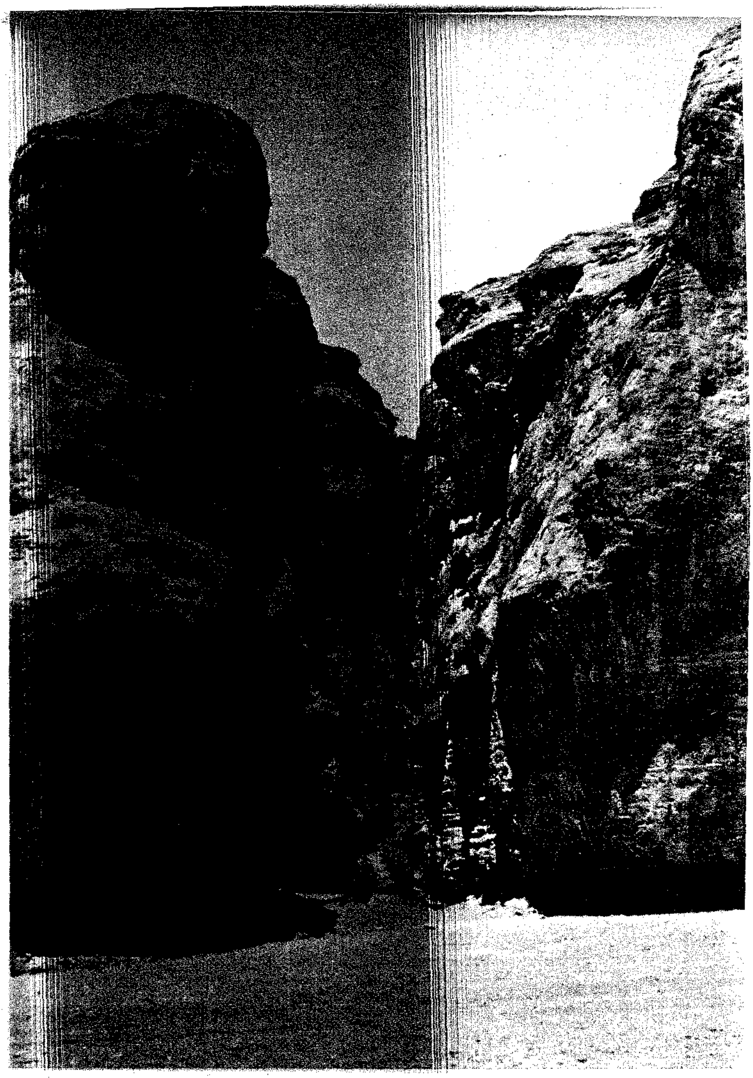
SINCE the Sinai campaign last November, the population of Elath has steadily increased. In 1949 the strip boasted 100 beachcombers. Today in its Wild West boom-town atmosphere live 2,400 adventurous new settlers. By 1958 another 600 homes will rise from the sand. The pioneers working at the new copper smelter, on the docks, on the oil lines, at the diamond-cutting plant and at the fisheries will find steady work, with bonuses for overtime and special tax relief granted those in Israel who labor in danger zones.



Polynesian beachcomber shack with running water is skin-diver Oscar Friedman's brain child. He plans to build tropical hotel colony of 25 more on beach.

The paradox: an area naturally designed for leisure, yet crying for more and more labor

Copper smelter at Timna where slaves of Solomon mined copper in Biblical days is being built with equipment from German reparations.



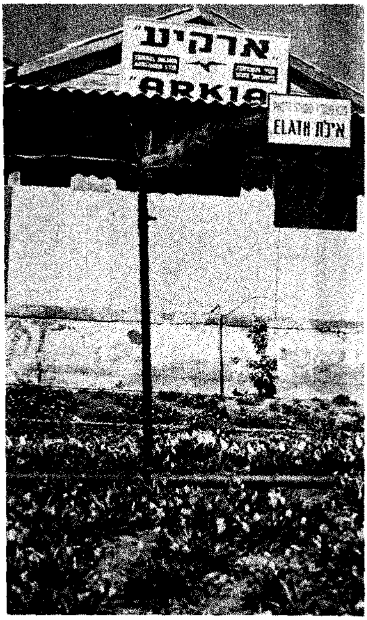
Weirdly carved natural gorges attract tourist explorers.

ELATH's prime reason for development is commerce. But her beautiful beaches, hot, dry climate and brilliant coral wonderworld of the underseas life provide tourists with the best skin-diving coast in the Middle East. Tourist influx demands more construction, provides more jobs and will make Elath a thriving city. In the Middle East, where threats are based on bluffs pitted against the realities of strength, nothing will guarantee the security of Elath more than the *fait accompli* of her existence.

Cement worker Mordecai Rosenberg, born in Hungary, earns $168 a month —far more than he could in Tel Aviv, his home.

Housewife Nina Omer emigrated from Poland to Israel 11 years ago, moved to Elath with her family "for more opportunities."

Oil-line worker Yizhak Harosh, 21, just out of army, says, "This heat is no worse than in Casablanca where I am from."



Airport lawn, only one in Elath, needs constant water piped 25 miles from oasis.

Permanent settlers come for work

Elath is becoming most exciting resort in Israel. Weekend hitchhikers often sleep on cool beach.

Dr. Raphael Confino, 32, left Bulgaria with wife and family. He was only doctor in Elath, works 80-hr. week on salary.

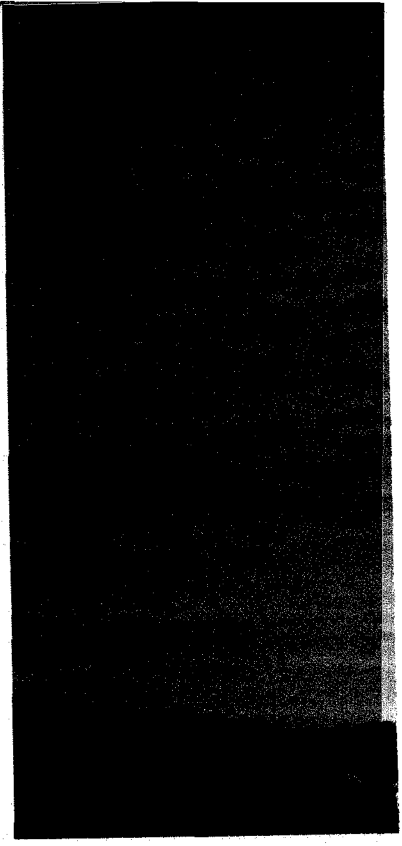
Cement mason Eliyahu Amber, 20, Egyptian born, arrived a year ago. He visits folks in Tel Aviv, finds Elath "exciting."

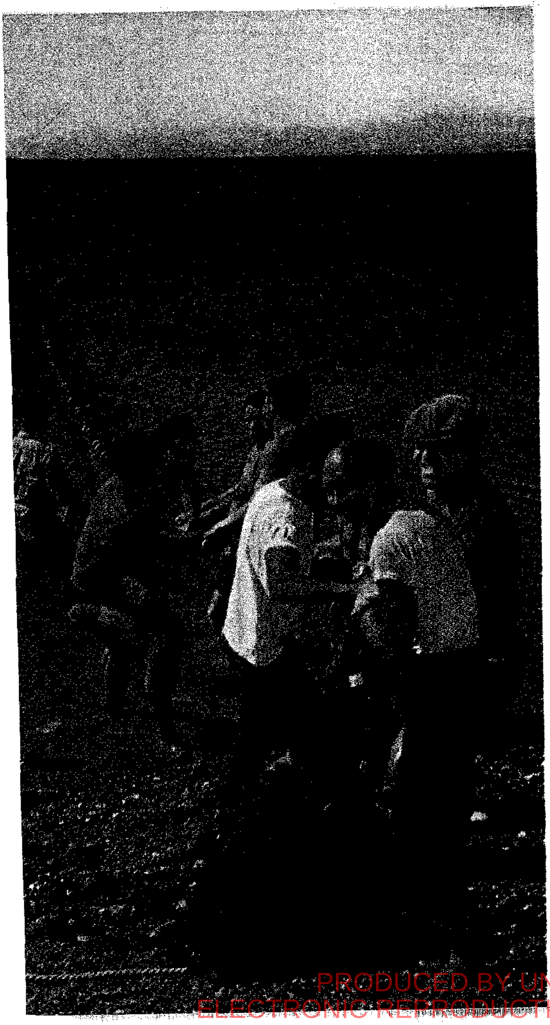
Road worker Reuben Kazeav, 38, Israeli born, has wife and children in Jerusalem, plans year's stay in Elath to save money.

and new opportunities. Tourists come for sun and sand

Eighty-minute flight from Tel Aviv is most popular mode of travel. Planes are 90% booked at all times. Bus trip, by contrast, takes ten grueling hours.

At dusk the sun fairly explodes over the desert in infinite slivers of color, then sets in leisurely splendor



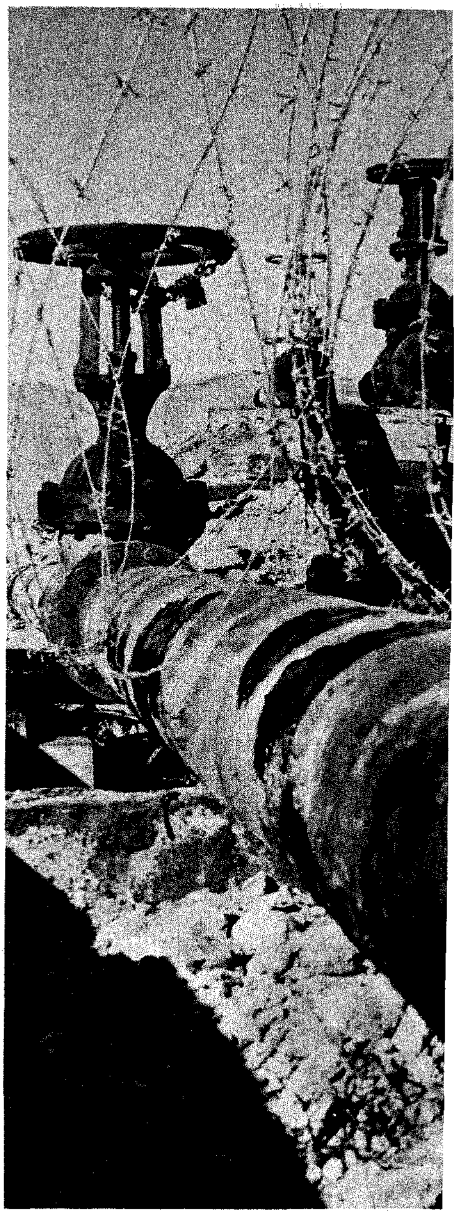


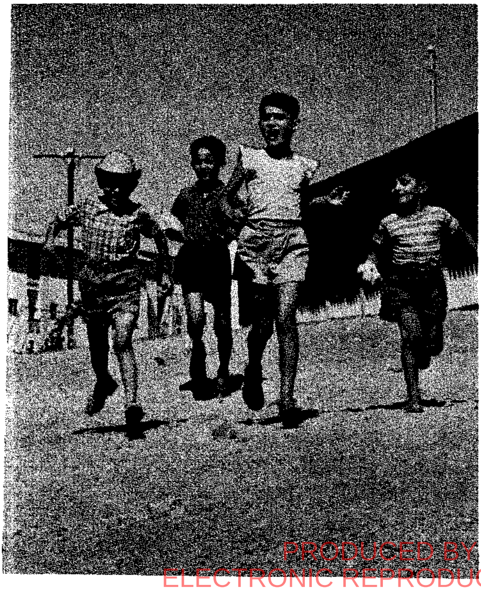
At evening, fishermen haul in their nets. Red Sea abounds in varied fish supply, far more than the Mediterranean.

ATMOSPHERE and beauty. Elath is uncommonly blessed with both. But she is still in desperate need of physical improvements. If the port is to prove successful, a rail line will have to be built to connect with Beersheba, 150 miles north. Without it, trucking the shiploads of imports from the port will eventually prove prohibitively expensive. The fish from the Red Sea demand canning plants; the growing population will need more and quicker supplies of consumer goods, as well as schools, roads, homes. Today, Elath's heavily mineralized drinking water must be especially distilled for the delicate stomachs of the community's 35 babies. There isn't enough to grow grass, or supply a population estimated at 7,500 in two years. These problems the Israelis know they can solve. But most of all they need peace. Confident that it must come—and that the Gulf of Aqaba must remain free—they are zealously driving ahead to build their frontier port.

Symbols of the new Elath: a modern resort town, a new crop of happy children, and rolling pipelines swathed in barbed wire

OIL, the economic key of the Middle East, can help unlock the Suez blockade not only against Israel, but against Europe. Elath will soon be ready to accommodate tankers that are too large for the canal; its pipeline can suck oil directly to Beersheba to be transshipped to the Haifa refineries, thus averting canal tolls and breaking Egyptian dictator Nasser's stranglehold. Today the eight-inch line pumps 200 tons per hour. Meanwhile the ambitious Israelis are planning a 32-inch line which will pump 25 million tons a year to the Haifa refinery. When it is constructed, the Suez Canal will become that much more expendable and Elath's port vastly more necessary and secure.





Nature's feathered fury

by PETER FARB

Weighing less than a dime, the hummingbird can conquer hawks, crows—even eagles

PEOPLE generally think of the elephant and the lion as about the most powerful creatures on earth. But power can come in small packages, too—and actually, ounce for ounce, the greatest natural dynamo is probably the little hummingbird.

He is the smallest warm-blooded creature that ever lived on earth, tinier even than some insects, sometimes weighing less than a dime. But concentrated into this mighty mite are nearly a thousand feathers, powerful muscles, a tremendous blood-pumping mechanism—and an urge to live, if not a long life, at least the most frenzied one imaginable.

We humans would consume more than a thousand quarts of oxygen an hour, instead of only 16, if we tried to match the hummingbird's furious way of life. We'd burn, proportionately, 450 times as much energy. In fact, so much of the hummer's life is spent in furious flight that he is unable to walk—his tiny feet can only grasp a twig—and he must take wing to merely turn around.

His power plant uses so much fuel that he must eat constantly or die from starvation in a few hours.

One bird, clocked at a feeding station, returned every 20 minutes, on the average, for a long drink of syrup. He consumed three times his body weight of the stuff every day. Between trips to the feeding glass he whirred from flower to flower for still more nectar, and a fantastic intake of small insects.

The hummingbird's high-octane fuel is largely sugar, and the amount he needs is staggering. If we had an equivalent sweet tooth, we would be consuming 300 pounds of it a day.

To speed up his feeding, the hummer is frequently equipped with a tongue that is as long as his whole body. Little more than two hollow tubes, it whisks nectar and insects into his mouth with the efficiency of a vacuum cleaner.

In some species, the birds are little more than mobile platforms toting tremendous tongues. One Central American variety, for example, has a body about three inches long, a bill that extends for five inches beyond that—and a tongue that reaches out for an additional five inches.

The hummingbird is strictly diurnal, spending the night hours asleep. How does this little dynamo manage to stretch his food supply until morning without starving?

Recent studies by Dr. Oliver P. Pearson of the University of California show that the hummer has an off-on switch, which enables the bird's nighttime burning of fuel to drop to a mere one-fifteenth of the daytime level. This is the same sort of magic that hibernating animals employ in their long winter sleep—only the hummingbird can turn the trick every night.

The bird becomes practically insensible, unable to move, and its body temperature drops to that of the surrounding air; it has virtually stopped living to conserve energy. So lifeless do they become that Pearson has picked them off branches in the middle of the night as if they were ripe fruit. They never stirred.

Most birds are, aerodynamically, the most perfect flying machines on earth. The hummer is also the only perfect helicopter. His wings are attached to his shoulders in such a way that they spin almost like rotary propellers—making him the sole bird able to hang suspended in mid-air, fly backwards, dart sideways, rise vertically.

When hovering with his long pointed beak deep inside a flower, his wings are an indistinct blur. That is because they are beating an unbelievable 55 times per second. (The fast-darting sparrow, by comparison, does only 13 strokes a second.)

So powerful is the force of these wingbeats that leaves more than a foot below feeding hummers may tremble as if stirred by a strong breeze. At top flying speed of over 60 miles an hour, the wings vibrate about 200 times a second.

With these wonderful wings, the hummingbird is the greatest stunt flier ever to take to the air. In his "pendulum" courtship flight, at extremely high speed, the male zooms forwards and backwards in front of the female, like a stone swung rapidly from the end of an invisible cord. The pendulum arc may cover as much as 40 feet and be repeated a couple of dozen times, in ever faster tempo. Finally, he tops off the performance with perpendicular zooms, sometimes to heights of 50 feet.

Hummingbirds are extremely pugnacious, and should another male whirr by to interrupt the pendulum courtship, there is a real rough-and-tumble fight. The rivals cross their saber-bills and jab at each other like expert fencers. But they soon fall to the ground, rolling over and over, viciously beating their wings and pummelling each other like a couple of longshoremen. The bird that is losing suddenly rolls over on his back, spreads his wings and appears dead.

The victor lets out a triumphant squeak and starts to fly off, at which time the beaten bird quickly comes to life and renews the battle with a sneak attack from behind. Some pairs of these miniature goliaths will fight for half an hour until one is *really* beaten.

The winner hardly takes time to celebrate his victory. Like everything else in these birds' lives, their mating is shockingly rapid. The honeymoon is over in a few hours (some naturalists claim the birds even mate on the wing), the male leaves to find another female, and the mated female works to build her nest in a furious day's activity. In some species, the female begins a second clutch of eggs while still feeding the first batch of young, and may have as many as three nests working at once.

The cradle that the common ruby-throated hummingbird constructs is no larger than a walnut and holds two pearly white eggs the size of peas. Bits of bark are woven together with silk stolen from spiders and caterpillars.

On the outside of the nest, the female actually plants a garden of moss and lichens so that it is practically indistinguishable from a tiny knot in the limb. Even a skilled naturalist has trouble locating a hummingbird nest, so skillfully are they disguised.

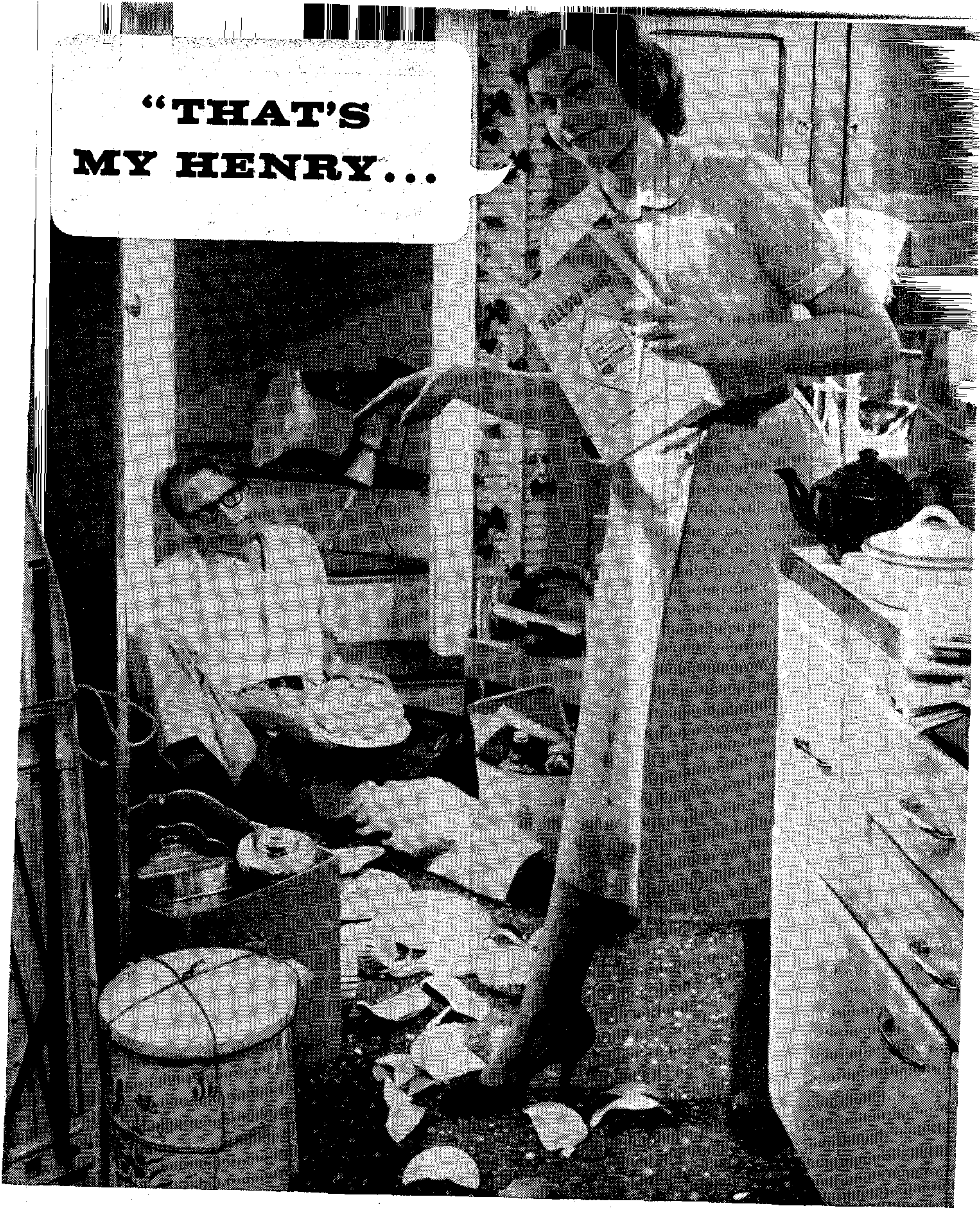
The hummingbird is utterly fearless. His needle-like bill, driven at 60 miles an hour, can be a terrible weapon; and he will attack any bird, no matter what its size or ferocity: kingbirds, hawks, crows, even eagles. And he never loses.

Hummingbirds are found exclusively in the New World, where over 750 different kinds are known. The ruby-throat, found in the eastern two-thirds of the country, winters in Panama. It gets there by flying about 500 miles nonstop across the Gulf of Mexico. The migration of the birds is a triumph of sheer nerve against the elements.

Until last year, most ornithologists doubted that the tiny birds actually crossed the Gulf. They estimated that because the birds burn fuel at such great speed it would be impossible for them to make a direct flight of 12 hours' duration without food. This was their conclusion, in spite of the fact that hummers had been seen each fall heading out into the Gulf from southern Florida.

But two zoologists at the University of Georgia recently solved the problem. Their experiments showed that just before migration the birds store up a fabulous amount of fat to be used as fuel during the nonstop flight: over five times as much fat as normal is tucked everywhere in the bird's body. These wingtanks, the two scientists calculate, allow the bird to make a flight of approximately 600 miles before runing out of fuel.

That gives the hummers a leeway of less than a hundred miles to compensate for an error in navigation, strong winds or storms. Undoubtedly, many run out of gas at sea and perish—little mites of energy which at last found something more powerful than they on this earth.


"THAT'S MY HENRY...

...I keep telling him,

if you want it done right and done right away look under movers in the **Yellow Pages!"**

by ART WIDDER, JR.

Ice Cube Aircraft Carrier

DURING WORLD WAR II, even the most fantastic schemes received serious consideration if they gave promise of shortening the conflict. One of the wildest of these, called Project Habakkuk, was to build an aircraft carrier almost a mile long—entirely of *blocks of ice.*

The idea was conceived by the British in September, 1942, when the Allies desperately needed a floating air base from which to attack the U-boat wolf packs sinking supply ships in the North Atlantic.

General conceptional plans called for construction, at an estimated cost of $70,000,000, of a man-made iceberg resembling the standard aircraft carriers except for its great size—5,000 feet long, 2,000 feet wide and 100 feet high—with a flight deck 2,000 feet long. It was designed to take the punishment of 50-foot waves and to be self-propelled by engines recessed into the hull.

As construction tests began, engineers found that ordinary ice was too brittle to be used. To get around this, wood pulp was mixed with water. The frozen product—called "Pykrete" after its inventor, a man named Pyke on Lord Mountbatten's staff— was a tough solid, capable of being cut and worked like wood.

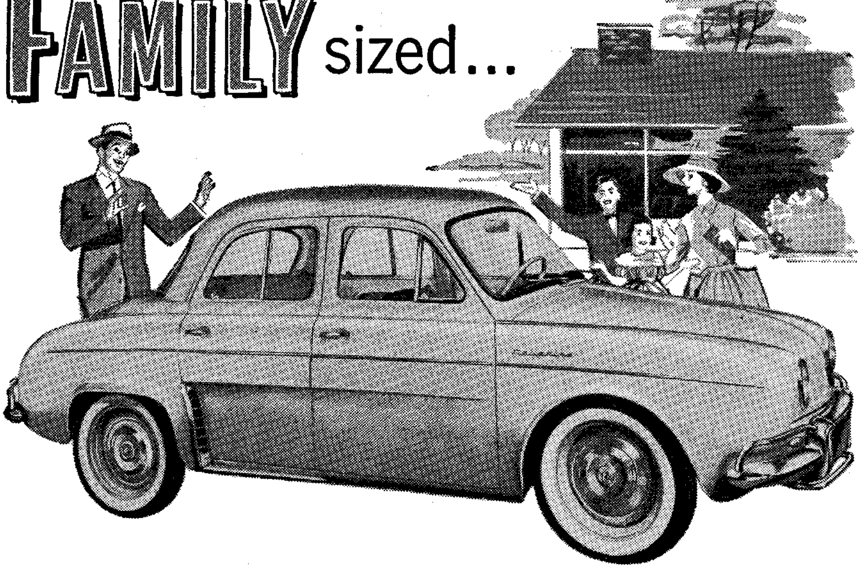
Small arms fire bounced off Pykrete like BB shot, as Mountbatten himself demonstrated with a pistol to the startled assemblage of Allied chiefs at the Quebec Conference. It melted more slowly than ordinary ice and could be kept frozen by a surprisingly small refrigerating plant.

Prime Minister Churchill saw at once the potentialities of the ice-cube carrier and endorsed the project to his chiefs of staff: "I am most anxious that this subject should be pursued theoretically at once, and thereafter, if all is well, on a large scale."

The imaginative prime minister foresaw the use of two or three of them as bases for an attack on Norway, and as possible stepping stones across the Bay of Bengal for an assault on the Japanese in Southeast Asia.

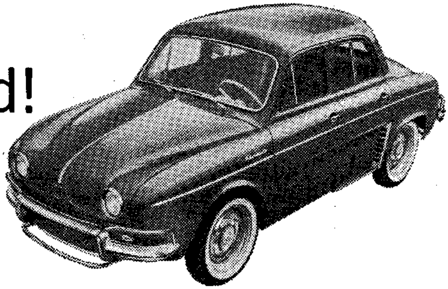
During the winter of 1942-3, in utmost secrecy, a pilot model 60 x 30 x 20 feet was constructed at Patricia Lake in Alberta, Canada. It survived the warm summer months successfully. But by December the submarine menace had been brought under control through other means. And as a result Project Habakkuk, which would have entailed the freezing of the world's largest ice cube—over 35 square miles of ice—was abandoned.

FAMILY sized...



Comfortably scaled to make driving a feathertouch breeze, the Renault Dauphine practically finds its own way through traffic loopholes. Whisks deftly into the trickiest parking spots. Gets up to 43 miles on a gallon. And with all that the Dauphine has ample room for the family to stretch out and enjoy the ride, 4 doors, a family-sized luggage compartment. And the price?...

FAMILY priced!



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only $1645 F.O.B., N.Y.C.

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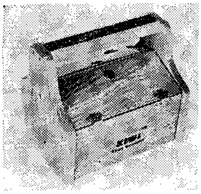
Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.

MAKE SHOE SHINING EASY



With Kiwi Shoe Groomer. Useful gift for family or friends. 2 giant 50¢ cans Kiwi Boot Polish (black and brown), 1 can Kiwi Neutral polish, 2 buffer brushes (value $1 each) 2 shine cloths. Handsome, white birch case. Combination handle & rubber foot rest. Big value $5.95 ppd. Rittenhouse Enterprises, 33 Rittenhouse Blvd., Norristown, Pa.

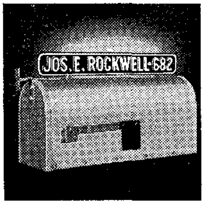
PUT YOUR HAIR UP FAST!—$1

Perfect curls every time with Automatic Pin Curler. Inserts bobby pins automatically. Put up hair in half the time. Makes flat or stand up curls. A quick twist of the cap, and curl is close to head. Fast and easy. Guaranteed or money back! Only $1 postage paid. Order Automatic Pin Curler from Sunset House, 1465 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood 46, California.

NEW FUR CAPE FOR $22.95 . . .

made from your old fur coat by Morton's World's largest, oldest one-price fur service and most praised by style magazines. If fur coat is worn-out or out-of-style, you'll be delighted with Morton's glamorous restyling. $22.95 incl. New Lining, Interlining, Monogram, cleaned, glazed. Write for Free 12 pg. style book. Morton's, Dept. 150-J, Washington, D.C.

DAY-N-NIGHT MAILBOX MARKER $1.95



Your name gleams on both sides of your Day-n-Night Marker, in permanent raised letters that shine at night! White letters, black background; baked enamel on rustproof aluminum. Easy to install on any mailbox. Shipped in 48 hrs. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Only $1.95 postpaid. Spear Engineering Co., 641 Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

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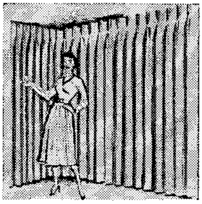
Buy Direct From The World's Largest Doll Catalog And Save Up To 50%! *See the newest dolls and* toys for girls and boys. Never before such a complete selection—such outstanding buys! To save most on dolls and toys—don't delay—send for your catalog today. Niresk Industries, Dept. DE-15, 2331 N. Washtenaw Ave., Chicago 47, Illinois.

FREE HI-FI BOOKLET

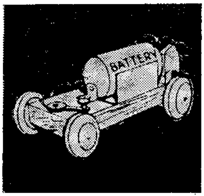
Learn how "hi-fi" owners prevent excessive record wear, get "true hi-fi" sound on modern, handsome high fidelity turntables; just like broadcast studios do. Simple home test helps you avoid a costly mistake in your high fidelity system. Send today for Free colorful booklet and strobe. Rek-O-Kut Rondine Turntables, 3801 Queens Blvd., L. I. C., N. Y.

NEW! SUPERWIDE FIBERGLAS DRAPES



Now in 127 custom sizes and colors that fit any window, wall or corner! Never need ironing or dry-cleaning. 14 decorator colors in prints and solids. Save ⅓! Send for Free Color Swatch Kit. Ronnie, world's largest distributor of Fiberglas Curtains and Drapes, 245SS-3 Ronnie Bldg., 145 Broad Avenue, Fairview, New Jersey.

MINIATURE HOT ROD



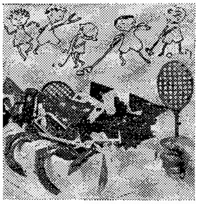
For young speed demons to build and race. Hot Rod can be put together with hammer and screwdriver. Kit contains powerful electric motor, wheels, body, controls and easy-to-follow instructions. Powered by flashlight battery, not included. A great little racer with Plenty of Zip! Send $1 for each postpaid. The Electric Game Co., 10 Lyman St., Holyoke, Mass.

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 171

Silver Linings

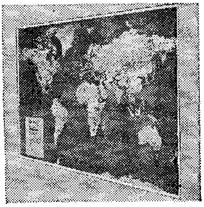
As THE TIME for my two sons' weddings approached we were caught up in a whirl of last-minute preparations. Wedding presents poured in and my daughters-in-law-to-be called me at least a dozen times a day to exclaim over the arrival of lovely gifts.

In the midst of all the fuss, my third and youngest son drifted quietly in the background, tending to his



GIANT SET OF INDOOR GAMES

Loads of fun! Children Love them (so do adults) 12 complete games—Minia. Golf . . . complete 9 hole course—Croquet, Bowling, Badminton, Horseshoes, Shuffleboard—Plus Chessmen, Checkers & Board. Simple instructions and rules. $2 all 105 pieces, postpaid. Guar. Order Now. Tri-United Mfg., Inc., 104 Hussa St. Dept. IC-1, Linden, N. J.

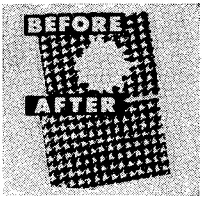


GIANT 8-COLOR WORLD MAP $1

Spectacular value! 12 sq. ft. Wall-Size, 8-Color World Map shows every corner of Earth. Explicit, colorful, up-to-minute. Used by Gov't newscasters. Follow Global strategy at a glance. Important ref. map for school, business, playroom, den. Heavy-duty stock, only $1 ppd. Same large map US $1—Money Back Guar. Display Pub. Co., Dept. C-8, 505 5th Ave., N.Y. 17.

DON'T ENVY TALL MEN . . . BE ONE!

You "grow" almost 2 inches taller . . . instantly . . . when you step into "Elevators." These amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. "Elevators" add to your height, your poise and confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone-Tarlow, Dept. C107, Brockton 68, Mass.



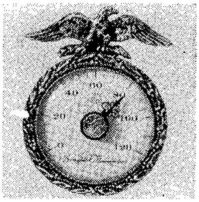
MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME

Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabrico, Dept 3910, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.

PERSONAL PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS

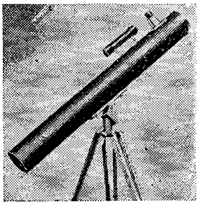
. . . 25 for $1.—Free Sample—Send snapshot negative for sample De Luxe Yulecard. Include 6¢ stamps for handling (after Dec. 1, 10¢). Negative returned. (If without negative, send photo and 50¢ for new negative). 25 for $1, incl. envelopes. Add 35¢ shipping. Trial offer—one order to a customer. Yulecards, Dept. 29, Quincy 69, Mass.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



EARLY AMERICAN THERMOMETER

Let this beautiful dial type thermometer lend a colonial accent to your home! Designed in tradition of early Colonial America. Dial is framed by impressive American eagle. Frame is crafted with the warm mellow glow of century-old brass. Guaranteed accurate. In gift box. $2 ppd. Free gift catalog. Adriane, Inc., 7-815 Finch Bldg., St. Paul 1, Minn.



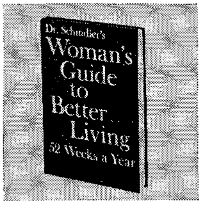
120 POWER ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE

See stars, moon, planets close up. Reflecting Telescope, same type famous Mt. Palomar. 60 & 120 power, 3" dia. aluminized mirror. Incl.: Optical Finder; Tripod with Equatorial Mount; Star Chart; Astronomy Book. Order Stock #85,050-DM-send check for $29.50 f.o.b. Barrington. Money back guar. Write for Free Catalog DM. Edmund Scientific Co., Barrington, N.J.

(Continued on next page)

WOMAN'S GUIDE TO BETTER LIVING

By Dr. John A. Schindler, author of "How to Live 365 Days a Year." This new book shows every woman how to meet & master problems of daily living . . . how to avoid emotional stress . . . make marriage a success . . . fill your life with new happiness and pleasure. $4.95. Send no money. Write Prentice-Hall, Dept. 602, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, for free-trial copy.



NEW WISHBONE MOUNTING PEARL RING

Unique 14Kt yellow gold Wishbone mounting with impressive size, lustrous, genuine cultured pearl. Exquisite "conversation piece" of exceptional charm. $12.95 tax incld. Money back guarantee. Enclose ring size. Save 50% and more on genuine diamonds. Send for free catalog. Berman's Diamond Loan Bank, Dept. C, Berman Bldg. Baltimore 1, Maryland.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

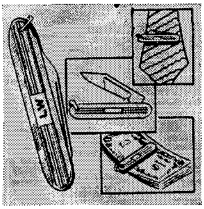
restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, New York.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591, Lynn 497, Massachusetts.

COMBO TIE CLASP-KNIFE-MONEY CLIP

"3 in 1" combination (wear it—use it) will thrill you. Styled to suit any apparel. Space for monogramming. Has clasp to attach to chain. Gold or chrome finish. Guaranteed not to tarnish. Gift boxed. $1 Ppd. Special Introductory Offer—Free gift check worth $1 . . . your tie clasp is then like a Free Gift! Matina Co., Dept. C-10, 175 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 10, N. Y.



Silver Linings *continued*

important boy's business of lawn mowing, magazine sales and now and then baby-sitting with the six-year-old menace next door. But in spite of his many jobs and the long working hours he put in after school he seemed to have less and less for shows and sodas.

Then one day he asked me to take him downtown to pick up something he had been making payments on. I lectured him all the way, explaining that his name was on our gift to his brothers and that that would be sufficient.

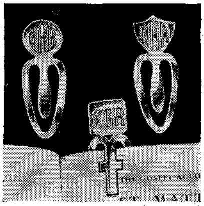
When we pulled up in front of the store he asked me to wait in the car. He returned in a few minutes and with a grin placed a large beribboned box on my lap. In answer to my puzzled look, he said, "It's for you. Look at the card."

BABY SHOE BRONZING SPECIAL

Christmas Special! Baby's first shoes gorgeously bronze-plated in solid metal (not painted imitation) only $3.98 pr. Also smart metal Portrait Stand (shown), Bookends, TV Lamps at great savings. Perfect gift for Dad, Grandparents. Money-Back Guarantee. Write for Free mailing bag, details. American Bronzing Co., Dept. R, Bexley, Ohio.

PERSONALIZED BOOK MARKS

Masterfully cut Sterling Silver or Gold-Plated metal, 2¼" high, beautifully finished, slip on to page easily. Give cross design to your favorite clergymen and nuns. 2 or 3 initials engraved. Underline last name initial. Gold $1 ea., 3 for $2.75. Sterling $1.25 ea., 3 for $3.50 ppd. Free Catalog. Zenith Gifts, 107-E P.O. Bldg., Brighton, Mass.



I took the card out from under the ribbon and read: "Just because you're you." Inside the box was a beautiful set of etched glasses.

"So this is why you haven't had any money for the past few weeks," I said. "Darling, they're exquisite. But why did you do it?"

"Well," he explained, "I don't see why the girls should get *everything*. I think you should get something nice, too. Like the card says—just because you're you."

—MRS. H. D. DREISCHMEYER

"TWO MALTEDS and one for Ole." "Make mine cheese on rye and one for Ole."

It was noon at a cafe in a small midwestern town. As we waited for our lunch we heard these strange orders being given at tables all around us.

"Who," we asked our waitress, "is this Ole for whom everybody seems to be ordering something?"

IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER

See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records, cards. Easy to use. University tests, parents' reports show children gain up to a full year's grade in 6 weeks. Write for free illus. folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. O-16, Wilmette, Ill.

TEXAS TOSSES IN THE NAME BELT!

Trim metal-buckled all-leather belt with your child's name branded on, as gift to prove Texas Western Jeans your best buy. Sturdy sanforized blue denim, rivet-reinforced, Western fit, double knees, extra long turn-up, zipper front. Send child's name, size (4-12). $3.29 PPD. Money-back guarantee. Texas Western Wear, 116 Mills St., El Paso, Tex.

ACTION POLICE & RANGER SET

Fascinating 84 piece set large, unbreakable figs., 4" tall, amaz. realistic. Children Love them. Accessories come off—belts, hats, hand cuffs—scale model pistols fit holsters. Tremendous bargain, 84 action packed pieces, $1.25 postpaid. Gift card. Satis. guar. $1.25 ea. set, $4.50 4 sets. Young Ideas, P.O. Box 497, Dept. A, Springfield, Mass.

13 REFILLS $1 (49c val. ea.)

Fit Every Retractable Pen—"Scripto"—"Wearever"—"Paper Mate"—"Eversharp" — "Sheaffer" — "Waterman's" (exc. Parker). Red, blue, black, green, brown ink. 1 make per $1 order. Pens 6-$1 ($1.79 val. ea.), 100-$16.50 Check or M.O. add 10¢ shipping. Money back guar. Quant. & imprint prices on request. Barclay, Dept. 48, 86-24 Parsons Bl, Jamaica, N.Y.

WATCH BAND PREVENTS DERMATITIS

Sensationally new contour Don Juan watch band, a patented clasp-on type band made of resilient surgical stainless steel. Can be taken apart and cleaned—no other band has this feature. Tarnish and perspiration-proof, non-corrosive. Only $4.95 at your jeweler or write direct. Free brochure on request. Don Juan, 29 E. Madison St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

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"Get-Acquainted" Offer. Regularly $1. Now 59¢ ppd! Plays a twinkling tune as the rope turns—makes game more fun! Sturdy rope, gay colors, smooth enamelled wooden handles. Free—with every purchase we send you year's subscription (6 issues) to our world-famous catalog. Single copies Free on request. Spencer Gifts, 711 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.

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We specialize in Large Sizes Only! Sizes 10 to 16; Widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, rubbers. Also dress and sport shirts in your exact extra-long sleeve length. Mail only; satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for Free Style Book Today! King-Size, 468 Brockton, Massachusetts.

(*Continued on next page*)

THE NEW DAHLBERG MAGIC-EAR II . . .

The hearing aid that hides itself! Improves your hearing without changing your appearance. Tiny . . . only ¼ oz. In colors to match your hair. Dahlberg Magic-Ear II gives men who are particular about their looks the kind of hearing they have always wanted. Free Booklet. Write: The Dahlberg Co., Dept. J-41, Minneapolis 27, Minnesota.

"BARGAINS" IN BANKRUPT, CLOSEOUT

Surplus Merchandise. Often as low as 10c-25c on the dollar! Such terrific buys, you'll find it hard to believe they're genuine! Toys, Books, Machinery, Tools, Jewelry, etc. Every Month of the year in this big tabloid size paper—Hundreds of offers monthly! Only paper of its kind available. Just $2 year, 6 months, $1. Purington's, Box 591, Lynn 827, Mass.

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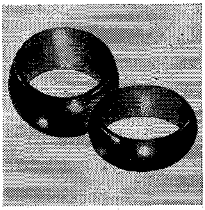

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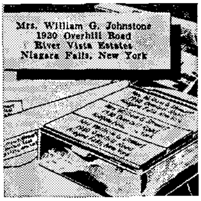

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Silver Linings *continued*

"Ole," she answered, "is Viola Dalem. She's in St. Paul being fitted for artificial feet. She stumbled and crawled nearly three miles through the blizzard last year to get help for the 30 school children in her stalled bus. Her feet were so badly frozen that they had to amputate them. Each time a customer requests 'One for Ole' we put the amount of his order in that can beside the cash register and add it to his check—to help pay for Ole's new feet."

"And one for Ole," we said with feeling as we paid our check. —A. L. C.

I HAD gotten on the bus in a small town in Alabama and after I'd settled in my seat the voices behind me caught my attention. They were those of a young woman and an older woman, and from the tone of

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their conversation, I gathered that they hadn't met prior to this trip.

"I'm going there to meet him," the girl was saying. "He leaves today."

"Are you going to meet him with that face?" the woman asked.

There was surprise in the girl's voice. "Of course, what other face have I?"

The older woman paused, then: "You said he was discouraged, and that's why he did it. Were you discouraged, too?"

"Of course."

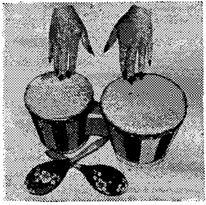
"Did you show it in your face, like you do now?"

After a moment the girl answered softly, "I suppose I did."

"Then what is there to keep him from doing it again?"

The girl drew a frightened breath. "I don't know. I know you're trying to help me, but there's so little time. Tell me what to do."

"Smile, child. Hold your head



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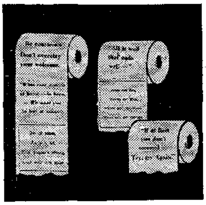

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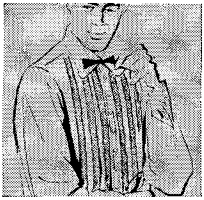

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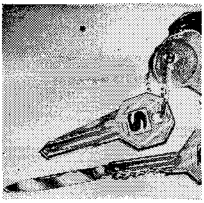

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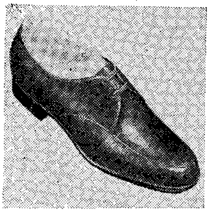

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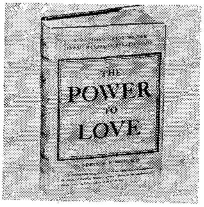

Silver Linings continued

high. No one can hurt you and your husband like you are hurting yourselves. Today you are both to begin a new life. Make it a good beginning."

The bus stopped before a large entrance gate, and the girl with a hurried "Thank you and bless you" got off, her head high.

The sign on the gate, I noticed then, said: "State Penal Farm."

—RUTH DUMAS

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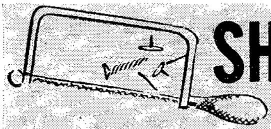

SHOPPING GUIDE

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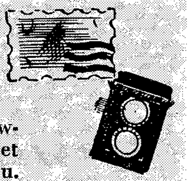

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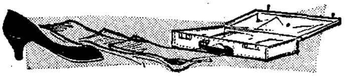

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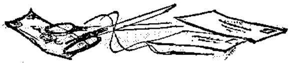

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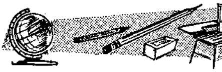

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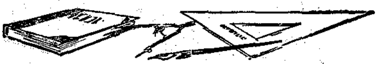

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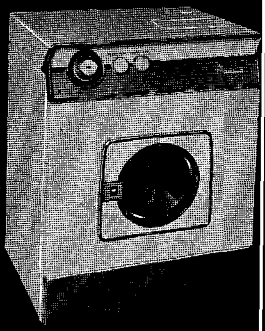
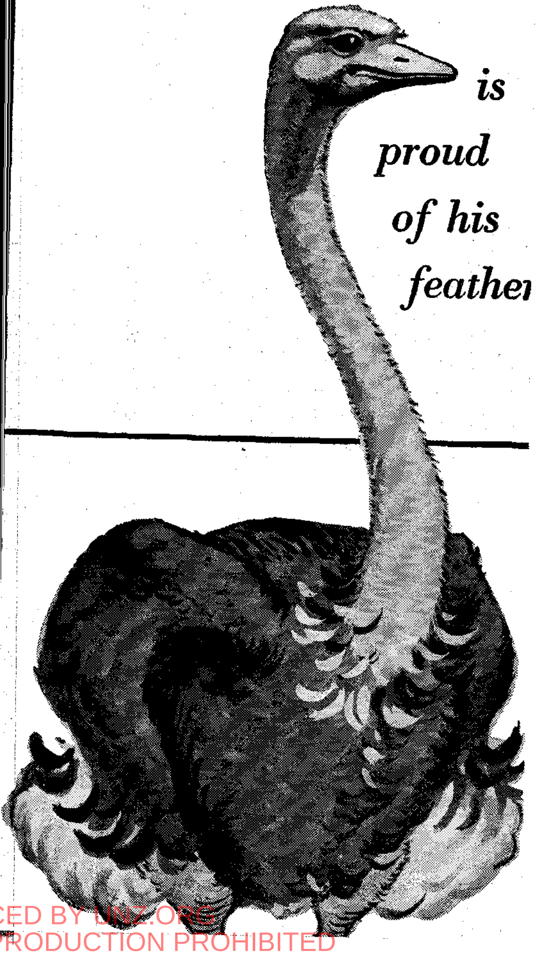


that washes

. . . rinses then dries

. . . all by itself

Oscar Ostrich



is proud of his feathe

youngsters are proud of their

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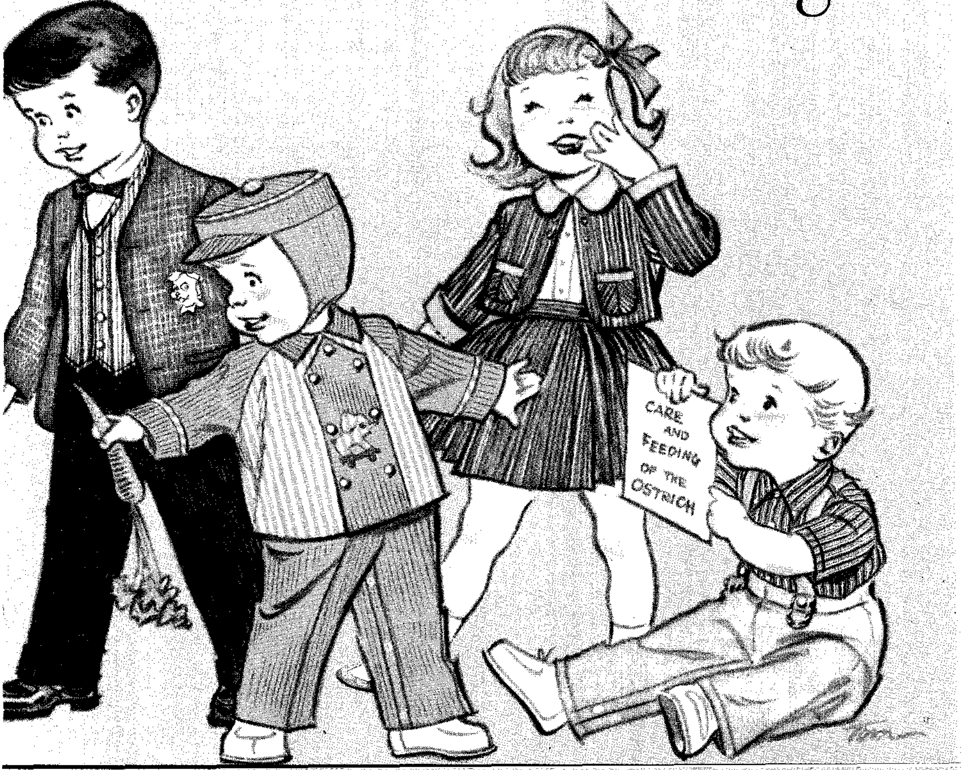

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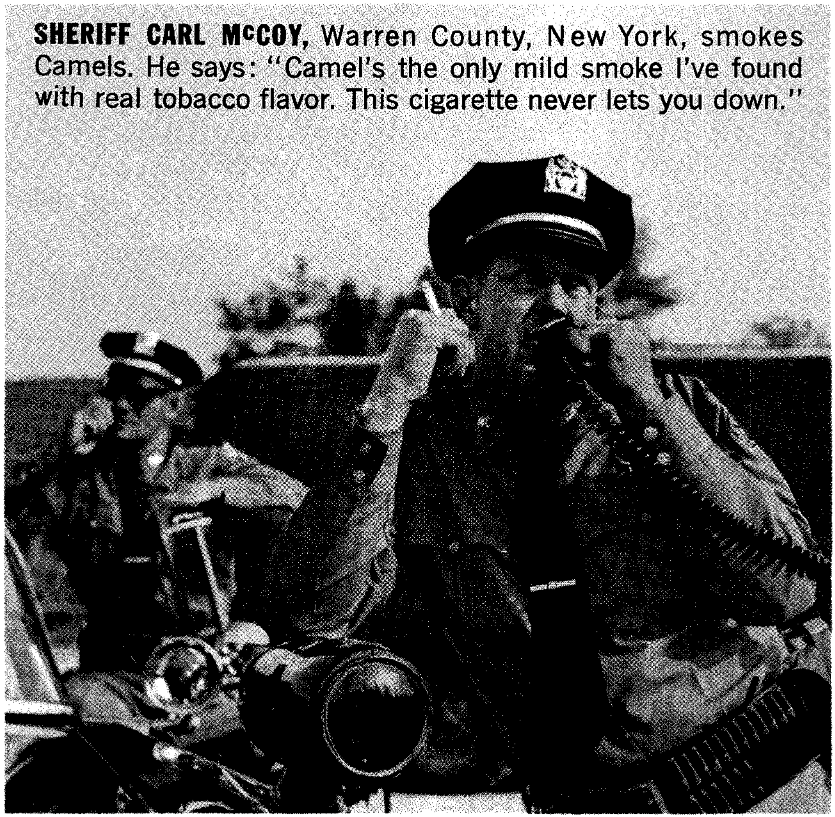

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